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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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THE GREEN CALDWON is published four times a year by the Rhetoric Staff at the University of Illinois. Material is chosen from themes and examinations written by freshmen in the University. Permission to publish is obtained for all full themes, including those published anonymously. Parts of themes, however, are published at the discretion of the committee in charge.

The committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDWON includes GLENN SANDSTROM, CARL MOON, GEORGE ESTEY, JIM MACINTYRE, and STEWART DOBIE, Editor.

# College Freshman

NANCY L. MULLENIX  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 10*

THE COLLEGE FRESHMAN IS A HUMAN BEING. THIS IS probably the one fact that is universally agreed upon about one of the world's most controversial figures. He is also that miserable creature who, in spite of the many conflicting opinions about him, lives a hectic, nerve-racking existence. He lives suspended between two conceptions, endeavoring simultaneously to live down what is presumed about him and to live up to what is expected of him.

To his instructors the freshman is that crew-cutted, pink-sweatered, suede-shoed Einstein-Brando combination that bounds abruptly from mother's lap to fraternity house and immediately becomes the imagined center of gravity for the entire university. Having groped his way through the catacombs of high school years trying constantly to impress everyone within earshot with his importance, he has emerged a profound egotist, having convinced only himself. Since he already possesses infinite knowledge of the universe, he cannot be advised; he can only be prodded, commanded or ignored.

A freshman is a blob of protoplasm which exists only for the convenience of the upperclassman. He can be molded to fit any purpose—an extra for blind dates, a drinking partner (when nothing better is available) or a cash register that can be tapped at the end of an expensive week. He exists as a room number, a pair of cufflinks or an alibi for a broken date.

To his kid sister, the college freshman is the unpublished name behind all scandalous headlines and newspaper articles. He leads panty raids, spends all his leisure time drinking beer and playing pool, and his week-ends are one wild party after another. He attends classes only occasionally and gets his homework from a fraternity file.

Outwardly, there is nothing to suggest that beneath this multi-personality lies a bewildered, disgusted, discouraged individual who has discarded all aspirations to become a doctor, an engineer, or a lawyer and would be content as a fisherman, janitor, jockey or anything not pertaining to college. Map in hand, he has stumbled through twenty miles of registration and groped his way through a maze of buildings and classrooms, his lofty ambitions crumbling with every weary step. He has slaved for hours on a single algebra problem only to discover it was the wrong one. He has survived for days on hot dogs alone after searching hopefully through the mail each morning for the check that is invariably late. Ultimately, he walks about in a daze, caring for nothing but the end of the semester. His only encouragement is "Where there's life, there's hope."

# Rain and Silhouettes

EDWARD STEPHANICK

*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 2*

THE RAIN FELL SILENTLY. GLIDING OVER THE CONVEX asphalt of a narrow street, the water distilled a spreading oil slick into fused tones of rainbow. It slid from the flat tar roof of an aging tenement and, spouting from a leaky gutter, struck the upper pane of his top floor window, cascading down over the frame from pane to pane, finally to disappear across the stained sill. From where he knelt—elbows on the inner sill and chin in hands, his forehead lightly pressed against the glass—the tops of factories and houses, shrouded by the persistent rain, seemed to fuse into orderly rows of successively dimmer silhouettes.

Orderly rows of silhouettes. It seemed to him that his entire nine-year life had been spent packing the matter of existence into just such "orderly rows." To be sure, the shape of a silhouette varied from time to time as he added to or subtracted from it, and the more distant ones were always quite vague, but they were always there *in their own plane*, and that gave the composition a sense of orderliness and security. That the silhouettes could be changed without his express consent had never occurred to him; that they could co-mingle was unthinkable.

Uncle Fred had always predominated the nearest and clearest silhouette. The older brother of the boy's dead father, Fred had been both parent and pal. They loved to hike together, even on a wet October day like this—the man pointing up some curiosity in nature, the boy sprinting ahead with enthusiasm and wonder.

The rain kept falling monotonously, and he recalled with some pleasure the feel of light drizzle against his face, the scent of moist, newly-fallen leaves, the crackling rustle of almost-bare branches. But this morning, while the priest had chanted and the whirring contrivance had lowered Uncle Fred to the terribly final confines of a narrow grave, the chill rain had seemed to penetrate to his very heart, tearing and confounding as it went.

Abruptly the cascading stream from the rain gutter changed its course across the casement. It covered his view and the silhouettes became a blur. Then a change: the rain stopped, the sun came out, and when the water drained clear he saw a shining new world. The old, with its well-ordered, colorless silhouettes, was gone, and over the new arched a magnificent rainbow, its delicately diffused colors the fulfillment of what he had indifferently glimpsed in an ignoble oil slick.

# Rhetorized

CHESTER B. NUNN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 6*

I DON'T RECKON A MAN CAN HARDLY TELL WHEN HE'S well-off no more. Now me, I was right satisfied with my readin' and listenin' ways. Why shucks, I used to sit for hours just readin' them books by fellas like Zane Grey and Max Brand. They sure write fine stories about the Old West—exciting too. I read other things, too. I liked to read up on modern people and happenings. I figure a fella ought to keep up on what's going on in the world and what mess them foreigners are gonna get us into next. Yes sir, I liked to read magazines, and the evenin's paper too. I had me a favorite chair I would settle into and read all them newspaper people had to say. I didn't understand it all but that didn't bother me. I just read what I did understand. The way people talked didn't bother me much, and I just ignored TV commercials. I even got right amused at my kids trying to put words into sentences. Yes sir, I was right blissful in my ignorance until that ignorance ruined my bliss.

It all started when I read somewhere that all men are *educable*. I figured that meant some fella had a cannibal streak in him, but I found out that it meant anybody that had all his marbles could get himself some book learning. Well I ain't missing no marbles, and I didn't figure book learning could hurt me none, so I ups and joins a rhetoric class. This was supposed to change my way of readin', writin', and listenin'.

Well it sure as heck did. It plumb ruined these long-enjoyed pleasures for me. First off we start in a book that's all about words and sentences. A sentence turns out to have more doggone parts than it has words. First, we learn how to take all them words and parts and get them assembled right to make good sense. You gotta—I mean *one must insure* that the correct words are placed in their proper place. I bought me—I mean I *purchased* a dictionary to help me with strange words. Finally, I got to where I was writing and talking in an understandable manner. I darn near wore out a dictionary doing it, but at least the professor doesn't laugh any more when I start to talk. I don't say *ain't* anymore because it is not in the dictionary, and I had to leave the “r” off *idea*.

About the time I began to get the drift of correct sentence structure and word usage I began to notice how they were used in whatever I was reading or listening to. This took the pleasure right out of reading. No longer can I thrill to the excitement of the “vulgar critter that stampeded that-a-way on a stolen cayuse.” Now I picture an “ordinary man hurrying in that direction on an illegally appropriated horse.” By the time I have correctly punctuated,

recomposed, and reparagraphed the article in newspapers and magazines I don't care what they were trying to say.

To further distract from enjoyable reading, rhetoric aroused my curiosity about unfamiliar words. I spend more time reading the dictionary than I do the article I started out to enjoy. The stories in the dictionary are so short and incomplete. For example, one article referred to an *apothegm*, so I looked it up. It is a *sententious precept*, or *maxim*. I looked up *maxim*. It says "see *adage*." Adage refers to proverb. I went back and started with *sententious*. I found that this means "abounding in *axioms* or *maxims*." By then I had to go to the article to discover why I was interested at all. I never found out because while I was reading the dictionary my wife had cut the article out of the magazine for the recipe on the other side of the page.

I can't even enjoy the pleasure of ignoring TV commercials anymore. Everytime I hear "What has Viceroys got that other filter tip cigarettes haven't got?" I sit up and hope they will say "What do Viceroy's have that other filter tip cigarettes do not have?"

It is exceedingly distasteful to one thus skilled in the art of literary composition and elocution to have one's child say "Why are you doing that for, Daddy?" or "Can I, huh, have another candy?"

I can no longer enjoy the simple pleasures of my blissful past. I have been Rhetorized.

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## Jazz Man

NANCY L. MULLENIX

*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 7*

THE JAZZ MAN IS A MODERN MAESTRO, AND MOOD MUSIC is his business. From dusk to dawn he wraps his soul around a mournful tune, weaving a soft, magical pattern in blue as his skillful fingers ripple fiddle-faddle on the heartstrings of barflies and patrons of dingy night-spots. He stands, a tall, black Joshua, pouring his lonely, liquid melodies into each bleak corner, floating them across the bar where, night after night, a million miseries and heartaches are ground into the polished mahogany or whisked away with a swish of the bar rag. The jazz man is a bit of flotsam in a frantic world. A sad-eyed trumpeteer with a ragged tune and a honey-colored horn, he fashions a new tonight for faceless puppets in smoke-filled basements and pieces together the remnants of yesterday's happiness. Transient in mind and body, he carries his heart in a trumpet case, and his home is a bandstand in a noisy, obscure room in a nameless city. Where he goes there is sweat and smoke and stomping feet—and laughter.

# The Coral Snakes of the United States

RICHARD ABBUHL

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 10*

THE RECOGNITION OF THE CORAL SNAKES IS BASED ON several characteristic physical properties of the group. These poisonous snakes are often confused with similarly colored, harmless king snakes of the genus *Lampropeltis*.<sup>1</sup> Even though the color patterns look alike at first glance, they are really different. Only the true coral snake has a black nose, and red, yellow, and black rings completely encircling the body, with every other ring colored yellow.<sup>2</sup> The harmless "mimics" probably enjoy a certain amount of protection against predators who mistake them for the poisonous coral snake and give the bluffers a wide berth.

The body shape is another distinguishing point used in separating the harmful from the harmless. The coral snake has a cylindrical body, a blunt tail, and a small blunt head which is not visibly separated from the body by a neck region.<sup>3</sup> The king snakes have a tapered head and tail, a neck region, and a slightly triangular body which is somewhat flattened ventrally.

There are two separate genera of coral snakes inhabiting the United States. *Micrurus* in the Southeast and *Micruroides* in the Southwest have different color patterns and different tooth arrangements. The main basis for identifying the two forms as separate genera is the tooth pattern. *Micrurus* has only two short fangs near the anterior end of the dorsal maxillary. *Micruroides* also has two short fangs near the anterior end of the dorsal maxillary, but has in addition two solid teeth near the rear of the same bone.<sup>4</sup>

The only easily visible external characteristic which may be used to identify the two genera is the third color ring. The third color ring of *Micrurus* is black, and the third color ring of *Micruroides* is red.<sup>5</sup>

For several reasons the bite of the coral snake is considered extremely dangerous to man. Its poison is neurotoxic.<sup>6</sup> That is to say that the poison does not travel through the blood and lymph systems to the heart. Instead,

<sup>1</sup> Raymond L. Ditmars, *A Field Book of North American Snakes* (New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1939), p. 241.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 240.

<sup>3</sup> Karl P. Schmidt and Dwight D. Davis, *Field Book of Snakes of the United States* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1941), p. 274.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 274

<sup>5</sup> Karl P. Schmidt, "Notes on American Coral Snakes," *Bulletin of the Antivenom Institute of America* (1928), p. 2.

<sup>6</sup> Ditmars, *Op. cit.*, p. 241.

the poison travels through the nervous system, attacking and destroying the nerves as it goes. This type of poison causes less swelling and more pain than does the haemotoxic or blood-carried poison. The poison of the cobra is also neurotoxic and is much like the coral snake's poison in chemical composition. This fact is not at all surprising, because the cobra is the closest relative of the coral snake.<sup>7</sup>

The percentage of deaths resulting from coral snake bite is relatively high. This high death rate is due mainly to two factors. First, coral snake venom is more potent drop for drop than the venom of any other poisonous snake inhabiting the United States.<sup>8</sup> Secondly, there is no known treatment for a coral snake bite. Antivenom is being used, but it does little or no good and in certain cases is even harmful. A tourniquet may be used and is advised in treatment of the bites, for though it may do little or no good, it can certainly do no harm.<sup>9</sup> The best treatment includes using a tourniquet and keeping the patient comfortable and calm.

Until recently, the coral snake was considered harmless to man by many prominent herpetologists. This false assumption was probably based on several of the snake's habits and characteristics and is not really as hasty and unscientific as it at first seems. The snake has short teeth which are fixed in position. These teeth are ineffective dispensers of poison and they are even too short in some specimens to penetrate the human skin.<sup>10</sup> The snake is gentle and seldom attempts to bite. His poison glands are small and not capable of producing a large amount of venom. He is secretive and seldom encountered. No bite of the western genus has ever been recorded.<sup>11</sup> This point seems to support strongly the theory that the snake is not harmful to man. The fact remains, however, that people have been killed by coral snakes.

The ranges of the coral snakes are presently inaccurately stated. The range of *Micruroides* is from Phoenix to Tucson, Arizona.<sup>12</sup> Recent field work by the author has produced specimens from Wickenburg, Arizona, fifty-four miles north of Phoenix, and one specimen from El Pasis, Sonora, Mexico, about one-hundred-seventy miles south of Tucson. These specimens extend the range both north and south of the presently designated range. The range of *Micrurus* is through Florida, the lower Mississippi valley, into north-eastern Texas, and north to Ohio.<sup>13</sup> The extension of the range north into

<sup>7</sup> Harry F. Davis and C. S. Brimley, *Poisonous Snakes of the United States* (North Carolina State Museum, 1941), p. 3.

<sup>8</sup> Silas W. Mitchell, *Researches on the Venoms of Poisonous Serpents* (Smithsonian Institution, 1886), p. 11.

<sup>9</sup> William H. Stickel, *Venomous Snakes of the United States and Treatments of Their Bites* (Washington Fish and Wild Life Service, 1952), p. 26.

<sup>10</sup> Charles Howard Curran, *Snakes and Their Ways* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1937), p. 271.

<sup>11</sup> Schmidt and Davis, pp. 276-277.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 277.

<sup>13</sup> Davis and Brimley, *Op. cit.*, p. 3.

Ohio is based on the collection of two specimens in southern Ohio. In view of the fact that these two snakes are five hundred miles north of their known range and considering that no additional specimens have been found in spite of many attempts by collectors to find them, it is the opinion of the author that these specimens are imports and not really natives of southern Ohio.

The coral snakes live under the ground. Both the eastern and western forms burrow into the earth, but the two prefer different types of soil. The eastern form lives in the damp fields of the southern states, and he is sometimes torn from his burrow by the plow.<sup>14</sup> Occasionally the snake ventures to the surface. The snake comes to the surface only at night, in early morning, or in late evening.<sup>15</sup> The western genus inhabits the dryer desert, and his visits above ground are much less frequent than are the visits of the eastern form.

The habitats of the coral snakes have never been extensively investigated. This lack of investigation is due partly to the scarcity of live specimens and partly to the difficulty of observing the coral snake in his natural habitat underground. The work on the habits of the coral snakes that has been done has been done, not in the field, but in captivity. While much reliable information may be gained by controlled observations, it must be remembered that studying the coral snake away from his natural environment renders some of the obtained information unreliable.

Coral snakes have been observed snapping from side to side when attempting to bite, instead of striking forward.<sup>16</sup> When approached by an offending object, the coral snake nuzzles and chews instead of striking and releasing. The teeth are worked progressively deeper into the gripped object until resistance ceases.<sup>17</sup>

The coral snakes eat small snakes and lizards which they kill with their poison. These lizards and snakes are usually burrowing forms, and from this fact it is concluded that the coral snakes feed below the surface. The small size of the coral snake allows it to manipulate easily underground. The western genera is the smaller of the two. It attains an average adult length of about fifteen inches, the largest recorded specimen being twenty-one inches. The eastern species' average adult length is about twenty-four inches. The largest known United States coral snake measured thirty-nine inches.<sup>18</sup>

The coral snake breeds in early spring during the rainy season, and is often seen above ground at this time. From three to twelve eggs are laid in loamy soil where they hatch with no post-natal care. Approximately three months after the eggs are laid, the young emerge. The young measure from seven to

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<sup>14</sup> Schmidt and Davis, p. 275.

<sup>15</sup> Karl P. Schmidt, *Coral Snakes of Central America and Mexico* (Field Museum of Natural History, 1933), p. 29.

<sup>16</sup> Ditmars, *Op. cit.*, p. 241.

<sup>17</sup> Curran, *Op. cit.*, p. 275.

<sup>18</sup> Schmidt and Davis, p. 276.

twelve inches, and they are fully developed and quite capable of taking care of themselves from the moment they leave the egg.<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 276.

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## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SEASON

Deep in a section of forest in northern Illinois is an area that illustrates the beauty of Spring. During the latter part of April the forest floor is still very moist. Acorn shoots are probing into the soil with smooth, white tendrils and sending up green stems. Green and purple-red vines cover the forest floor in a wavy pattern. In clumps around the tree trunks ferns are uncurling their supple stalks. Brilliant green club moss surrounds the tree bases in a smooth carpet. Upon gentle slopes freckled patterns of sunlight dance upon the upturned faces of pink and white trilliums in their collars of green leaflets. Under a decayed log overgrown with fungus and moss is a host of creatures. Blotched slugs, fat earthworms, yellow-headed grubs, and white termites pursue their ways, consuming the rotten matter.

RICHARD H. KLATT, 101.

# The Keg and I

DOUGLAS HARKER  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 2*

IF IT IS TRUE THAT THE CHILDHOOD YEARS ARE THE formative years, my head would look like a pinch bottle. My earliest childhood recollection is of my sitting in a high chair and demanding, "More beer, Doug." Doug, my father, being the favorite neighborhood bootlegger, was in a position to satisfy my demand.

This Utopian situation was too good to last, and my father, a practical man, soon put me to work. At the age of four years I took my place beside the crock behind the stove. My duties included measuring exactly two teaspoons of sugar into each empty bottle, and then filling them from the crock by means of a small rubber hose. My father soon found that I was unsuited for the filling job because I could not keep the hose primed and as a result the profits suffered. I was then transferred to the capping department under the sink.

My father and I developed a strong father-son bond as we motored over rough country roads together in his big Stutz Bear Cat. The motive behind these trips was not all pleasure, because strapped to each bumper there rode a thirty gallon charred oak keg. It was a known fact that a hundred miles on the Stutz was the equivalent of five years in the cellar.

My father's business was a family affair, and I always looked forward to our joint tasks. We spent many happy hours washing bottles in the white sand of the Big Cottonwood Creek which wound its way through the woods behind our house. In the fall we gathered windfall peaches from the surrounding orchards. The farmers would trade a whole load of peaches for a gallon of Dad's brandy. The brandy was as clear as water, but packed a wallop like nitro-glycerin, and was very much in demand by Dad's customers.

My father was a man of high ideals and therefore refused the nomination to county revenue agent on the Democratic ticket in 1928. Everyone knew my father was a Republican, and his reputation would have suffered had he accepted the nomination. My father tried to instill these same high principles in me, and never missed an opportunity to have me meet important people. After I was twelve years old, Dad let me go to the county seat alone; I will never forget how friendly the commissioner and the sheriff were when they accepted the envelopes I delivered to them every month.

My boyhood was always exciting, but I remember one warm July night in 1929 when I thought the whole hillside was under siege. I was awakened by a fusillade of shots, and within a few seconds my father was helping me out of a rear window. The action slowed up after a few minutes, and my father crept back into the clearing. His roars of laughter reassured all of us. My

mother had bottled a batch of blackberry wine the week before, and she lost all but three bottles that evening.

In 1930 a radio announcer named Floyd Gibbons started predicting the repeal of the eighteenth amendment; we would all look at Father and he would snap off the old Atwater Kent radio defiantly. The presidential election of 1932 was a very important event in my life. Dad was an orator of the stump variety, and was much in demand to help defend the noble experiment. Dad often took me on his speaking tours to put up posters and pass out hand bills for him. I remember he used to tell every audience that a vote for Roosevelt was a vote for demon rum and the return of the saloon.

December 6th, 1932, was the most calamitous day of my life. Although I did not really understand what happened, I felt at this time that my security was in peril. I can still see the expressions on the faces of some of the townspeople as they paraded the streets, waving bottles of 3.2 beer, blubbing about their thirteen years of thirst. Most of them had been Dad's steady customers.

That night I helped Dad tear down the old equipment and put it in storage. About half way through the operation he declared, "Damn it, if we can't fight 'em any longer, we'll join 'em."

Within a few weeks Dad had built an organization which dispensed legal firewater in quantities unheard of in the old days, but he could never become accustomed to seeing his name on a beer truck in public, and would always turn the other way when one of his trucks passed by. Perhaps it was the lack of competition from the government men, or maybe it was the uninterrupted routine of legitimate business, but whatever it was the profession lost its color, and many of Dad's old cronies dropped from the fraternity, casualties of the changing times.

Dad stuck with the business, but he would never admit that it was anything but a temporary job. Until the day he retired, he kept the old equipment polished, and ready to go on a day's notice. He was going to be ready when the American people got tired of saloons.

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## Upper Air Soundings

A. S. PARENT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 1*

MEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN THE weather. In the earliest times weather conditions were observed and rain gauges and wind vanes, in their primitive forms, were used. It was not, however, until the 17th Century and the invention of the thermometer, barometer and other scientific instruments that weather observation began to

become a science, and modern meteorology had its beginning. Along with this beginning came the realization that observations at ground level told only a small part of the weather story. It was thought, and rightly so as we know today, that data obtained from the upper atmosphere would lead to a better understanding of general weather conditions.

The first attempt to obtain weather data from the free upper air was made in Glasgow, Scotland, by Professor Wilson of the University of Glasgow in July, 1749. The data obtained was limited to temperature alone. The method of obtaining the data was to attach a thermometer to a kite by means of a fuse. The fuse was lit before the kite was flown; and about the time kite reached its maximum height, the fuse burned through and the thermometer fell to earth, its fall being broken by a parachute type device. The thermometer had to be read immediately, of course, before the temperature of the earth changed its reading.

Prior to the first balloon sounding, and for a time after, mountain observatories were used as a method of obtaining data from upper levels of the atmosphere. The data obtained, however, were influenced by the surface of the mountain and were not representative of the free upper air. After some time the mountain top observatories were abandoned.

The kite remained the only method used for sounding the free atmosphere until John Jeffries and Francis Blanchard, of Britain and France respectively, made observations of pressure and temperature from a balloon. Their ascent followed by a matter of a few months the first ascent by man in a balloon, in October, 1873.

It remained necessary for man to ascend with his instruments in a balloon until Gustave Hermite and Georges Besancon, in 1892, after many years of work, completed the first successful "balloon sonde." It consisted of a balloon designed to carry weather recording instruments into the atmosphere. The balloon would ascend until it expanded and broke. The instruments then floated to the ground by parachute. The sounding balloon quickly became standard weather equipment, but, due to the fact that it was sometimes weeks or months before the instruments were recovered, the data obtained could only be used for statistical investigations, not current forecasting.

With the development of the airplane during the first World War, a new method of sounding the upper air was obtained. However, observations obtained by this method were expensive, and during storms, when observations were most desirable, the planes could not be flown. Although planes are still used to obtain upper air data, they did not remain for long the primary method of obtaining such information.

The primary method used today to obtain upper air soundings is the radiosonde, which consists of a balloon carrying a compact weather transmitting unit and a parachute to drop it to earth when the balloon breaks. "The first successful radiosonde ascent was made prior to 1930 by the Russian

Meteorologist, Moltchanoff, at Sloutsk, near Leningrad.”<sup>1</sup> Today radiosondes ascend to heights of 100,000 feet or more. By tracking with radar, wind directions and velocities can be obtained at high altitudes. The attached weather instruments automatically measure the temperature, pressure and humidity at different levels and the measurements are sent back to earth by the transmitter.

Today, rockets carrying special weather instruments are probing the atmosphere to heights of over one hundred miles above the United States. Little is known of the results of these experiments, but information from such heights should be extremely interesting and helpful in understanding the great ocean of air that surrounds our earth.

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<sup>1</sup> *Climate and Man*, Yearbook of Agriculture, 1941.

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## The Class Ring

NANCY TYNER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 7*

IN HIGH SCHOOL, THE MAJOR AIM OF EACH YOUNG GIRL was to find some unsuspecting youth whom she could call her boyfriend. “Going steady” became a fixation to most of us—something that had to happen to every girl before she could consider herself well-known and a success in the social cliques.

I will always remember the first time I wore a huge class ring on a chain around my neck. It was the most exciting time of my high school career. The boy was considered by many girls to be an extremely good “catch,” which added somewhat to my bliss. After all, not many of my friends could boast a big, husky six-footer with a sun-bleached red crewcut, dimples, and beautiful blue eyes. Even more exciting was the fact that he was a senior, while I was only a junior.

I didn’t know him too well when we started to go steady. The fact that we had two dates previous to our announcement was quite acceptable to us and to our separate crowds. We had no common interests, very dissimilar backgrounds, and quite opposite dispositions. In spite of all these obstacles, our romance flowered for four long days. I believe I missed that heavy gold class ring after it was gone more than the gay, fun-loving senior who left with it.

# The Voice of the Rails

WILLIAM FRANK

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 6*

HAVE YOU EVER TAILED A SWITCHER AS IT DEAD-headed a string of reefers onto a spur? If this question leaves you a little confused as to its meaning, you aren't acquainted with railroad jargon. In plain, everyday English it asks whether you have ever ridden on the rear of a freight yard locomotive while it pushed several refrigerator cars onto a side track. The only difference is that the original question was put in the terms of railroad language.

A railroad man uses this language as he uses his arms or his legs—as something he can't do without, but which he very seldom notices. The outsider is different; to him this language is something romantic and spiced with a tinge of adventure. In order to understand some of these terms, let's follow a typical freight train and some of the language used in connection with it.

At the *yards* (freight terminal) the *pilot* (engineer) climbs into the cab of his locomotive and heads his train onto the *mainline* (city-to-city tracks). His train is chiefly composed of *reefers* (refrigerator cars), *hoppers* (coal carriers), and *flats* (flatcars), with a *crummy* (caboose) bringing up the rear. If the train is extremely long it will need a *pusher* (a second locomotive near the middle of the train). The train is pulled by a *cinder-burner*—what the steam locomotives have come to be called since the advent of the *oiler* (diesel locomotive).

As the train gathers momentum and moves over the *line* (tracks) the engineer will, from time to time, *give the cord to* (blow the whistle at) some *gandy danciers* (section hands) who will move off the *right-of-way* (track), dragging their *idiot-sticks* (shovels) in one hand and waving a hearty hello with the other.

As the freight *highballs along* (covers the mainline at high speeds), the *lash man* (observer) is perched in the *lighthouse* (caboose's cupola) in order to keep an eye on the swaying line of freight. He will dismount occasionally at *way stops* (small stations) to stretch his legs. Soon after he is back in his position, the train is skinning over miles of land, past a hundred *flashers* (highway signals), and over an occasional *woodpile* (trestle).

After countless stops and the exchange of all the loaded cars for empty ones, the end of the run draws near. Soon the train enters the *block* (control section of track) where the *ATC* (Automatic Train Control) takes over. Then the engineer sits back and guides the train over a maze of cross-tracks and switches leading into the yards, where—after disposing of the empty cars on some unused side track—the *sandhoggers* (maintenance men) *berth* (put into its stall) the engine.

Now the engineer's job is done but as he walks toward the dispatcher's office he thinks of the days when a decrepit steam engine would be *outshopped* (refitted) instead of replaced by a thundering diesel. Now all the great and powerful *coal burners* (steam locomotives) that once made railroad history are rusting in the *graveyard* (locomotive junkyard).

Diesels, though modern and efficient, lack the old railroad appeal, and the widespread use of them begins to mark the disappearance from railroad lingo of its most colorful names. The hundreds of slang names and classes for the different types of locomotives that used to speed down the rails have all but disappeared now. In the yards the men no longer exchange opinions about the Docksides, Camel-Backs, or Yard-Birds, as the powerful little switching engines were known. Even on the mainline, where diesels known by no name save their call number now shuttle most of the traffic back and forth, the Ten-Wheelers, Mikadoes, Atlantics, and Consolidations—the super-power of yesterday's railroad—are spoken of in terms of an era past.

Enriched by the new, flavored by the old, railroad lingo has come to be a ritual with the men who use it. Removing it would be the same as taking away their arms and legs. Listening to it fills you with the feeling of wonder and adventure that the railroads symbolize. It is the voice of an American institution.

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## The Bell Tolls For All of Us

MARTHA RINGNESS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 13*

ALTHOUGH A COMBINATION OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by Ernest Hemingway is a novel dealing with a man, Robert Jordan, in the process of maturing. This maturity is achieved when Jordan learns that no man can be entire in himself. He is as dependent upon others as they are upon him. Anything which he does, even dying, affects those with whom he works and lives.

This theme is developed by using the secondary characters as foils for Jordan. Their attitudes toward him, toward his mission and how it would affect them, and toward their cause, Spanish freedom, serve to emphasize the stages in Jordan's growth.

His maturation began with a change in his attitude towards others and a change in his values. He came to Spain to do a job and he didn't give a damn what happened to the people.

You stayed with a peasant and his family. You came at night and ate with them . . . You did your job and cleared out.

But after living and working with a band of guerrillas, seeing that he depended upon them for the success of his mission as much as they depended upon him for the success of their cause, Jordan realized that he could not say that the future of these Spaniards was of no concern to him and still be honest with himself.

He believed in the Republic and that if it were destroyed life would be unbearable for all those people who believed in it.

From this initial change in attitude, Robert Jordan began to project himself outwardly. He trusted and was trusted. He loved and was loved.

Anselmo is my oldest friend . . . Augustin . . . is my brother, and I never had a brother. Maria is my true love and my wife. I never had a wife. She is also my sister . . . and my daughter.

The final phase in Jordan's maturing was his decision to remain behind, injured, in order that his friends could escape safely. This meant death because he knew the Fascists would capture and kill him. But he also realized that, although dead, he would continue to live in each of his loved ones.

Die . . . that people cannot do together. Each must do it alone. But if thou goest then I go with thee . . . We both go in thee now.

## No Heartache Here

GEORGE GERHOLD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 3*

IT WAS JUST TOO NICE TO STUDY, SO WE DECIDED TO desert our books for a game of football. We found one of the practice fields open. Just after we began our gridiron battle, a fraternity team arrived and began playing across the same field we were using. After the inevitable collision occurred, the fraternity team decided that we would have to vacate the field for them. If we didn't, they would find it necessary to continue to have collisions with our players. This juvenile behavior revealed to me two of the undesirable aspects of fraternities.

The first was their obvious disregard for the rights of non-members. They had no more right to the field than we did; yet they expected us to leave when they wanted to use the field. They as fraternity members must have considered themselves to be superior, above the level of common independents. Otherwise they would not have demanded the field. The use of a football field means nothing, but this incident does illustrate the attitude of superiority

among fraternity members. As Americans we are all supposed to be equal. This is obviously impossible, for some of us are superior athletes and some others are superior musicians. But this equality should mean that everyone is judged on his individual merits, not on his financial or social position which has enabled him to join a fraternity. One of the supposedly big advantages of fraternity life is that the student makes contacts which will help him in later life. If his prospective boss happens to be from another chapter of his fraternity he will have a much better chance to get the job. This too shows the widespread idea among fraternity men that they are superior. Is a man who lived in a house with a few Greek letters by the door better qualified for a job than a man who didn't? There is no reason to believe that he is. Fraternity men are not necessarily the best workers or students. At De Paul University only twenty-two percent of the male students are independents; yet year after year, about seventy-five percent of the Phi Beta Kappas come from this group. This indicates that fraternity men are not above average. If they are not, the fraternities and their members have no right to claim superiority or special privileges.

I was surprised that none of the fraternity members objected to the leaders who insisted that we should leave the field. In that group of over twenty there must have been some who did not agree with these actions, but no one said a thing. From this I decided that in a fraternity everyone must accept rather blindly whatever the leaders decide. The leaders decided that we should leave the field; there was no objection. The leaders decided that all the pledges should study from seven to ten; all the pledges study from seven to ten. Again, the use of the football field is meaningless, and studying for three hours a night is rather a good habit to develop. But the leaders make other decisions which are more important, and the members accept these too. Unless the members are going steady, the members all go on whatever dates the social chairman arranges. If the actives decide to go get drunk, the pledges go along and make fools of themselves. Sometimes this misplaced loyalty to the fraternity goes to extremes. The valedictorian of the graduating class at Allegheny College in Pennsylvania said last year that, if he were in a situation where he had to choose between his fraternity and the college, he would feel it his duty to choose his fraternity. By this I do not mean to imply that fraternities will produce hordes of automatons which will always obey big brother. However, I can not see any good which this period of unquestioning acceptance of authority will do for the individual or for society in general. That this acceptance is required of fraternity members is indisputable.

These two things which I have learned about fraternities have turned me permanently against them. I can not see that they do any good to anyone, but they, on the other hand, exert a negative influence on the members' personalities by making men feel superior. As for me, I could never stand to have to do what some one told me to just because he was an upperclassman. These are two reasons that I will always be glad that I was an independent in college.

# Babbitt, A Story of Conformity

SYLVIA WINELAND

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

IN THE BOOK, *BABBITT*, SINCLAIR LEWIS ATTEMPTS TO give the reader a picture of a typical, high-salaried, middle-class businessman and the superficial society in which he lives. The importance of this man and his social group is not that they are unique in themselves, but that they are stereotyped examples of other businessmen and their societies in other communities. In any clique or social group, conforming to the accepted standard of speaking, of acting, and of thinking is demanded. Likewise, conformity was demanded in the lives of the businessmen. It is upon this conformity that Sinclair Lewis bases his book, *Babbitt*. He shows the effects of conformity or non-conformity in the life of one man, Mr. George F. Babbitt of Zenith.

Babbitt's conversations, except for those with his closest friend, follow the standard of his group. Most conversations are about business, its promotion, welfare, and growth. The next most important subject is the growth of the city. The businessmen want Zenith to be among the top cities of the country in wealth and population. Politics have their place too. All good businessmen must support the candidate who will favor big business. "High-brow" subjects, including music, literature, art, and almost anything outside of the world of business, that require much thinking, are generally frowned upon. The reason for this is that the businessmen have cared for nothing but business for so long that they are out of touch with cultural interests. The conversations are often completely meaningless. "That's so," "Yes, I guess you're right," "That's so," and "Oh, yes, I see," compose about half of the total conversation. It is necessary to agree with almost everything that is said in order that one's position within the group can be maintained.

It is fashionable for Babbitt and his friends to belong to many clubs and organizations, supposedly trying to better the city and mankind, yet never forgetting to better their businesses first. Church is also very important. It helps socially for one to be seen there, because a church-going person is more deserving of respect and honor.

Conformity is as necessary in material possessions as it is in membership in certain clubs. Babbitt's clock "was the best of nationally advertised and quantitatively produced alarm clocks, with all modern attachments, including cathedral chime, intermittent alarm, and phosphorescent dial. Babbitt was proud of being awakened by such a rich device." Everything, including Babbitt's automobile, clothing, and cigars, has to be the best, biggest, and richest. Houses are built and furnished in the latest fashion and with the best materials; therefore, they are all alike and meet the same standards.

There is no doubt that Babbitt and his associates all have the same ideas and principles of business, with their "Vision" and "Pulling Power," up-to-date methods of administration, production, and salesmanship and with their conventions and committees. However, there is some question as to whether the businessmen have a personal philosophy of life or not. Most of the time they appear to be working and thinking and conforming rather blindly. They don't question their business attitudes or social practices but go on living by habits which seem natural because they have been used for so long and because everyone else lives by similar habits. There are some people, though, that would have us believe that every man must have a personal philosophy of life. A man must value some things more than others, even if he does it unconsciously. Babbitt, of course, values prosperous business. He values making public speeches and owning his own automobile also, because people recognize such activities as very important. Everyone likes to gain the respect of his friends, because gaining it helps inflate his ego. Babbitt really lives with high spirits as long as his ego is stimulated, but he becomes a helpless animal as the stimulation decreases. Another aspect of this value, which in reality could be called a value of self-importance, would be the goal of a high social position. The businessmen choose their words, actions, and material possessions for the specific purpose of conforming to their own social group and perhaps even surpassing it to become part of a newer, more exclusive group. Every person stubbornly asserts that the people of his Athletic Club are more human, friendly, and wholesome than the higher class members of the Union Club; yet, if the chance ever comes for them to become members of the Union Club, they never refuse it. Friends and position are the most important things, but new and better ones in an upper class would easily take their places.

→ In the book Babbitt and his friends usually conform to the standards by habit. Once, though, Babbitt, wondering just what was lacking in his life, questioned the usual routine and began acting in a different manner, one not accepted or approved by his associates. He was then rejected and made an outcast by his group of friends. The excluding of a person, who for years had been a friend, because he began to question and to disagree slightly is an example of the shallow, uncompromising minds of the businessmen.

Concluding a description of Babbitt's house, Mr. Lewis made the statement, "In fact there was but one thing wrong with the Babbitt house: It was not a home." This is obviously true. In addition, this might also be used to describe the Babbitt type of life: It was not really living. By letting us observe the day-to-day thoughts and actions of one man, Sinclair Lewis has given us a good description of the superficial society of the upper-middle-class businessman. He has also given us the hint that many of the characteristics

# My Most Unforgettable Character

BRAD JOHNSON

*Rhetoric 101*

I LIVE ON THE FRINGE OF THE LAKE COUNTRY IN southeastern Ontario. About ten miles north of my home the small back lakes are scattered everywhere. The farming isn't very good here and the farmers find it hard to make a good living in this rocky, shallow ground. The barns are not freshly painted and well kept as farms should be; they're unpainted, drab and often rundown. But nearly every farmer has something many who live in fertile areas would envy—he has the lakes. They're beautiful—small and clear and always dark green with the reflections of the pines and spruce.

It was in this country that we wanted to build our cottage. We had learned of a farmer who had some lake frontage that he wasn't using and we drove the forty-five miles back to his farm. The first thirty-five miles were fine, but we left the highway and bounced and bucked the next eight miles over narrow washboard roads. Then we left the county road and crept the remaining mile or two over a rocky lane. It wasn't hard to find the farm. The road ended at the door.

Two faces appeared at the dirty, fly-covered window as we got out of the car. The front door opened and a stocky man of medium height came out onto the slanting porch and greeted us with a "howdy." He grinned when he said it and I could see his two teeth, yellow and stained with tobacco juice. Even with his week or ten days' growth of beard I could see the lump beneath his lower lip that indicated the wad of tobacco there. Behind him in the doorway stood a redheaded boy of about ten or eleven and a girl of maybe fourteen, and the mother. They were both redheaded too. The boy stared at us; the girl and the woman smiled slightly and the woman tugged at her dress when she thought we weren't looking. This was Harvey Duscharme and family—at least part of the family; we didn't see the two old men till later. One of the old men was blind and lame; the other was deaf. They were Harvey's father and uncle respectively.

We told Harvey that we wanted to buy some of his land, but we did not try to rush him and I think he liked us for it. He wanted someone to talk to and so as we toured the property he told us that his grandfather had cleared this land single-handed, with an ox and a team of horses. We soon found out that Harvey was not of the same stock as his grandfather. He was lazy, content with a few chickens and a cow and a team of horses. He had a little garden in which he grew potatoes and carrots and that was all.

We made a gentlemen's agreement on the purchase of the land and in a

few days had the deed drawn up. We took the deed to Harvey for his signature. He grinned toothlessly at us when we handed him the paper. He looked at the paper, turned it over and looked at us again. My dad showed him where to sign it and he took the pen and slowly and methodically made an X. He put a dot beside the X with a flourish—if there is such a thing as making a dot with a flourish. He looked at us seriously now and said, "Wal, that's her."

We worked nearly every weekend building the cottage and Harvey would come down and watch for a while. He would stand with his hands in the pants pocket of his overalls and spit tobacco juice as he talked to us.

About the third weekend that we worked on the cottage he came down with a mail order catalogue and showed us a battery radio that he said, "the wife wants." We thought it was a wonderful idea because they had no electricity and it would make life a little less drab for them. We offered to get it for him in the city and thereafter the Duscharme family treated us like gods. They listened to the "raddio" continuously and it seemed that Harvey was always saying to my dad, "Ted, d'yuh think you could pick me up one of them battrys fer my raddio?" Usually a plug of chewing tobacco was included in the order because Harvey was "quite a piece" from the store and he had to walk if he wanted anything. Out of gratitude Harvey cleared the shoreline of brush and when we returned the next weekend the shore was lined with neat piles of branches and small trees. Thereafter it was a sort of silent agreement. Harvey would tell us that the "battry" was dead and the next week when we came up with the new one, more brush would be cleared away.

Harvey's language was very colorful. Of course his grammar was terrible and his vocabulary very limited. Harvey said that "he was never much of a one fer schools anyways." After a while we could talk easily with Harvey and understand that "pint" meant *point* and "yarp, unhuh" (with a little sucking in of air) meant *yes* or *of course* or *certainly* or *I guess*. Harvey's son, Roly, wasn't "much fer schoolin'," either. He was still in the second grade when we sold the place four years later.

Over a period of two summers Harvey's livestock and equipment dwindled down to just two horses and a hay cutter. He'd eaten all the chickens and had sold the cow when his father died. Harvey's father was half the source of income for the Duscharme family. The other half was Harvey's uncle. They were both in their eighties and the two monthly pension checks kept the family going. Harvey was too lazy to try to make something of his farm. We brought him two hundred pounds of seed potatoes. The very few that were planted were planted by Mrs. Duscharme. The rest were eaten. Harvey was hopeless. Since we knew he didn't grow any grain or crops we asked him why he kept his horses. "Wal, I got to get in the hay, don't I," said Harvey.

"But what's the hay for?" we asked.

Harvey thought a second, then he looked at us sheepishly and grinned his toothless grin again. "Wal, I guess it's to feed the horses, ain't it?"

Oftentimes they had no meat for their meals and yet seemed happy with a big bowl of boiled carrots, potatoes and tea. In spite of their hardships, and what may seem to us a terribly drab and lonely existence, these people were happy and content. They did not know any other life and probably wouldn't have been happy in a city with modern conveniences and all the hustle and bustle of our "speed age."

We sold the property a couple of years ago but we still manage to go up there once in a while and sometimes take up a "battry" for the radio and some chewin' tobacco and maybe some candy for the redheaded boy and the red-headed girl. We talk, and Harvey grins his toothless grin and spits, and the redheaded kids smile, and the redheaded woman smiles and straightens her new dress when she thinks we aren't looking.

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## I Hate Myself

CHARLES O. NAGLE

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 3*

PREJUDICE STINKS. I THINK IT DOES ANYWAY. I KNOW there are those who like its odor and are always rubbing their noses in it, but those who go around holding their noses and doing nothing to get rid of the smell are the ones that really make me mad.

One night about a month ago I was struggling through some dry Greek tragedies when Jack, one of the new fellows in the house, rescued me from a boring evening alone with Euripides and Sophocles. Jack and I got along fine from the start; in fact, we spent the rest of the night—until four thirty A.M.—swapping philosophies, stories and troubles in what is known as a "life-story bull session." It was, of course, inevitable that a few hours were devoted to racial and religious prejudice. We exchanged our opinions and found that we both agreed on almost every aspect of prejudice, that it isn't doing anybody any good, and that—well, it just has to go, that's all.

Jack and I became close friends and spent many evenings trying to understand that element in human nature that leads so many into prejudice, makes people take it as matter of fact and unchangeable. We were really too inexperienced to tackle such a project, but Jack and I really did try earnestly to "convert" some of the more prejudiced fellows in the house.

Then a week ago I caught a mild case of the flu, and, not wanting to pass it on to everyone else, moved to McKinley Hospital for a few days. I was quartered in a four-bed room where I met a Negro junior in electrical engineering who lived at M.R.H. We talked about everything from politics to

building costs, swapped crude jokes, and I went to sleep looking forward to tomorrow. It wasn't going to be so dull after all.

The next day, Tom, the Negro boy, and I were playing cards when in walked Jack—in pajamas! He had picked up the flu, too, and was in a room just down the hall. The three of us shot the bull for a while, then a nurse shoed Jack back to his room. A few minutes later, Tom started moaning over his lack of cigarettes. Since I knew Jack smoked, I told Tom I'd sneak down the hall and see if Jack could spare a few.

As I was picking a package of cigarettes out of the carton, Jack said, "Better watch that colored boy, Chuck. Might pull a razor on you while you're asleep tonight." I uttered that kind of half-laugh (along with the three other boys in the room) that usually goes with any mediocre bit of humor, and started back to my room. Suddenly I stopped! A joke—a joke was what it was meant to be, but it wasn't just a joke. It was a joke with "prejudice" stamped all over it! It had just slipped out, and I had laughed at it. What about the others in the room? Had I done anything to convince them that prejudice was wrong? No, I was holding my nose, but I was doing nothing to get rid of the smell. I hated myself and my own best friend.

I could hardly talk to Tom that night, knowing that I still hadn't conquered that old fear of being different, wondering what other people would think and say. If that wasn't it, then why had I subconsciously accepted what Jack said as a joke? Why? I think I know why.

From the time I was born until this very day I've had prejudice crammed into me, thrown at me, and at times forced on me. Parents, relatives, friends—all have played a part in deeply rooting a fear of public opinion that effects an automatic subconscious uneasiness in me whenever I'm seen walking or riding with Negroes or Jews. This fear of what other people will think has put a crack in my ideals. If it widens, I gradually forsake everything I believe in. To mend that crack, however, is my goal now. I guess the only thing to do is to keep trying. Somebody has to start wiping out prejudice. I'm willing to put in the effort, but I'll need some help.

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## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SEASON

The shallow ponds formed in the low areas drain into a large oval of black water grown over with twisted and bent, vine-like structures that form an impassable tangle over the entire surface, giving it an air of mystery. In the dark waters surrounding the swollen and exposed tree roots are infinite numbers of insect forms. Submerged caddis worms living in hollow columns of tiny leaves await unsuspecting prey. Mosquito larvae wiggle among black tadpoles. The tiny croaks of spring peepers fill the cool, moist air.

The trees open to a meadow containing a large pond circumscribed by a marsh of cat-tails and grassy hillocks. The racing clouds are mirrored in the still water that is disturbed only by the movement of a family of wild ducks on the opposite shore. The wind whistles as it strains through the tops of the pine trees.

# Errand to Run: An Exercise in Monotony and Excitement

DAVID B. LELLINGER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 4*

SORT THE PAPERS AND RUN OUT THE BACK DOOR AND down through the alley. Go past Trelease's triangular sign and the bus depot. Cross the street, if the light is not against you, and turn left along the colorful shop windows. Continue in front of the big, white house and the parking lot and the billboard. Step around the lurid posters. Wave to the half-sleeping cashier; four o'clock is not a busy hour for her.

Pull open the heavily curtained door and cross the butt-littered tile floor, making certain that you are between the correct pair of brass posts and purple ropes. Notice the gaudy posters of what is to come. Take the leatherette-covered door by its shiny aluminum handle and step through. Shuffle your papers incessantly so that the man at the door will know you. Proceed; he waves you on; be sure to smile back. Adjust your eyes to the light and tread down the carpeted stairway under the "men" sign. Pay the thick carpet hiding some rotting wooden stairs no mind; there is work to do. Spiral downward; tread quietly across the untidy tile floor. Notice the three urinals posing like three gargoyles on the wall. Turn abruptly to the left and face the Chinese red door. Knock sharply and twist the big brass knob in the middle of the door. Do not guess; open it to the right.

Watch Algren at his big walnut desk. See the hat he always wears when at work. Perhaps he wishes to shield his eyes from the one hundred watts of alien light that project themselves into his green lair from the ceiling directly above his head. Bid him good day; listen closely, for he might say hello. Shuffle your papers again; hand him the ones which pertain to him. Watch him check the papers for errors. Be sure to note the changes he makes on each, and make certain each piece is initialed properly. Observe the interesting sansavaria plant growing in the seven-sided pot. Watch out for the miniature bear trap on his desk; it works. See, he is missing the first portion of the index finger of his left hand. Look at the bronze-trimmed, green onyx, oversized ring he wears. Speculate on its use; the carved crevices seem stained rather heavily. Help him collect the papers and arrange them for returning to you. See him clip a note to the outside sheet. Accept the bundle of papers from him, being careful not to lose the note he has clipped on the outside. Scrutinize his addition to your burden closely, for you are responsible for its safe return. Watch him take a slow drag on his cigarette, scratch his head, and start to speak. Return his greeting in a pleasant manner. Consider yourself fortunate that he has been so friendly today.

Turn and walk swiftly to the door. Open it and shoulder past the Chinese red door frame. Do not pause, but skip up the steps and salute the door keeper as you leave. Be his friend; he permits you to enter the sanctum to transact your business with the man behind the Chinese red door. Don't stay long; keep at your work. Push the doorplate and re-enter the realm of the unimaginative.

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## The Possibility of a Man-Made Space Satellite

ROBERT WORTH BUDDEMEIER  
*Rhetoric 102, Placement Theme*

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT RECENTLY announced that tentative plans existed which called for the launching of a MOUSE (minimum orbit unmanned satellite of Earth) sometime in 1957 or 1958. Thus, we may reasonably assume that the construction of a space satellite is not only possible, but imminent. However, this satellite will not be anything like the magnificent and imaginative creations which science-fiction writers have been wont to portray. In the first place, it will be unmanned (reports indicate that it will be approximately the size of a basketball, and therefore will be extremely difficult to provide with any sort of crew). In the second place, it will not be a permanent satellite; in a few weeks or months it will be pulled closer and closer to Earth due to the force of gravity, and will eventually be vaporized by the intense heat caused by friction against Earth's atmosphere. The final major difference between the space satellite of fiction and the space satellite of reality is that the real space satellite will not be a huge city in the sky, or a launching platform for interplanetary rockets, but merely a box of instruments for collecting and relaying back to Earth data which is not obtainable on Earth's surface.

We are assured that a space satellite is a definite possibility from the standpoint of technology. All that is necessary is to design and construct the satellite—which not only can be done, but is being done—project it into space, and sit back and let nature and the automatic instruments contained in the satellite do the rest. The United States Government has said that the satellite will be built and launched within the present decade, and once that is done the success of the satellite is virtually assured; our government is noted for its skill at sitting back and watching things happen.

However, another question now arises. Although we know that a space satellite is a physical possibility, we also see that it will be a rather unprepossessing little object, with not much glamor and no immediately practical

use. Consequently, we are inclined to ask ourselves if it is worth the effort to construct this satellite. In other words, is the artificial satellite a possibility in terms of practicality as well as in terms of technology? The answer to this question involves many complex factors, but in my opinion, and, I believe, in the opinions of the scientists and officials concerned with this satellite, the construction and launching of such a satellite is not only practical, but highly desirable. The satellite will provide us with much invaluable information about conditions in outer space, cosmic and solar radiations, and the effect of the extreme temperatures of space on man-made machines. This information will aid scientists in planning and constructing a manned satellite, and ultimately, interplanetary vehicles. With this done, a new and glorious era will open for mankind.

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## Copper: From Ore to Metal

GEORGE A. MORRIS  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 3*

FEW OF US REALIZE THE WORK AND TIME THAT ARE consumed in the production of copper metal from its ores. We have the metal and can use it only after a lengthy process of refining which starts with mining and ends with final molding of the pure copper bars.

Copper ore is mined in many ways, but the method most often used is open pit mining. In such a mine operation the ore is scooped off the top of the ground by huge electric shovels and loaded into railroad cars. When a train-load of ore has been loaded, the ore train is taken to the crushing plant.

In the crushing plant the ore is unloaded from the cars and fed into machines called "gyratory crushers." Gyratory crushers are funnel shaped machines with a big spindle in the middle. Gyrating eccentrically, this spindle crushes the ore against the funnel wall. As the ore travels down the funnel it is crushed to smaller and smaller size. The ore comes out of the gyratory crusher in about fist size and is taken via conveyor belt to the disk crushers. These crushers are two metal disks which are horizontal to the ground and revolve in opposite directions. The ore is fed into the middle of these two disks where it is crushed and worked toward the outer edge until it reaches a size of about three quarters of an inch in diameter. This three-quarter-inch ore is then transported to the concentrator.

In the concentrator the ore from the disk crushers is mixed with water and fed into ball mills. These mills look like big barrels with steel balls in them which are about eight inches in diameter. These mills are at a slight slope and the ore is fed in through a hole in the upper end, after which it is ground

to a very small sand-like size by the action of the steel balls rolling over it. The action of the balls is caused by the outer barrel-shaped shell which is turning fairly fast. After the ore has been ground it is floated out with water and is removed through a hole in the lower end of the mill.

The mixture of fine ore and water is then run into flotation cells where it is mixed with a little pine oil. The cells are about six feet deep, six feet wide and forty feet long. Air is then blown up from the bottom of the cell, forming bubbles which get an oily coat of pine oil. As these bubbles travel through the ore-water mixture the finely divided upper particles cling to them and are separated from the useless material.

The bubbles are scraped off the top of the flotation cells and sent to a filter plant where most of the water is removed by filtration, leaving a caked mud of relatively concentrated copper.

The caked copper mixture from the filter plant is then taken to the smelter. Here the copper mixture is heated in furnaces until it melts, and, because the copper is heavier than the melted useless material, it is easily separated and drawn off. After having been drawn from the furnace, it is cast by pouring it into molds and cooling it. These casts of copper are then sent to the plants where copper articles, or articles with copper in them, are manufactured.

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## Rhet as Writ

For I know someday I'll graduate and what I will have in my head will be no burden.

While nagging at her husband, Mrs. Dodsworth would have lover after lover.

I can't recall how the zoo started, but one by one my basement was filled with the collection. First came my dog, mugsy, who had a tendency to run away every other day. Mugsy was closely followed by five turtles, whose names I can't recall, and three goldfish.

I imagine many people have wanted to punch another person at one time or another, or maybe I am too voluptuous.

It is not only important to be a good housekeeper, mother and budgeter but also the traits of a Christian are needed. That previous statement refers to the girls.

For adults, there are many of these learn-how type of shows, ranging from how to care for the new born baby to fixing a leak to the room.

Dogs have been in our family for years starting with my Grandmother

The type of people that live in this region are friendly, courteous, and common.

To a child an angel is a beautiful creature in white robes floating on a cloud.

Rain was falling on the dirty widows, . . .



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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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The committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON includes GLENN SANDSTROM, CARL MOON, GEORGE ESTEY, JAMES MACINTYRE, and STEWART DODGE, Editor.

# How to be a Monday-Morning Quarterback

ROBERT H. CRISPIN

*Rhetoric 101*

EVERY COLLEGE CAMPUS IN THE NATION HAS ITS SHARE of people who know more about football than do the players and the coaches who are paid to build a football team. The task of these Monday-morning quarterbacks is two-fold: (1) to destroy any morale a losing team's fans may possess and (2) to promote the general misery which results from the unsuccessful efforts of the team. In order to accomplish this end, the modern MMQB must be a sharp, biting, and relentless critic, and, as you will see, something of a coward.

Let us assume that your school's team takes a terrible beating some autumn Saturday. You remain calm and collected that evening, coldly planning your attack. Monday morning you saunter forth . . . ready.

Approaching some friend who looks responsive and whose friendship you do not highly value, you begin to sing the school's loyalty song or Alma Mater, modifying the words for the purpose at hand. For instance, let us butcher a couple of hypothetical verses:

*"Fling out our banner, let it wave free on high;  
Our motto 'Honor' echoes back from the sky . . ."*

may be changed to

*"Bring out the stretchers for our brave, noble men  
Who must be carried from the field once again . . ."*

or you may twist:

*"We pledge to thee our loyalty for now and evermore,  
Though we may see great royalty on many a distant shore . . ."*

into

*"We send to thee our sympathy for every coming game;  
The line looks rather 'limpa-thy,' the backfield kinda lame . . ."*

You will find such modifications easy to accomplish because most loyalty songs are slushy, if not idiotic, and ideally suited to mutilation.

Now that your listener is softened up, and possibly even chuckling, you turn, with vigor, upon the coach. NEVER CREDIT THE COACH! If your team's coach uses a single-wingback offense, you demand he switch to the "modern" (use that word; it carries a lot of weight these days) "T" formation; and if he favors the "T," you must maintain that his material is more suited to the single-wing. Use such terms as "man-in-motion," "unbalanced line to the

right," and "fake pitchout and a naked reverse after the handoff" in such a manner that your listener will think you know what you are talking about.

You may be forced to grant that the team made one good play, but you must never admit complete defeat at any point. Rather, you land a haymaker while backing off, such as, "Sure, Washwashky made a nice tackle on Inglebrott; it was the only tackle he made all afternoon, of course, but . . ."

Chastened, your listener will hold his peace, and you are free to take shots at the team's star back. You declare that he does not follow his blockers, few as they may be (a backhanded slap at the line), and when he is hit he just falls down without a fight. You explain these inadequacies on the part of the best player the school has ever had by mentioning the fact that he has probably been "reading his clippings," and though you would not say he was conceited, you must admit that he certainly is "stuck on himself."

These few examples should get you started on the road to repulsiveness. Remember, however, to discontinue your discourse should the coach or a player appear within earshot. Either of these nincompoops would probably laugh aloud at you. At a time like this, rather than risk the possibility of your bluff being called, you collapse into respectful silence, and quietly steal away.

## The Mountain and the Ego

RICHARD WHITE

*Rhetoric 100, Theme No. 1*

TO MANY OF THE PEOPLE IN THE MIDWEST, THE WORD "mountain" is synonymous with bleak or imposing. In most cases these opinions were derived from having read about the subject. Mountains are generally depicted as natural barriers against an enemy or as an obstacle which diversifies the weather. To me, however, they are the castle walls behind which is hidden much of our natural beauty.

Like most truly lovely things in life, the beauty remains well hidden from the distant viewer. From a distant perspective the upper ranges of the Rocky Mountains appear only as a long, blue ridge. This impression is one which is so lasting that we are often taken aback when the base is reached. Here, though, Nature seems to show at last her respect for our persistence, unfolding the delicacies of her high garden of Eden.

The gentle beauty of a common wildflower is uniquely set off by the harsh rock formation. The air seems to be refreshed, carrying on it the pure smell of the forests above. The streams rush to some unknown destination and the stillness is almost tangible.

All the foregoing seems to be only an introduction once the summit is reached. The world appears to be canopied by clouds which are supported by

the higher peaks. The green valleys far below have become tinged with blue in the shadow of the mountains. All about, the bright sunlight is reflected a hundred times by the snow on the adjacent pinnacles.

Here on this lofty plateau the ego seems to expand to the proportions that the eye can see. Now at last we seem to become big enough spiritually to embrace the world and so be at peace with it.

It is the descent which gives full meaning to the spectacle before us. Once returned to the lower plains those crags now symbolize the stronghold of peace of mind. It would seem now that the mind goes back frequently for reassurance to those staunch buttresses where peace and beauty are side by side, each in each.

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## Communist Rivals

CHESTER B. NUNN  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 4*

THE TRUE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN RED CHINA AND RED Russia is probably the biggest diplomatic puzzle in the world today.

Whether these two countries are allies or rivals is not immediately evident. Communist propaganda reiterates the China-Russia solidarity—but cause for distrust and discontent lies behind the Red façade in the simple yet basic truth that governments will overlook ideologies and social systems in favor of national interests. In recent history capitalist countries have fought one another, and dictatorships have fought one another. In each case conflicting national interests have proved more compelling than any governmental similarities.

Outwardly, Russia and China are on intimate terms; they profess “undying friendship.” However, Russia can hardly appreciate the fact that she is now hemmed in between the capitalist West and the communist East. This twist of fate prevents Russia from further advances along any of her long land or sea frontiers without inviting either Western retaliation or Chinese hostility.

Soviet Russia faces a united China that must be courted, not ordered. China is no longer the Russian satellite she was in June, 1950 when she invaded Korea at Moscow’s instigation. China has gained dominance of North Korea through physical control, and she has purged the North Korean Communist Party of pro-Russian factions. This complete control of North Korea by Red China has also reduced Russia’s previously unquestioned influence over Manchuria.

The old Russo-Chinese tug of war for Manchuria appears to be commencing again. Early in the twentieth century Russia gained rule of Manchuria by building the Chinese Eastern Railway across that province despite Chinese displeasure. In 1929 Red troops were sent to Manchuria to prevent Chinese seizure of the railroad. Russia lost Manchuria to Japan in 1935, but

she regained it at the end of World War II. Russia had agreed to relinquish its controlling influence in Manchuria to Red China not later than 1952. This has not happened, and Russia still controls the Chinese Eastern Railroad, the harbor cities of Darien and Port Arthur, and much of the communications and natural resources of Manchuria. In addition, Russia has not returned the industrial equipment and machinery she removed from Manchuria at the end of World War II. This situation cannot be compatible with Communist China's ambitious industrialization program that must begin in and depend upon the vast natural resources of Manchuria. Red China's administrators have already gained considerable authority over the Kremlin's Manchurian agents as a result of the presence of Red Chinese troops in Manchuria since their intervention in the Korean War.

Outer Mongolia is another source of friction between Red China and Red Russia. Mongolia is a province of China that was taken as a possession by Russia, and this separation of Outer Mongolia from China today remains an ugly reminder of Russia's anti-Chinese imperialism.

Another area of Chinese-Russian rivalry is Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkestan, which is in effect a Russian province. Sinkiang is an enormous domain in Northwest China, reportedly rich in minerals, including uranium. Joint Chinese-Russian firms have been established there to develop these economic possibilities but Red China is not surrendering this province to Russia.

Thus in Korea, Manchuria, Sinkiang, and possibly Mongolia a united and powerful Red China is a serious obstacle to Red Russian expansion. The Chinese Communists have already usurped much of the authority and influence in Asia that was formerly enjoyed by Russia. Soviet troops do not occupy China, and Russia therefore cannot completely control that country. China is a giant, not a puppet, and surely must resent being regarded as a vassal obeying Moscow's orders. The Russians are at a great disadvantage in that they are not Asians; they are thought of as white Europeans by the Asians. Russian prestige in Asia has been lost to Peking, which is regarded throughout Asia as at least the equal of Moscow as the capital of world communism.

For the present, Red China and Red Russia are allies *and* rivals. The alliance is necessary at present but it is potentially harmful to the Chinese. However, Mao cannot afford to weaken his ties with Russia as long as he is faced with a major war. The rivalry is historic, geographic, economic, and psychological. The fate of Asia and perhaps of the world may be determined by whether the rivalry or the alliance predominates.

The idea for this paper came from a map of Asia showing the territories of Sinkiang, Mongolia, and Manchuria that both Russia and China need for their industrial development. An old *Reader's Digest*, picked up by chance, supplied the dates pertaining to Manchuria and the Chinese Eastern Railway. Remembered fragments of articles read in the past were included in an effort to support my interpretation of the Chinese-Russian relationship. Liberal use of the dictionary enhanced the vocabulary, I hope.

# Black Welcome Mat

ROGER SHEAHEN  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 1*

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE, WELL BUILT AND SITUATED in a lovely suburban community. The real estate broker didn't see how he could miss on a quick sale. But prospect after prospect had the same comment: "It's a wonderful house, but it just doesn't seem like a home."

Brokers all over the country are having the same problem. But many have found the solution: a blacktop driveway. For those of you who don't know, blacktop is a mixture of tar, sand, and gravel. A blacktop drive does something for a house which no other type of paving can do. It lends a "homey" feeling to the house. Its soft blackness seems to reach out and give the passer-by an invitation to come in and visit. Other paving substances which are hard and glaring are little more than a continuation of the street in front of the house. Blacktop is a sort of "black welcome mat" into the home.

To me, the making of a blacktop driveway has been one of the most satisfying experiences I have had. When our crew comes up to the house, we see it just as the broker's prospects saw it, but we visualize the roadway which will enhance the charm of the house, the blacktop drive which we are about to build.

Then we start to work. Into the stubborn earth we put the stubborn energy of our backs. Digging out a rock here, filling in a hole there, we form the pathway of the drive. Sometimes it seems monotonous, even useless, but we know that if the drive is to be free of ugly and annoying pot-holes during its years of service it must be level from the start, even to the bare earth.

When the pathway has been leveled, we straighten our aching backs and "look her over." But there is more shovel work ahead. A ten-ton dump truck pulls up with a full load of number four stone. These are large stones which will provide a good solid base for our drive. But they are extremely difficult to spread and they, too, must be level. After there is a layer of about seven inches of this stone, we roll it down. Rolling packs the stone and makes it more solid. It also gives us a chance to fill in any "low spots" which might have been overlooked.

By this time, more trucks have pulled up carrying number fourteen stone, which is a mixture of very small screenings and quarter-inch limestone chips. This stone is spread by the trucks, but it must be raked out and leveled by hand. Then the roller comes onto the rapidly materializing driveway again. Its purpose this time is to push the "fourteens" down into the spaces between the big stones to serve as a sort of bond and to make the base or foundation of the drive even more solid.

Then we all sit back and relax because the "gravy job" is coming. A truck pulls up towing a smoking-hot tar kettle of MCO, which is a light tar. One man stands at the pump while another sprays the black MCO lightly over our nice, white stone base. The MCO serves a dual purpose: it holds together any loose screenings on the top of the drive, and it also serves as a bond between the base and the blacktop so that the blacktop will not "shift" once it is put down.

All at once the gravy job is over. The blacktop is here. Putting blacktop down is hard, fast, and hot work because it comes to us at a temperature of about three hundred and fifty degrees and it must be put down before it cools or it will be too hard to work and the finished drive will be coarse and lumpy. Three men again put their backs to the shovels, facing the searing heat of the truckload of blacktop. They put the load, shovelful by shovelful, into neat piles so that two other men armed with wide blades can rake it out until it is two inches deep and as level as they can possibly make it. This raking, or "luting" as it is sometimes called, is what "makes" the appearance of the finished drive. The roller follows the rakers as closely as possible so that the blacktop will be packed while it is still hot. This insures the solid packing which gives the smooth, glossy surface characteristic of good blacktop drives.

When the blacktop is all down we relax, a little worn after the furious pace we have been keeping. But we watch diligently as the roller finishes packing down "our baby." The least little mar on our drive would be like running that four-tun roller over a right arm. The driveway is a part of us; it is something which we have made, something of which we are proud. We finish the rolling, give our drive its final once-over inspection, throw the equipment on the trucks and head for the yard. As we drive away, we momentarily glance back at the newly transformed "home." Our work is done and the broker will soon find a new owner for the house and its "black welcome mat."

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### MY FAVORITE HUNTING

Being a woman, I'm most interested in the sport of hunting—men. To me, there is nothing more thrilling, more exciting, more adventurous, or that requires more cunning and skill than the stalking of men.

There are several physical characteristics which a girl must possess. These must be either supplied by nature or, for the less fortunate, by artificial means. A pair of long eyelashes suitable for batting, legs that do more than take a person where she wants to go, a silhouette that is accentuated in the right places, a walk that has both a forward and a lateral movement—these are examples of the most necessary characteristics. Then there are the requirements a woman must acquire and perfect through diligent practice or varied experience: the toothy smile; the adjustable personality; the sugary, sweet Southern accent; and the helpless, "You big, strong man, you," attitude.

JUDY BERKELHAMER, 102

# Hayseed

SUE LEICHTMAN  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 10*

"SPEAKER JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON WAS A HARD-boiled hayseed who made himself the autocrat of the House. . . . He won the nickname of 'Foul-mouthed Joe' for his barnyard talk."<sup>1</sup> While reading about his life, I found an autobiography that Cannon once dictated. It said, "Mr. Cannon was born of God-fearing and man-loving parents. He made himself and did a darn poor job of it."<sup>2</sup> However, by comparing this latter statement to his actual biography, one can see that this is an extremely inaccurate picture of his life.

Joseph Gurney Cannon was born May 7, 1836, in New Garden, North Carolina.<sup>3</sup> When he was young, his family, who were devout Quakers, moved west because slavery wasn't in accordance with their faith. They traveled by wagon over the National Turnpike, and settled in Annapolis, Indiana. While they were there, Joseph's father, who was a doctor, tried to ride across a rain-swollen stream to help a patient and was drowned.

Cannon quit school and went to work so his brother could continue with his education. He got a job in a grocery store, and was paid \$150.00 a year. After working for five years, Cannon saved enough money to go to law school for six months. He completed this schooling and moved to Shelbyville, Illinois, where he tried rather unsuccessfully to practice law. While there, a man paid his way to hear a Lincoln-Douglas debate in Charleston. Mr. Cannon was so impressed with Lincoln that he campaigned for him. Cannon later said, "It rooted and grounded me in the principles for which Abraham Lincoln stood and upon which the Republican party was established. I became saturated with those principles and they have always remained in my system."<sup>4</sup>

Cannon left Shelbyville and moved to Tuscola, Illinois. After living there a year, his mother and his brother Will joined him. In 1861, he became District Attorney and held this job until 1868, the year he married. In 1872 he was elected to the House of Representatives. During the time that Mr. Cannon was serving in the House, his brother moved to Danville, Illinois, and founded

<sup>1</sup> Roger Butterfield, *The American Past* (New York, 1947), p. 337.

<sup>2</sup> Otto Charmichael, "Uncle Joe as Speaker," *The World's Work*, VII (December, 1903), p. 4196.

<sup>3</sup> Carrie Partlow Carter, *Joseph Cannon and the Struggle Over the Powers of the Speaker in the Sixty-First Congress* (Thesis, University of Illinois, 1934), pp. 1-8. Unless otherwise stated, all biographical material is from this source.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph Gurney Cannon, "Party Discipline," *The Saturday Evening Post*, CHIC (September 27, 1924), p. 4.

a bank there. In 1876, Joseph Cannon and his family joined Will, and made Danville their permanent home.

Mr. Cannon served in the House of Representatives for 46 years. Except for his defeats in 1890 and 1913, he served continuously from 1872 until 1923, when he retired. He was Speaker of the House for eight years, during which time he became known as the "Czar of the House."

It would be a mistake, however, to believe that Cannon became well known only when he was elected Speaker of the House. Due to an incident that occurred while he was giving his "maiden speech" in the House, he was introduced to the public. Cannon said, "I was loaded for a speech to enlighten the House and the country." However, he had only started when he was interrupted by a heckler: "The gentleman from Illinois seems to have oats in his pockets." "Yes," retorted Cannon, "and hayseed in my hair, and that's the style of most of my constituents. I hope that both are good seed and will grow good crops in the East." The press was delighted, and Mr. Cannon became known as the "Hayseed Member from Illinois."<sup>5</sup>

Because of replies like this, Uncle Joe became friendly with the press, although he definitely was not one to crave publicity. But, since to Easterners he personified the wild and woolly West, he made good copy. With his old wide-brimmed hat, his ruddy features, and his cigar stuck rakishly out of the corner of his mouth, he was a perfect subject for cartoons.<sup>6</sup>

He made a picture just standing, but in action he looked like a character out of a silent movie. Representative Clark, who succeeded Cannon as Speaker of the House, said,

I confess that seeing Mr. Speaker Cannon in action has always interested me quite as much as what he said. He always appeared to me to be made up chiefly of spiral springs. In the heat of debate, . . . I once saw him make a complete circle on his heel.<sup>7</sup>

Representative Gillett of Massachusetts agreed:

You should have seen him . . . in the thick of the fray, without manuscript or notes, but all ablaze with energy, entertaining the House with his powerful and ingenious arguments . . . In debate his directness, his shrewdness, his brightness of illustration, and his gymnastics always attracted universal attention . . . Once while he was making a speech with his customary vigor, rising on his toes and prancing up and down the aisle, Mr. Reed called out to him, *sotto voce*: 'Joe are you making this speech on mileage?'<sup>8</sup>

Cannon's style of speaking also accounted for the first notoriety that he acquired in the House. The incident involved "Sunset" Cox, a Representative from Ohio, and Cannon. One day Cox was "running amuck," as Uncle Joe

<sup>5</sup> White Busbey, *Uncle Joe Cannon* (New York, 1927), pp. 132-3.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxxvi.

<sup>7</sup> "Forty Years of Uncle Joe," *The Literary Digest*, LII (May 20, 1916), p. 1494.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 1493-1494.

said, "attacking the Republican party as only he could." Finally Uncle Joe could stand it no longer. "I jumped up and said, 'Will the gentleman yield?'" At first Cox refused, but then a smile came over his face and he yielded the floor. "'For what time?' inquired the Speaker. 'As long as the gentleman will keep his left hand in his pocket,' answered Cox. I accepted and began vigorously to defend my views, but I had not talked sixty seconds until I forgot all about the left hand, and out it came. 'Time's up,' said Cox. And it was up." <sup>9</sup>

The public became well acquainted with Uncle Joe, because he displayed many of his characteristics very candidly while speaking. As was shown in the "hayseed incident," he was a quick thinker. His early life might have accounted for this. The Cannon family often gathered in the living room, and Dr. Cannon would bring up some question. Cannon and his brother would debate it, while their father acted as umpire. Uncle Joe later said, "We learned to think on our feet, to think and talk at the same time." <sup>10</sup>

In 1874, when Cannon was running for re-election, his opponent was James H. Pickerel. Pickerel was a farmer and a stock-raiser, and a very clever politician. When a crowd gathered to see the fine bull that he took to county fairs, he would make a political speech. While Uncle Joe was making a speech at a county fair in Champaign, Pickerel trotted out his bull a little distance away, and began distracting the crowd. Finally Cannon realized that he couldn't hold the audience much longer, so he said, "I would like to know whether you are going to vote to send Pickerel or the bull to Congress in my place." The crowd returned, and the day was Uncle Joe's. <sup>11</sup>

When I talked to anyone who knew Mr. Cannon, there was always some joking about his profanity. I talked to one of Uncle Joe's closest friends, Mr. Joseph Barnhart, who lives in Danville. He admitted that Cannon was prone to swear a little. Mrs. Barnhart, who was sitting in the room, said, "Now, Joe, you know he couldn't talk unless he swore." Then she turned to me and said, "I remember when we were at a convention with him in Chicago, and the photographers were taking his picture. Uncle Joe turned to me and said, 'I don't know whether to say God damn 'em or God bless 'em.' This was typical of him."

Jokes attributed to Uncle Joe are still told around Danville. The best of these are ribald, or at least a little coarse. One joke that is perhaps milder than most concerns Cannon and a fellow Representative. The Representative had just finished raking Uncle Joe over the coals, and had done a fine job of it. After he had finished his tirade, Cannon turned away and remarked, "I won't go into his canine ancestry."

One mustn't assume, however, that Uncle Joe was only vulgar. As his secretary, Mr. L. W. Busbey, said:

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 1498.

<sup>10</sup> Busbey, pp. 39-40.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 129-130.

The truth is, these men from the West, who belonged to that era, who had been brought up on the prairie and experienced the rugged life of the pioneer, brought with them to Washington the flavor of the soil and the tang of the farm, and their speech was racy of the land.<sup>12</sup>

Cannon himself said:

If I've been accused in later years of using language of emphasis that is not considered appropriate for Sunday School, I hope it may be put down to force of habit of speaking out where none were to hear me save myself and the horse that pulled the plow . . .<sup>13</sup>

Between God and me we got a sound understandin'. He knows my swearin' don't mean a thing, and I know it.<sup>14</sup>

Perhaps because Uncle Joe did use so much profanity, or because he had a ruddy complexion, it was often thought that he drank excessively. Actually, he did not. Mr. Barnhart said that he had never seen him drunk, and had never heard of anyone's seeing Cannon drunk. However, he did take an occasional drink. In fact, tea was served in his home with a shot of rum. Mr. Barnhart said that he had often heard Uncle Joe remark, "A man is a fool if he drinks before he is seventy, and he's a damn fool if he doesn't drink after seventy."

It was remarks like this one that the press loved. After they had printed several of them, people began to look on Uncle Joe as quite a humorist. However, his secretary, Mr. Busbey, said that this wasn't a true picture of Cannon. "What men called humor was really a native philosophy and the power to put in a sentence the essence of life or a complex problem in the words of an epigram."<sup>15</sup> For example, interviewers asked Uncle Joe whether men in public life could be impartial. Cannon answered, "The only thoroughly impartial man is a dead man."<sup>16</sup> When the Panama Canal was in the throes of construction, a reporter asked Uncle Joe what he thought of it. Cannon replied, "My boy, it's a simple matter of diggin' and dammin'."<sup>17</sup>

Cannon always gave the public something to laugh about, although it often wasn't intentional. He was notoriously a tightwad when it came to spending money on himself. Perhaps that was why his dress was rather careless. He wore an old-fashioned low collar "so big for his neck it seemed he could slip it over his head without unbuttoning." His unpressed and overlong trousers and sagging vest and coat were "large enough for a man half again as heavy."<sup>18</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. xxiv-xxv.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 28.

<sup>14</sup> Walter Davenport, "Uncle Joe Got Tired," *Collier's*, LXXVIII (November 13, 1926), p. 28.

<sup>15</sup> Busbey, p. xxix.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxix.

<sup>17</sup> Joseph Hamilton Moore, *With Speaker Cannon through the Tropics* (Philadelphia, 1907), p. 280.

<sup>18</sup> Davenport, p. 28.

Once his daughter, Helen, convinced him that he should have a new coat, because the one he was wearing was green with age. Helen knew that he would never pay more than fifteen dollars for a new one, so she went downtown and made an arrangement with the owner of the clothing store to sell her father a sixty-dollar coat for fifteen dollars. Helen paid the difference. Uncle Joe went downtown, bought the coat, and, well pleased with the purchase, sauntered across the street to the bank. When several of the men there admired the coat, Uncle Joe shrugged, "It really didn't cost much." One of the men said, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it." Cannon cried "Sold!" and handed the man the coat. It was only when he went back to buy another one that he found out what had happened.

There is story after story about Uncle Joe, each one seeming to reveal a different side of him. The people loved these stories, and the press catered to the public. A Washington, D. C. paper, *The Star*, tells us that "Uncle Joe Cannon ran a close second to the late Colonel Roosevelt as the most photographed and most written about man on this continent."<sup>19</sup>

Since there was so much written about him, there were bound to be misprints. *The Star* recalls one such mistake:

A much read newspaper . . . once printed a picture of an attractive young woman in lingerie and boudoir robe, under which the amazed reader found this caption: 'Still wears 'em—Uncle Joe Cannon, the grand old man of the Republican party, and one of Illinois' Representatives in the House, rising to speak at a dinner in Chicago.' The mystery was explained when a picture of Mr. Cannon was found elsewhere in the paper with the comment: 'Boudoir robe with Oriental touch—from the East comes the imagination for this wonderful boudoir robe of panne velvet and silver metal cloth.'

Someone had switched captions.<sup>20</sup>

The press treated Uncle Joe jocularly, intentionally or unintentionally, and the stories told about him emphasize his humorous side. We should consider whether this was a true picture of Cannon. Uncle Joe felt that he should have been treated more seriously by the press.<sup>21</sup> He said:

I have come to look upon my name as simply a convenient vehicle to carry anything that may be found in an encyclopedia of eccentricities attributed to men in the last hundred years.<sup>22</sup> I have been represented as saying and doing so many fantastic things that I often wonder what sort of a man I really am.<sup>23</sup>

Anyone reading about Uncle Joe might wonder himself what Cannon was actually like. The press didn't seem to bring out characteristics which would

<sup>19</sup> "Taps for Uncle Joe," p. 40.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 40.

<sup>21</sup> Busbey, p. xxvii.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 30.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 298.

account for his phenomenal political success. A man is not elected to the House of Representatives for fourteen terms, or chosen to be Speaker of the House for four terms simply because people are amused by him. What does explain his success?

Although he was "... never in any sense a statesman, Joseph Gurney Cannon was a master of the game of politics and of the equally engrossing game of managing legislators."<sup>24</sup> For "... combined with courage, honesty, and a fixed principle, he had political sense and a deep understanding of human nature."<sup>25</sup>

"In the ordinary sense of the word he was not a politician. . . . He could not be a politician because he had in him that Quaker characteristic which the world calls obstinacy, but is really conscience."<sup>26</sup> Cannon said, "No man is a proper person to represent the people unless he has the honesty and the backbone to stand and do the best he can, and do what is right and what is for the interests of his people, without reference to what anybody may say of him. . . ."<sup>27</sup>

It was because of this belief that Cannon was often severely criticized. While he was the Speaker of the House, it was the Speaker's duty to appoint the chairmen of all committees, and he could practically decide what bills he wanted brought before the House. During this time Cannon was accused of being the Czar of the House,<sup>28</sup> "... but no one, even when passion ran the highest ever accused him of being governed by an unworthy motive."<sup>29</sup> He did what he thought was best for his party.

Throughout his career, he was always a strong party man—a Republican through and through.<sup>30</sup> Many criticized his devotion to his party, saying that it "retarded the country." *Current Opinion* said, "In his personal life Uncle Joe is lovable. In his creed of party he is not to be followed."<sup>31</sup>

Whether he was right or wrong, Cannon believed that parties are necessary in our government. "The rule of the majority was his cardinal article of political faith."<sup>32</sup> Uncle Joe once said, "It's a damned good thing to remember in politics to stick to your party and never attempt to buy favor of your enemies at the expense of your friends."<sup>33</sup>

What was it about Cannon that enabled him to gain the admiration and affection of so many people who knew him? His fellow Representatives and

<sup>24</sup> " 'Uncle Joe' Cannon," *The Outlook*, CVIC (November 24, 1926), p. 393.

<sup>25</sup> Busbey, p. xxiv.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxxvi.

<sup>27</sup> Moore, p. 78.

<sup>28</sup> *The Outlook*, p. 393.

<sup>29</sup> Busbey, p. xiii.

<sup>30</sup> Charmichael, p. 4197.

<sup>31</sup> Dr. Frank Crane, "Uncle Joe," *Current Opinion*, LXXII (April 23, 1922), pp. 597-598.

<sup>32</sup> Busbey, p. xviii.

<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 269.

his personal friends each seem to answer this question a little differently. For example, men praised him for his absolute integrity, his earnestness in conviction, his fearlessness, and his frankness. Speaker Champ Clark said that Uncle Joe was one of the "... most thoroughly common-sense men that ever came down the Congressional pike."<sup>34</sup>

Representative Gillett of Massachusetts said, "He was by nature a floor leader. He had the courage . . . and that quickness of mind and tongue accelerating under fire which makes a man effective on this floor."<sup>35</sup> Although he wasn't always considerate of the feelings of his opponent, "He always fought fair; he never hit below the belt; and that is the reason that he won out."<sup>36</sup> No matter how heartily Uncle Joe disliked his opponents, "... there was seldom, if ever, anything personal about his dislikes, and never any malice."<sup>37</sup>

With all of these admirable traits, it is only natural to find some flaws in Uncle Joe's character. However, the characteristic that men most criticized was his lack of imagination. *Outlook* said, "He was quite incapable of exercising imagination in the understanding of other points of view. . . ." This "... was shown in his riding around among the sensitive and polite people of Porto Rico with his feet resting higher than his head, and with his cigar tilted at an angle from the corner of his mouth."<sup>38</sup> *Literary Digest* felt that "his lack of imagination left him cold to the esthetic side of life."<sup>39</sup>

Yet, "There was something of the soil of America about him,"<sup>40</sup> that made people forget his lack of imagination. "There was a homely simplicity, a lovable nobility of spirit, which bound to him in affection those whom he enthralled."<sup>41</sup> "He captured and dominated the imagination of his countrymen . . . ,"<sup>42</sup> and by doing so, acquired his nickname.

Yes, as Mr. Busbey said, "The men who knew him were a legion, but," he goes on, "few knew the real man . . . There was in him a vein of emotion, an exquisite sentiment, a softness that seldom revealed itself to the public."<sup>43</sup> Perhaps this was because Uncle Joe "... was always a fighter, and a fighter does not exhibit his softer side to the public."<sup>44</sup>

A reporter for the *New York World*, Kate Carew, wrote in 1904, "Uncle Joe was gallant, gay, with graceful social gifts and a store of old-fashioned

<sup>34</sup> *A Record of the Testimonial Dinner to Honorable Joseph G. Cannon* (Washington, D. C., 1913), p. 29.

<sup>35</sup> "Forty Years of Uncle Joe," p. 1494.

<sup>36</sup> *A Record of the Testimonial Dinner* . . . , p. 76.

<sup>37</sup> Busbey, p. xvi.

<sup>38</sup> *The Outlook*, p. 393.

<sup>39</sup> "Taps for Uncle Joe," p. 42.

<sup>40</sup> *The Outlook*, p. 393.

<sup>41</sup> George Rothwell Brown, *The Leadership of Congress* (Indianapolis, 1923), p. 112.

<sup>42</sup> "Taps for Uncle Joe," p. 42.

<sup>43</sup> Busbey, pp. xiii-xiv.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xvi.

chivalry . . . He had a deep and strong fibre of sentiment.”<sup>45</sup> In all my reading, this was the only reference, besides Busbey’s, that was made to his sentimentality. Perhaps it is significant that the reporter was a woman. Whether it is or not, at least someone saw one of his most overlooked characteristics. Uncle Joe suggests this quality in his own words:

I wouldn’t give three whoops for a man whose heart did not beat fast, whose eyes did not take fire, whose spirit did not swell, who would not be moved by a woman’s pleading, by noble oratory or noble acting, by the carols of birds and the voices of young children, by any human action through which the spirit in one spoke to the spirit in others.<sup>46</sup>

Once on his birthday, the hometown folks had given him an ovation “ . . . which made him the happiest man in Danville.” Then he rose and said, ‘My friends’—but he could go no further.”<sup>47</sup> Sentiment is just another side of Uncle Joe, a side which is known to very few.

But, after everything has been said about Joseph Gurney Cannon, one word seems to sum up his characteristics. Elihu Root, in paying tribute to Uncle Joe at a dinner in Cannon’s honor, said, “I am glad to congratulate you . . . because you are real.”<sup>48</sup>

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<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*, p. xxviii.

<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 38.

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 314-315.

<sup>48</sup> *A Record of the Testimonial Dinner* . . . , p. 34.

# The Wonderful Quarter

NANCY L. MULLENIX

*Rhetoric 101, Final Examination*

IT WAS A SILENT, SULTRY AFTERNOON AS SUNDAYS usually are in "one-horse" towns. Now and then the slamming of the restaurant door was heard as town bachelors went to dinner, and occasionally a car or two crept down the highway past the small group of farmers who were sitting on the curb discussing crops and weather and politics. The child leaning against the iron railing outside the cafe was growing impatient but amused herself by daydreaming, because she was accustomed to waiting for her talkative father. She wriggled her toes, one by one, out between the straps of her sandals and back in again, and then scrooched her toes as far back as possible, trying to get them out of her shoe without unbuckling the straps. After a flip-flop and a skin-the-cat on the railing, she leaned against the dingy brick wall and wished her father would come on. Then her eyes rested on the signboard in the drugstore window across the street.

"Boy, would that taste good," she thought. "Ice cream is about the best thing there is on a day like this."

The cool, melting edges of the ice cream cone were temptingly displayed, and the child's eyes grew wider as she gazed wistfully at the tasty looking signboard.

Gee, if she only had a nickel . . . Let's see . . . She'd get a strawberry dip and a lime dip. They'd look really pretty—or maybe two strawberries, since it was really the best ice cream. She'd eat it very slowly to make it last a long time. Oh, well, she didn't have a nickel anyway.

After several more skin-the-cats she turned again to the ice cream cone. A nickel wasn't much. Maybe Daddy would . . . No, he wouldn't. Anyhow, none of the kids were supposed to ask for money, ever. Still . . . on Sunday . . . and she was the only one here . . . on a hot Sunday afternoon. Maybe just one nickel wouldn't hurt.

She hesitated, then walked halfway to the men, who were still talking, hesitated again, and walked back to the railing.

Maybe he'd get mad if she asked him. Maybe he'd say "absolutely not" and make her sit in the car. Well, anyway, it couldn't be much more tiresome than here. It would be different at least.

She let go of the railing and took a deep, determined breath. Slowly she walked to the sandy-haired man sitting on the corner and timidly jerked his shirtsleeve.

"Daddy," the voice was barely above a whisper, "may I have a nickel?"

He was a slight man, deeply tanned and leather skinned, and he hesitated as he stood looking down at his skinny, pig-tailed, freckle-faced reflection. "A nickel? What for?"

"An ice cream cone." The child's eyes grew anxious as hope began to fade.

"Oh, an ice cream cone." He paused again, and a vague, sad look accompanied his smile as his hand dived into his jacket and handed her a coin. "Sure, honey, you can have a nickel."

The child grasped the coin and looked at it, not believing. A quarter. A whole quarter for her—and she'd only asked for a nickel.

"Oh thank you, daddy. Thanks a lot!"

I remember that day as if it were yesterday instead of fifteen years ago and as if I'd been an interested bystander instead of a tow-headed six-year-old longing for an ice cream cone.

Now, as I think back, I realize that my father used that quarter very wisely, whether he knew it or not. My father died the following summer, and as timed passed I had to look at a picture to recall his sandy hair and blue eyes; but, all by myself, I can insert into that picture the qualities of a good man—a man who remained gentle throughout the hardships of drouth years, crop failures, and a family of eight to feed and clothe. He was a man who wouldn't let poverty beat him down and kick him in the face. In the days when quarters were hard to get but would buy three loaves of bread, two gallons of gas, or a badly needed textbook, my father had hope and faith enough to give one of these precious coins to a scrawny, scared-looking kid to squander on ice cream.

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### MY EDUCATED UNCLE

If sense of humor be one of the hallmarks of an educated man, then my uncle is indeed educated. His is not the ribald, slapstick humor of the usual radio jokester. Indeed, perhaps the average Jackie Gleason fan would not even understand some of Uncle Norm's puns. My uncle has a subtle, whimsical type of humor that you have to look for. His jokes are so apt, so interwoven with the general conversation, that listening to him reminds me of walking along a sandy beach, and being delighted by finding shiny seashells where I least expect them.

DIANNE BAUMANN, 101

# How to Hunt Squirrels

DAN A. GODEKE  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme No. 1*

SQUIRREL HUNTING IS A SPORT LONG ENJOYED BY THE American public. In the early days of our country, the squirrel was an important food commodity, but, due to the decrease in numbers, it is today only a small game animal. Some sportsmen shun this little "tree rat" because, as the saying goes, "Anybody can hit a squirrel." However, squirrel hunting is different from most sports in that the thrill is not in the shooting, but in the hunting. Although I am not an authority on the subject, I will try to present some of the aspects of a typical squirrel hunt.

The first steps taken toward any hunt are those of preparation. Because most squirrel hunting is done during the early hours of morning, all preparation must be taken care of in the evening. A good hunter travels light, but he must have two things: a proper outfit and a good gun. These articles should be laid out during the evening so that the morning will go like clockwork.

A squirrel hunting outfit consists of four parts: the suit, the shoes, the hat, and the coat or vest. The suit should be either green or brown. A mixture of the two is even better. It is better if the colors are dull, because dull colors seem to melt into the underbrush. A fine outfit can be made from an army fatigue uniform, the older the better. The shoes should have thin, rubber soles. An old pair of tennis shoes will do the trick. Many good hunters use no shoes at all, however. Wearing a hat is optional. However, if a person has very light or very dark hair, it is to his advantage to wear a hat. A coat or vest, containing a game pocket, a knife, matches, and extra shells round out the personal equipment, leaving only the gun to be selected.

The gun varies according to personal likes and dislikes. However, most successful hunters use either a 12-gauge shotgun with a heavy load, or a .22 cal. repeating rifle. The reason for this is that a squirrel, high in a tree, can absorb a large amount of shot and still remain in the tree. The 12-gauge has enough penetration to kill the squirrel instantly if the shot is well placed. The better shots use a rifle because a ball between the eyes draws little comment from the squirrel and, at the same time, leaves the meat intact. Now that the gun and outfit have been laid out, the hunter is ready to go. He sets the alarm for 4:30 o'clock and goes to bed.

At 4:30 A.M. the hunter awakens with a start. He goes to the window and peers out. It's a perfect day! Not a breath of air is stirring. The hunter's natural impulse is to dress quickly, grab his gun, and hurry to the hunting woods. But, one of the most important preparations for a hunt is a good breakfast. The hunter who skips breakfast is often annoyed by upset stomach and stomach cramps during the excitement of the hunt.

When the breakfast is finished the hunter makes a final check of equipment and then climbs into his car, unless he is fortunate enough to have a woods nearby. By the time the hunter reaches the woods it is about 5:00 o'clock. As soon as he enters the woods, he is all ears. The most common way to locate a squirrel is by the sound of the nut hulls hitting the ground while a squirrel is feeding, or, as it is commonly termed, "cutting." When a hunter hears a squirrel cutting, he must then determine what type it is. There are only two types of game squirrels, and the cuttings of the two are distinctly different. The "fox" or "red" squirrel's cuttings are rather large, and are dropped in evenly spaced intervals, while a "gray" squirrel's cuttings are pin-point small and fall with great rapidity, sounding much like the light patter of rain. It is imperative that the hunter determine the variety, because the two are hunted in entirely different ways.

After a hunter has classified a squirrel, his next step is to locate it. This is rather easily accomplished on a still morning, because a squirrel generally makes quite a commotion while feeding, and the shaking trees can be seen for some distance. However, it is at this point that the inexperienced hunter loses his squirrel. Although he marks the top of the tree well, he fails to follow it down to the trunk. When he moves off a few steps, the squirrel stops feeding, and all the tree tops look the same. It is then almost impossible to relocate the squirrel.

Now that the squirrel has been typed and located, the actual stalking begins. If the animal is a "gray," the process is painstaking. The hunter must take his eyes off the squirrel and concentrate on making absolutely no noise at all. Should the "gray" hear an unusual sound, he will react in one of two ways, both of which are very effective. He may scamper up the tree to a large branch and "sit it out," or he may try running through the tree tops. Few indeed are the hunters who have "outsat" a "gray," and fewer still are those who have won the race to the den tree. However, if the hunter is very careful, he can get within twenty-five yards of a feeding "gray" without being seen or heard. This done, the game is over. When dealing with fox squirrels, however, it is a different matter.

To begin with, the fox squirrel has been named thus because of his color, not because of his brains. As a matter of fact, he seems to be somewhat dull. This trait makes him an easier animal to hunt than the gray. When a "fox" has been typed and located, he must be stalked much like a "gray" up to a certain point. Then the change is great. The hunter sneaks to within thirty-five yards of the squirrel. Then, exposing himself completely, the hunter runs the next twenty yards as fast as he can. For some reason this action seems to frustrate the "fox," and he generally freezes, thus making the shot a simple one. However, if the "fox" should decide to sit it out, it is a good idea to sit with him, because, unlike the "gray," the "fox" will show himself after about ten minutes of quietness.

Each time a shot is fired the above steps are re-enacted until the limit of five squirrels is reached. But I must add in closing that squirrels are unpredictable and often the conventional method will not work. A true understanding of squirrel hunting may not be gained by reading alone. It is not often that an inexperienced person can tack five tails to the barn door after a morning in the woods.

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## T. V. A. and Creeping Socialism

GEORGE C. BAUMGARTNER  
*Placement Theme*

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY IS A FEDERAL government agency designed to promote the general prosperity of the Tennessee Valley. In complying with this general purpose, T. V. A. has several general objectives.

At the inception of the Tennessee Valley Authority the main objectives were to develop the Tennessee River, which was practically unnavigable, by the installation of dams and canals, and also the rehabilitation of the valley's industrial resources.

Some of the minor objectives of the T. V. A. include: the development of recreational areas, the production of fertilizer, control of soil erosion, and increased employment in the nation in general.

Before the Tennessee Valley Authority was inaugurated in 1933, the Tennessee Valley was almost non-productive in proportion to its potential. Private owners had exploited the natural resources of the area for their own gain. Many mines and factories were falling into disrepair. The labor problem was becoming grave. Thousands were unemployed.

Since the beginning of T. V. A., however, the valley has become one of the most fertile regions in the country. Electricity is now plentiful in comparison to the condition a few years ago when few people had electric lights.

Even in the light of these developments, though, many people contend that the Tennessee Valley Authority is an example of "creeping socialism." These critics of T. V. A. cite many reasons for their opposition. Perhaps the primary objection is to the generation of power by steam generating plants. Power was to be a by-product of the dams. It is now a primary function of the authority. Despite the fact that there are many private power companies in adjoining states that could supply all the necessary power, the federal government continues to generate the power for the area. The opponents of T. V. A. hold that this invasion of the federal government into the field of private power is an example of "creeping socialism." Most of

the inhabitants of Tennessee have shown their complete support of the authority by the election of proponents of T. V. A., however.

Another major point of opposition is the cost of T. V. A. to the rest of the nation. The original investment for T. V. A. had to come from the rest of the country because the Tennessee Valley was too poor to support the project itself. Now that the T. V. A. is self-supporting the rest of the country continues to lose markets which the Tennessee Valley has acquired.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is, perhaps, "creeping socialism." The proponents of T. V. A. contend, however, that because the Tennessee Valley Authority has accomplished such miracles, other areas of the country need such "socialism."

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## Kill the Coyotes

RICHARD ABBUHL

*Rhetoric 102, Theme No. 6*

"KILL THE COYOTES!" THAT WAS THE CRY THAT CAME from the Arizona sheep raisers not many years ago. The coyotes had been killing the ranchers' sheep, and the sheep owners wanted it stopped. Pressure was brought to bear on government officials, and they finally responded by declaring open season on coyotes and by offering a bounty for the hides. After all, coyotes weren't good for anything.

A few zoologists tried unsuccessfully to explain that there exists among the animal kingdom a condition of dynamic equilibrium commonly referred to as the "balance of nature." The balance of nature concept maintains that all animals are interdependent upon one another and that the populations are kept in check by such factors as predators, disease, and available food supply. In view of this fact, the zoologists maintained that the direct extermination of coyotes would cause other indirect changes in the rest of the animal populations.

The coyotes never had a chance. A campaign worthy of a five-star general was put into action. Coyotes were hunted on foot, from horseback, from jeeps and trucks, and even from airplanes. Automatic rifle-traps, poison, and even clubs were used to kill the unlucky animal whose only defense was running—but everywhere he ran there were coyote hunters with dogs.

In a short while the battle was over. The sheep raiser had won. The coyote population was reduced almost to the point of extinction. Everyone—or almost everyone—was happy, and peace reigned over the flocks of sheep once more. There were very few people who mourned the passing of the coyote or who missed his mournful cry on moonlight nights. Fewer yet expected the results of the battle to cause the sheep raisers more trouble than they had had before.

Coyotes had fed chiefly on jack rabbits, killing an occasional sheep in times when rabbits were scarce. The jack rabbits, their major population control removed, increased unchecked. It became common to see twenty to thirty rabbits together at one time. Although jack rabbits don't kill and eat sheep as coyotes do, they do eat the grass that sheep need to survive. In no time at all the increased numbers of jack rabbits had stripped the range of grass. The available supply of grass could not support both rabbits and sheep, and both starved.

The sheep ranchers have not been as successful in killing the rabbit population as they were in killing the coyotes. Their flocks are greatly reduced and often fed from the barn, but the number of rabbits is gradually diminishing due to the insufficient food supply. The ranchers listen eagerly for the yapping of the coyote packs and remember longingly when the coyote was king, for only the return of the coyote can bring complete relief to the struggling rancher.

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## My Theory of Religion

DOROTHY TURNER

*Placement Theme*

FROM THE DAWN OF RECORDED HISTORY, MAN HAS sought solace from the insecurities of a frightening world in some form of worship.

The stages of development in man's religious history, from the worship of thunder and other physical phenomena of the earth to the Stoics to present-day liberal interpretation of religious doctrines, have been turbulent, and oftentimes disastrous. It would be difficult, indeed, to decide whether or not the churnings of religious sentiment have been the real reason for fomenting many—if not all—of the chaotic wars of our world.

A man's religion, however, necessarily colors his whole thinking and thus becomes a basis for his actions. It seems to me that the vast majority of the religions which man has contrived for himself have been, for the most part, a hindrance to his freedom. Also, this hindrance far outweighs in value the security he may receive from it. Here, I am speaking mainly of the authoritarian religions—those which bind the minds of their members with unreasonable dogma and presuppose themselves to have access to all knowledge of God and deem themselves God's "favored" emissaries.

To me, knowledge of God is impossible and I hold that no church, no religious organization of any kind nor any leaders of such organizations can possibly know, any more than I know, what the true nature of God is or how God functions. This is an agnostic's belief. An agnostic, how-

ever, does not say that the *idea* of God, or a God, cannot or does not exist. To have a faith in something, it seems to me, is quite different from arriving at a conclusion through the scientific or intellectual process. Would that all religions could define the difference.

Religion has been, for too long, totally immersed in emotionalism and the result has been the fabrication of preposterous "fairy stories." Emotion plays its part in one's religious development, and I have been no less affected in this respect than the orthodox religionist, but I cannot sanction nor respect that religion which colors the cloth of historical and scientific truth and weaves into it a pattern of self-sustaining lies.

Because a man, supposedly, does not "stand still" in his growth to emotional and intellectual maturity, it does not seem possible to me that he could remain unmoved or unchanged where his religious ideas are concerned, unless of course some wise thaumaturge has swooped down from an allegorical heaven and injected a "truth serum"—or, if you please, wisdom—to enable the dogmatists to digest ideas with far greater circumspection than most of us have at the age when we are struck with curiosity about God.

To question my religion intellectually and systematically with as little emotional tie as possible is my basic method. Unless a man believes something with his whole mind, how can we expect his emotional ties to be strong enough to withstand the onslaughts of a critical society? If a man can believe something with his whole mind as well as with his intuitive heart, he has gained my respect regardless of how much or how strongly I may disagree. Such a man must necessarily be strong in character and honest in point of view.

My religion needs no stone edifice to glorify its beauty. I feel no need for enmeshing myself in a religious organization for the sake of "security," nor do I feel the need to conform to the group—to follow the popular path. My church is my own body; its temple, my mind; and the dwelling place of my God is my heart. Because it is good to mingle with those of like aspirations, I have aligned myself with a fellowship of seekers who call themselves Unitarians.

My God is *one* God—a triune God is not only unreasonable to me, but highly unpalatable emotionally. To me God represents the gigantic wonder, the cohesiveness of the universe. I see God every day, in all places, yet I do not understand God in the least. After having exhausted all plausible, scientific reckoning concerning the universe and being still confronted with the all-baffling mysteries of birth, sex, growth, death and creation, I suppose most agnostics pour that which is not known into one huge vessel of the heart and call it "God."

My faith is in freedom and I demand freedom in my religion as well as in my political and economic government. Freedom, it seems to me, implies that a man know truth, or at least be able to search for truths, without hindrance to his conscience. Why should a man be chastised because he deviates from popular conceptions of government or religion? It seems that fear of

change has us all "hog-tied," which is a pity, for we cannot hope for that nebulous thing called "progress" unless we experiment boldly and question courageously.

An idea, whether it be of religion, of government—either political or economic—or of the relativity of time and matter, must be grounded, pounded, sifted and strained through the mill of the analytical mind before it can be judged "good" for mankind. Faith that a belief is good for mankind should warrant no fear of being crushed or defiled in this process of evaluation. Ultimately, mankind will accept it.

I believe in the brotherhood of man, the idea of a federated world, the principle of evolving truth, freedom in the quest for the high values which mold my life, the divinity of the universe and, hence, of man, and the right—no, the obligation—of every man who would really be free to search for his God (or lack of one) with all the questioning apparatus available to him, without fear of reprisal or chastisement—and the freedom to make mistakes in judgment, as we all will do.

---

### TAPS

Taps return memories of the strained faces during aerial combat runs, eyes peering out from behind oxygen masks, eyes that were scared, eyes set in blanched faces, contrasting with the black rubber of the oxygen masks. I remember the incoming mortar rounds shaking the roof of the bunker, causing the sand to slip down between the logs of the roof, cascading over me, filling my eyes and covering my clothes with the Korean soil. I can smell the pungent odor of cordite. I recall the moments of rest when it stopped, the exhausted men trying to relax, trying to ease the pressure, the cigarettes, the grinning smoke-exhaling mouths, and the silence. I remember seeing men's emotions laid bare in the great adventure we call war.

CHARLES DESENFANTS, 101

# Rhet as Writ

Outwardly, an active feels neither superior nor inferior to any other lower form of life.

---

My sister always provides a good show when her date brings her home, and she is a source of income.

---

Although an excellent craftsman he was never an exceptional business man and succeeded only in earning a good living for himself and the widow he had merried.

---

Twenty eight years later he [Abraham Lincoln] was shot at a political gathering, but one of his important documents is living today, it is the Gettusbure address.

---

Did he [General MacArthur] not give the best years of his life for the interests of his country? Did he not upon leaving the Philippine Islands in the care of the warring Japanese make this famous statement? "I shall be back."

---

Cannery Row is the title of the second book I have read by John Steinbeck, A Farewell to Arms being the first book.

---

When a man inters the service, his wisest choice is the infantry.

---

Composers such as Sigmond Rombert and Rodgers and Hammerstine will always be remembered for the music of the Dessert Song and South Pacific.

---

Television has a more of a variety of stag shows and you can always get the news in the morning, afternoon or night.

---

We sat there at the edge of the lake in the moonlight ; she in her loveliness, I in my curiosity.

---

Watching the girls in the stands out of the corner of my eye, I threw a long pass.

---

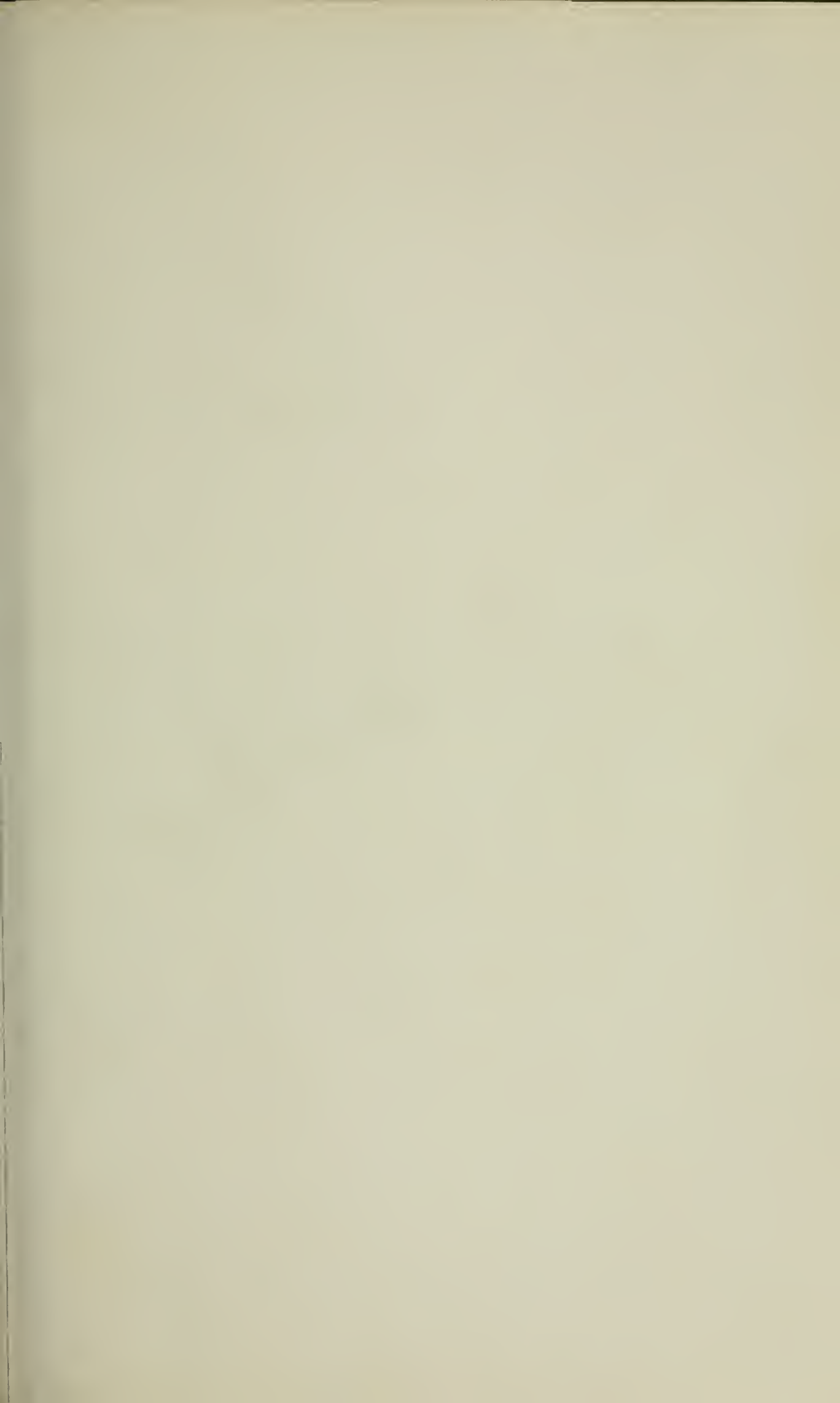
I know I have put my head in the lion's mouth with the receding paragraphs.

---

The danger of tornadoes is very great, as the hundreds of people killed by them every year will testify.

---

Sororiety women on this campus are spoiled. This may sound amusing to some but let us look at the situation before we draw any conclusions in our mind.



## The Contributors

*Robert H. Crispin*—Proviso, Maywood

*Richard White*—South Shore, Chicago

*Chester B. Nunn*—Chanute

*Roger Sheahen*—Highland Park

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*Dan A. Godeke*—East Richland, Olney

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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The committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON includes WILLIAM VOGT, CARL MOON, GEORGE ESTEY, JAMES MACINTYRE, and STEWART DODGE, Editor.

# Five-Cent Heroine: 1923

ELIZABETH CIOBAN

*Rhetoric 102, Assignment 21*

PIERRE SAT WITH THE WOODEN CHAIR TILTED ON TWO legs, its back leaning against the plastered chimney which projected into the kitchen. Directly before him stood his sisters, Yvonne, seven, and Bette, five, their grey eyes watching the high school textbook he held thrust forward.

"Between the pages of this book," the youth announced pontifically, "I have placed a valuable object. I will present it as a reward to the one of you who can stand a beating without yelling. Now don't push," he protested, as the girls edged closer. "I will permit you to see this object in the book only. You cannot handle the book and I won't open it."

Yvonne and Bette tried, alternately, to peer down into the dark fissure between the pages of the blue textbook. "It's a nickel, I think," Yvonne declared. "It's shiny and it's too big for a dime and you wouldn't give away a quarter. Is it a nickel, Pierre?"

"It may be a nickel, indeed. I freely admit it is a round and a shiny thing. Yes, it may well be a coin; it is entirely possible that it is a nickel."

He brought the tilted chair down hard on the rough wooden floor and stood up. Pushing the chair aside, he ceremoniously laid the book upon it and began removing the thick leather belt from his Lone Scout Uniform. "You first, Bette," he bade the chubby redhead. "Stand with your face against the chimney."

The first tentative flick of the belt set Bette to screaming energetically. "I knew you'd cry right away, bawl baby," jeered Yvonne as she took her place against the chimney. "You always cry over nothing. But I won't cry."

Yvonne stood erect, her slender body taut and unyielding beneath the limp folds of her dark woolen dress. She set her feet, in calf length black-and-brown laced shoes, precisely parallel and held her black-stockinged legs firmly together. Her arms were stiff and straight at her sides, and her hands were firmly clenched into fists.

Pierre delivered the first three lashes gently but added strength to the next three. "Give up?" he asked.

Yvonne shook her head.

Stirring her straight dark hair and beating dust motes from her clothing, the stinging belt travelled from Yvonne's shoulders to her ankles in a succession of quick, sharp blows. "Will you surrender now, you juvenile Joan of Arc?" Pierre asked. "Do you want to give up?"

Yvonne shook her head vehemently. "I won't ever give up, not even if you beat me to pieces. I want that nickel."

Pierre hesitated; he wanted to stop but he did not know how. Thinking that Yvonne must surely cry out soon, he decided to continue. "Yvonne," he threatened, "give up now because if you don't I'm going to hit you as hard as I can."

"I don't care. I want that nickel."

The boy applied himself seriously to the task of beating his sister. Striking her thin back and bony shoulders, the forceful blows rocked her body. Yvonne righted herself, clenched her hands tighter, and stood straight again, quivering, but prepared for more.

"There's the book, Yvonne," said Pierre, indicating the volume on the chair. "You are very brave. You have certainly and undoubtedly earned your reward." He walked quickly out of the house, slamming the door.

Yvonne's face, still grim and determined, began to relax; a triumphant smile hovered on the edges of her mouth as she picked up the book. Its open pages revealed a silvery button. The outraged child shrieked.

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## It Ain't Either

JACK COOPER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

EXCEPT FOR A FOUR-YEAR'S RUNNING BATTLE WITH THE Air Force, all my life has been spent in Champaign County. It was inevitable that I come in contact with many people, customs and traditions associated with the University of Illinois.

One of these "traditions" was the *Green Caldron*, a freshman publication that I had often heard of but had never seen. I was quite elated when its content was assigned for the next class meeting. Here at last was my opportunity to own this exclusive collection of literature. With this happy thought in mind, I entered a campus book store.

A large and noisy group of students was gathered about a large table in the center of the store where four salesgirls were busy selling red pamphlets. I started to look around for the *Green Caldron*. On the third trip around the store I got the uneasy feeling that something was amiss. Somewhat self-consciously I approached a smiling salesgirl at the center table and asked for a *Green Caldron*. She smiled disarmingly and said, "That will be twenty-five cents, please." I dutifully handed her the quarter I had clutched in my hand. She smiled again, and deposited my "two-bits" in the cash register. Somehow, I felt cheated; I still hadn't received my magazine. As I stood there open-mouthed, she turned to me and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, did you want a bag?"

"Bag?" I whispered, "Bag for what?"

"Why, for your *Green Caldron*," she said.

Controlling myself, I informed her that I had not yet received my *Green Caldron*. With a disgusted sigh she indicated the stack of red pamphlets in front of her. Seeing that I still didn't comprehend, she thrust one into my hand, saying, "This is it."

I stared at her in disbelief, then glanced at the pamphlet. The words on it seemed to leap out at me—GREEN CALDRON.

I was a broken man. My whole naive little world had collapsed around me. As I walked dejectedly from the store I barely heard the titters and remarks from the other customers who had witnessed my embarrassment.

My only wish for the moment was that whoever was responsible for the *Green Caldron's* having a red cover would spill red ink all over his white bucks.

## How to Fight Liberalism

ROGER SHEAHEN

*Rhetoric 101, Final Examination*

IT HAS BEEN BUT A FEW SHORT YEARS SINCE THE DAYS of the cover-all swim suits, but with the birth of the no-chaperone dates and Freud's theories on the relationship between sex drives and the behavior of man, the concepts of sex and morality in American have grown and "liberalized" to the point of being insidious. The writer of this paper does not intend to advocate a return to the horse-and-buggy days, but merely to illustrate a current trend in thinking called "liberalism," and to advance his theories and arguments on this subject.

First of all, let us define "liberalism." Liberalism is a broad term, carrying with it many unseen connotations. However, liberalism with respect to sex and immorality is, at the present time, generally accepted to have this definition. It is an "open-minded" viewpoint on sexual behavior and immoral conduct. Each man has free will; therefore, let him decide for himself what is right. Sex exists; therefore, why try to hide it behind the censorship of a handful of "narrow-minded" people? Rape, adultery, and prostitution occur; therefore, why outlaw them? Rather, make prostitution legal and, thereby, safe. In this way, the tendency towards rape will be reduced and society will not be harmed by "social diseases." Pre-marital intercourse occurs, usually without any physical violence; therefore, do not punish it. This is an all-inclusive definition of liberalism—a conglomeration of the basic philosophies of all liberals with whom the writer has come in contact. The phil-

osophy of any individual liberalist does not necessarily contain all concepts mentioned. Some advocates of liberalism do not include rape in the above definition, but, on the other hand, some do. Therefore, the word rape is included in the definition.

The reader may very well be shocked by the fact that this liberalism is being advocated today by a great number of people. However, the concept does exist and it must be coped with, not disregarded as liberalists are wont to do with existing problems of immorality. The reader surely recognizes the consequences in a culture based upon this concept, simply by imagining the social chaos inherent in the definition. The two basic principles of American society, monogamy and the family unit, would become meaningless. Society would crumble. The problem now arises: how do we who want a moral society combat the liberalist?

The answer to the problem lies in the original definition of liberalism, the basic philosophy of the liberalist. If one can show the liberalist the fallacies upon which the philosophy of liberalism is based, half the battle is won.

In the first place, the liberalist leaves himself wide open to the argument when he includes the word "immoral" in his philosophy. By the use of this word, he admits that there is behavior which is not good. Then he immediately contradicts himself by stating that that which is immoral—not good—should be looked upon with an "open mind." In other words, "It's not so bad." By pointing out this fact, one can immediately confuse the liberalist and make him start thinking of arguments to back up the rest of his philosophy.

Next, the liberalist mentions "free-will." But, by delegating to man (who he readily admits is imperfect) the power to decide what is right and what is wrong, he shows his willingness to attribute the quality of perfection to an imperfect being—a fallacy in itself. In addition, because man is likely to change his concept of right or wrong, depending entirely upon circumstance or convenience, what is right one minute may be wrong the next. Thus, right becomes wrong and vice-versa—another fallacy. The liberalist has ignored permanence, the determining quality of morality. He has ignored God.

Then he (the liberalist) proceeds to speak of censorship as a power belonging to a "handful" of people and, therefore, an infringement upon our basic right of freedom. If one casually mentions that this "handful" is a body established by a free people for a special purpose, the original argument has already collapsed. Also one could argue that sex is not being "hidden" simply because it is censored on movie screens and in magazines. There are available to the general public many medical books which are quite adequately informative.

The last three concepts of the liberalist could all be combined under the one heading, "free love." The main object of this, of course, is to save the liberalist from punishment if he should violate one of the now existing laws of society. However, one of the best arguments to present in this case is the

counter proposition: bank robberies occur, usually without physical violence; therefore, do not punish the felons; or murder exists; therefore, why outlaw it? and so on.

By this time the liberalist is completely ensnared in the meshes of his own fallacies and is struggling to extricate himself gracefully without backing down on the concepts of his philosophy. But it cannot be done. The liberalist has denied the existence of God and his laws. Both are basic factors in our society. All liberalists with their illogical concepts will one day have to entangle themselves and admit that: "The two billion intricate laws of society are merely explanations of ten simple Commandments."

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## My Favorite "Badge of Courage"

JOSEPH SWINARSKI

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

AS LONG AS THE ENGLISH TONGUE SURVIVES, THE WORD *Dunkerque* will be spoken with reverence. For on that beach and in that harbor hell blazed on earth as never before at the end of a lost battle; the rags and blemishes that had hidden the soul of democracy fell away.

It was a small battlefield which was sculptured by the lunatic hewing of cannon and mortars. Shells painted it with the whites and yellows and reds of shredded men. The sands were wet as blood and blackened like wounds, and only the smoke and deafening echoes of fury were left. Now the whole battlefield seemed like a painting that moved slowly and silently across its canvas, and then slowly and silently into the mind, where it painted the mind.

Men died so others could escape. It was not so simple a thing as the courage which can be hammered into men on a drill field. It was not the result of careful planning, for there could have been very little. It was merely the common man of free countries rising in all his glory out of the office, factory, mine, farm and ship; applying to war the lesson he learned when he hurled the lifeboat into the surf, when he went down the mine shaft to bring out trapped comrades, when he endured poverty and hard work for his children's sake.

How bitterly small an inch of sandy beach seems. How bitterly small it seems to some of us who never saw men die for it. Was it too much to expect? On this cemetery-beach there is a silence all around, a body of silence, like something living there. There is no voice of life in the cemetery of civilians; whereas, in a soldier's cemetery the voice is very loud. How bitterly small Dunkerque is, but how colossal the price was.

# Point Counter Point

LYNDEN HARBAUGH

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

IN *POINT COUNTER POINT*, ALDOUS HUXLEY PRESENTS A penetrating study of people—people of many types and temperaments, people who have principles, and people who have none. In the novel, Huxley states: "Everything that happens is intrinsically like the man it happens to." Huxley then proceeds to develop, in the life of each character, events which correspond to his individual personality.

Marjorie Carling, coolly refined, cultured, and virtuous, is in love with love—the pure love about which the poets sing. To her, "love was talk, love was spiritual communion and companionship. That was real love." It is then not surprising that in the last picture which we are given of Marjorie, she is looking at the world as if through an inverted telescope. Walter and the world are no longer significant. She has at last found, in her love for God, the unadulterated love for which she had been searching. She is last shown, sitting, staring out of the window into complete darkness, and "through the vacant lifelessness of trance her spirit sank slowly down once more into God, into the perfect absolute, into limitless and everlasting nothing."

Walter Bidlake, who admires Marjorie's goodness and purity from a distance, is bored and exasperated by her coldness close at hand, for "under the shy, diffident, sensitive skin of him, he is ardently alive." But, unfortunately for him, Walter is the type of person who fairly invites maltreatment. He is by nature gentle and conscientious. His anger at Marjorie could not put down the feeling of shame, and his savage and obstinate desire for Lucy was tempered by adoring and passionate tenderness. "It was as though a protection had been stripped from him and he were left here, in the quivering, vulnerable nakedness of adoring love." Of the vulnerability, Lucy seems to take every advantage. "She would let herself go a little way toward surrender, would suffer herself to be charged by his caresses with some of his tenderness only to suddenly draw herself back from him into a teasing, provocative detachment. And Walter would be awakened from his dream of love into a reality of what Lucy called "fun," into the cold daylight of sharply conscious, laughingly deliberate sensuality. She left him unjustified, his guiltiness unapolliated."

Walter—sensitive and vulnerable Walter, who was born to be treated badly—is eventually deserted by Lucy. It seems necessary that Walter should last be seen in complete anguish, an anguish which is pain, anger, disappointment, shame, and misery all in one. "Upstairs in his room, Walter was lying on the bed, his face buried in the pillows."

Lucy Tantamount, the reason behind Walter's desire and misery, is a wealthy and willful girl, and is thoroughly convinced that the world revolves

only to make her happy. "She's one of those women who have the temperament of a man. Men can get pleasure out of casual encounters. Most women can't; they've got to be in love, more or less. They've got to be emotionally involved. All but a few of them. Lucy's one of the few. She has the masculine detachment. She can separate her appetite from the rest of her soul." She became Walter's mistress merely because he amused her, and she was bored; but, even when she gave him her body, she refused to give him her love.

Because Lucy never allowed her heart to become involved in her affairs, they were as easily dropped as they were taken up. Is it not intrinsically like Lucy to be last mentioned having another fling? This time it takes place in Paris, and with a beautiful brown savage, but she is still emotionally detached and free—still beautiful, but still bored.

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## Analysis As Well As Alka-Seltzer

JACK H. CUTLER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

TWENTY-THREE CENTURIES AGO, DURING THE THIRD Century B. C., Aristotle penned the first critical analysis—a treatise on poetry. Since this highly respectable origin, the value of such analysis has been a subject of great controversy. The claims and counter-claims for the relative usefulness of this process have flown thick and fast. The proponents of critical analysis contend that to read and not to analyze is not to read at all and its opponents stoutly declare that this process of "tearing apart and scrutinizing" lessens the reader's appreciation of literature. These biased evaluations, which are usually stated as self-evident truths requiring no supporting material, furnish little or nothing for the intelligent person to base a just decision upon. The logical mind is still unconvinced of the essentiality or superfluity of critical analysis.

The main fallacy in the appraisals of the literary radicals is their approach to the subject matter. They attempt to determine the worth of critical analysis as if it were a horse, whereas the true critic does not evaluate the process as a whole but appraises its component parts individually or in small groups. And only with this fact in mind is an accurate evaluation possible.

In a consideration of prose only, the first steps of a critical analysis—categorizing the writing as fiction or non-fiction and identifying the class to which it belongs (novel, essay, short story, exposition, etc.)—may appear to be mere mental calisthenics. But, in reality, this phase of the analysis possesses an extremely important function. Through distinguishing fact from fantasy and restricting the prose in question to a certain type, these basic steps greatly aid the reader in the execution of the next two (and principal)

procedures: defining the purpose and determining the meaning of a literary prose work.

These interpretative measures, unlike the categorical and classification steps, often require deep concentration and strenuous mental effort on the part of the reader. Admittedly, in some prose selections such as Dean Prosser's essay "English As She Is Wrote," the purpose and meaning of the writing are as obvious as the color of Santa Claus's suit. But in the majority of such literature reason and reflection are necessary for a true interpretation of the author's ideas. One simply does not unearth the profound meaning of a story such as Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil" without some mental exertion. However, the effort spent returns big dividends. These steps in critical analysis enable a person not merely to read, but to read with understanding; and through "reading with understanding" any literate man, woman, or child has access to an ocean-like reservoir of ideas, ideals, opinions, theories, meditations, reflections, speculations, observations, and sentiments of the past and present.

Critical analysis, through this stage, is as essential for the digestion of food for our minds as our salivary glands are for the digestion of our body-food. And, whereas large servings of body-food tend to make us broader, large servings of mind-food tend to make us broader-minded.

Unfortunately, however, nothing is so useful that it cannot be overworked. And critical analysis is no exception. Many thoroughly "rhetorized" individuals are not content with extracting merely the meaning and purpose from a novel or essay. They also analyze the diction, tone, literary devices, and many other aspects too numerous to mention. But this thirsting-for-knowledge caste oftentimes misses the author's meaning by studying only the author's style. And these pseudo-intellectuals, confirmed believers in the old political slogan, "What's good for me is good for you," declare that *everyone* should study the stylistic qualities of *all* reading material. This assertion, eloquently stated, is typical of the radical evaluations of critical analysis. Undoubtedly, the critical analysis of the various writing styles and methods of development would prove invaluable to the future author or authoress. But these are exceptions rather than the rule. Such analysis would be practically worthless to the average American or, for that matter, the average citizen of any country. What possible benefit could a farmer or even a doctor reap from the knowledge that O'Henry specialized in surprise endings or that Wilbur Daniel Steele used "back-country" diction in "How Beautiful With Shoes" to gain special effects? Such knowledge would certainly not enrich one financially, could seldom be utilized as a conversational bit, and, contrary to the contention of the champions of style-analysis, it does not enhance *everyone's* appreciation of literature.

"For best results, avoid excessive use." This medicine chest maxim can be appropriately applied to critical analysis as well as to Alka-Seltzer.

# History of Radar's Development Through World War II

HARRY W. RICHARDSON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

ALTHOUGH THE DEVELOPMENT OF RADAR AS A WEAPON of war goes back a little more than a decade, the general principles have been known and used for many years. As early as 1887, Heinrich Hertz, a German radio physicist, proved that radio waves could be reflected like light rays, and could be formed into beams by metallic mirrors similar in shape to the mirrors used to form beams of light. To Hertz goes the credit for discovery of two of radar's essentials. History, however, doesn't indicate that these principles were investigated to any length until 1922 when Dr. A. H. Taylor and Mr. L. C. Young of the Naval Research Laboratory detected interference patterns while working with high frequency radio waves near Washington, D. C. These two men, whose position in the development of radar is outstanding, noted that 60 megacycle radio transmissions across the Anacostia River were disturbed by the passage of boats on the river. These results were embodied in a suggestion to the Navy Department that destroyers located on line a number of miles apart could be immediately aware of the passage of any enemy vessels between any two destroyers of the line irrespective of fog, darkness or smoke screen. This observation antedates other radar work by a number of years.<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile the Army experimented along other lines in an attempt to improve its antiaircraft activities. The Ordnance Department had been working intermittently since 1918 on various sorts of heat and infrared detectors of aircraft until the Army transferred responsibilities for aircraft detection to the Signal Corps laboratories. Up to this time (1930) both the Navy and Signal Corps had been trying a method of continuous wave radio transmission to obtain useful detection data from ships and aircraft, but this method demanded the generation of sufficient power to obtain any echoes.<sup>2</sup>

The Carnegie Institution of Washington began a series of successful experiments in 1925 which led the way to more efficient use of radio waves for ionosphere investigation. The pulse range method was tried for the first time and the results indicated that this new technique would become the standard method for ionosphere measurements. The technique consisted of send-

<sup>1</sup> Donald G. Fink, *Radar Engineering* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1947), pp. 5-6.

<sup>2</sup> U. S. Joint Board on Scientific Information Policy, *Radar, A Report on Science at War* (Washington, 1945), p. 5.

ing skyward a series of very short pulses, a small fraction of a second in length, and measuring the time it took the reflected pulse to return to earth. Dr. Taylor and Mr. Young of the Naval Research Laboratory had set up this experiment for the Carnegie Institute and so brought back this new idea to the Navy in 1930. Experiments using this new idea for ship and aircraft detection began again with new vigor.<sup>3</sup>

Curiously, nature has provided bats with this same pulse ranging system to aid these mammals in their nocturnal flights. The Cruft Laboratory of Harvard University showed that bats emit sharp pulses of supersonic acoustic energy at a rate of fifty pulses per second. The bat is thus able to detect and time these returned echoes so that it can soar through darkened caverns without touching overhanging stalactites and low ceilings.<sup>4</sup>

Until the new idea of pulse ranging was perfected, the Army and Navy were actually using a World War I method of detecting aircraft by sound locators. This method consisted of an elaborate array of listening horns mounted to revolve in any direction and pointed upwards to pick up the sound of an aircraft's exhaust or propeller pitch. During World War I this method might have sufficed for defense, but aircraft's speed was increasing steadily. With this outmoded method, the sound from a plane at a distance of thirteen miles would take a whole minute to reach the horn of the detecting set. If this plane were traveling at a slow speed of 120 miles per hour, or two miles a minute, it would be two miles away from the original spot when it was picked up by the sound locator.<sup>5</sup> It was realized that any increase in speed of aircraft would only make the situation worse. Something more rapid was necessary to give the antiaircraft units needed warning. Radar was the answer, for it solved the problem in one stroke. Radio waves traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles per second were roughly 892,800 times faster than the speed of sound and several million times faster than the speed of aircraft. Radar would indicate the plane's position immediately and yet radar would not be appreciably obstructed by any fog, clouds or precipitation.<sup>6</sup>

Radar was born when it occurred to different persons independently and in different parts of the world that the pulse technique could be used to detect objects like aircraft and ships just as well as it had detected the ionosphere. This idea seems to have occurred almost simultaneously in France, America, England, Germany and probably Japan. Scientists in these countries worked secretly on the problems of increased power output, better directional antenna beams and shorter pulses.<sup>7</sup> "The struggle for technical ascendancy between our scientific brains and those of the enemy became intensified as the un-

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> "Study of Bats," *Scientific Monthly*, LVI (February 1943), pp. 158-9.

<sup>5</sup> John F. Rider, *Radar, What Is It?* (New York: John F. Rider Publisher, Inc., 1946), p. 35.

<sup>6</sup> Fink, p. 4.

<sup>7</sup> U. S. Joint Board, p. 5.

dreamed-of-possibilities of centimeter wavelength radar were gradually unfolded. It had indeed the character of a secret battle fought out in the laboratories of the Allies and Germany.”<sup>8</sup>

During the years of 1936 and 1937 both the Army and Navy had designed and developed their own radar sets. Due to the foresight of the Secretary of War and because of his suggestion, the Army and Navy freely exchanged information on their independent researches and thus expedited the final products. The Navy's set had been installed on the *U. S. S. New York* and was given exhaustive tests during sea maneuvers in early 1939. The set's performance was gratifying and contracts for six sets were awarded to a commercial company in November, 1939. The Army's set also proved successful during exhaustive tests at the Coast Artillery post, Fort Monroe, Virginia, in November, 1938. During these tests, in addition to locating planes for the anti-aircraft crews, radar showed new possibilities. The set detected anti-aircraft shells in flight, and also guided back to a safe landing an army bomber which had been blown out to sea on its test mission as a radar target. Eighteen sets were built in 1940 by the Signal Corps laboratories in order to get equipment into the hands of troops for training purposes, while quantity production by commercial contractors was getting under way.<sup>9</sup>

Meanwhile British radar was developed at about the same time but at a much faster pace under the immediate threat to Britain's security. The British had investigated the same method as used in the ionosphere measurements by Dr. Taylor and Mr. Young for the Carnegie Institute and were able to complete their first set in the spring of 1935. During 1936 five more sets were built and installed twenty-five miles apart to protect the entrances to the Thames estuary. When Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain went to Munich in September, 1938, these five stations were put on a twenty-four hour watch for the first time. When the Germans occupied Prague in November, 1938, round-the-clock operations began for these stations and continued until the end of World War II. These five stations became the nucleus of the great chain which finally encircled the British Isles. The British development of radar during this period was well in advance of other countries, including the United States, and remained so until the pooling of American and British interests in 1940.<sup>10</sup>

An important step took place in the United States in unifying research and development activities on radar and in breaking ground for entirely new techniques when President Roosevelt issued the executive order establishing the National Defense Research Committee on June 27, 1940. The Army and Navy were thus able to turn over to scientists mobilized by this committee a large number of problems which would involve considerable research and

<sup>8</sup> George S. Godwin, *Marconi, 1939-1945, A War Record* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1946), p. 100.

<sup>9</sup> U. S. Joint Board, p. 6.

<sup>10</sup> Fink, p. 8.

time. One of the first steps taken by this committee was a preliminary breakdown of the fields of activity into four categories dealing with ordnance, chemistry, communications, and physics. The physics group, headed by the eminent Dr. Karl T. Compton, eventually was responsible for the development of more than 100 different models of radar equipment used by all services of the Allies during World War II.<sup>11</sup>

During November, 1940, an initial meeting of fifteen physicists from various universities and headed by Dr. Compton took place in a laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This group was the nucleus of the Microwave Committee of the National Defense Research Committee. The growth of this group and its accomplishments from the initial meeting until its dissolution at the end of the war with Japan were phenomenal. At the close of World War II the Radiation Laboratory, as the Microwave Group called itself, had a total of 3900 employees and covered an area of two-thirds of a million square feet of floor space in one permanent and two temporary buildings located on the campus of M. I. T. In addition, approximately 150 civilian employees in uniform were constantly in the field instructing Army and Navy personnel in the operation and maintenance of new equipment developed at Radiation Laboratory. Over a billion and a half dollars' worth of equipment, which had its inception at the Radiation Laboratory, had been produced, and another billion dollars' worth was on order when the war ended.<sup>12</sup>

One of the most important lifts to the new Microwave Group of NDRC and to the developments in the microwave field was provided by the visit of a technical mission from England in the fall of 1940. This mission, headed by Sir Henry Tizard, brought over a model of the new "cavity magnetron" which had been perfected by a research group at the University of Birmingham. This tube oscillated at a frequency of 3000 megacycles (10 centimeters) at a peak power of 10 kilowatts. The U. S. Army had attempted experiments as early as 1934 in this same frequency range but was unable to produce power of only one watt. The power capability of this new tube was unbelievable. "Small as the magnetron was in size, it has been called 'the most important piece of cargo ever to cross the Atlantic ocean.'" <sup>13</sup>

Until 1941 the U. S. Army had been calling its locating equipment by the name "radio position finding." The British used the term "radiolocation." The Navy had coined the word "radar" as an abbreviation for RAdio Detection And Ranging; and this convenient term was soon adopted in the United States and subsequently, in 1943, was officially adopted by the British.<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Keith Henney, *Index: Radiation Laboratory Series* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1953), p. viii.

<sup>12</sup> Lee A. DuBridge, "History and Activities of the Radiation Laboratory of MIT," *Review of Scientific Instruments*, XVII (January, 1946) p. 2.

<sup>13</sup> Henney, p. x.

<sup>14</sup> U. S. Joint Board, p. 9.

The assaults on England by the German *Luftwaffe* began in August, 1940, as had been long expected, and rapidly increased in intensity. Despite a critical shortage of both aircraft and pilots, the British were able to spot each raid as it came across the Channel in time to send up their fighters against the raiders. This was possible because of British radar, and thus constant patrol by airborne fighter planes was eliminated.<sup>15</sup> "In the fall of 1940, a handful of British fighters broke the back of the German aerial invasion because they had an innovation called radar."<sup>16</sup>

By the end of 1941, the United States had enough long-range radar search sets to insure installations at various strategic points such as Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines. Unfortunately, on December 7, 1941, human performance may have been wanting, but radar did its job by showing the presence of Japanese planes forty-five minutes before they struck Pearl Harbor, when they were still 135 miles away. Had this warning been heeded, the war might have taken quite a different turn.<sup>17</sup>

With the United States finally in the war against the Axis countries, the radar program expanded explosively, with practically all ceilings removed on the allotments for production and training. The Radiation Laboratory was perfecting a 3 centimeter magnetron designed after the British 10 centimeter model and this new wavelength indicated that previous problems of resolution, range and equipment portability would soon be solved.<sup>18</sup>

Personnel of the 8th Air Force worked alongside the British and prepared for their part in the eventual invasion of the continent. Anti-aircraft batteries kept in practice by shooting down the German V-1 Buzz Bombs with American-built radar while the radar long-range trackers tried to ferret out the location of the V-1's launching platforms from the line of flight which appeared on the radar scopes.<sup>19</sup>

Radar which had been used as a weapon of defense in the Battle of Britain quickly forged on to become a weapon of offense in the war against Germany and Japan.<sup>20</sup> The 8th Air Force found out that the weather over Europe during the winter months can be pretty bad. Despite a shortage of the new 3 centimeter wavelength radar, the 8th Air Force devised a scheme which enabled planes containing this radar equipment to lead a complete wing of 540 bombers over Germany on its first practice run on November 3, 1943. The radar equipped planes, called Pathfinders, were each able to lead sixty or more bombers to the target and all could then drop their bomb load

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<sup>15</sup> U. S. Joint Board, p. 12.

<sup>16</sup> I. B. Holley, Jr., *Ideas and Weapons* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1953), p. 5.

<sup>17</sup> James Stokley, *Electrons in Action* (New York: Whittlesey House, 1946), p. 195.

<sup>18</sup> Henney, p. xx.

<sup>19</sup> U. S. Joint Board, p. 19.

<sup>20</sup> Louis N. Ridenour, "Radar in War and Peace," *Electrical Engineering*, LXV (May, 1946), p. 204.

on signal from the Pathfinder bombardier. Until the necessary spare radar sets could be manufactured, these same few Pathfinder planes led the whole 8th Air Force over Germany through the winter of 1943-44. Radar had become an important part of strategic air force operations.<sup>21</sup>

The bombers were better supplied with radar equipment by the time the invasion of France began. This time the target was the shoreline of Normandy and its installations just beyond. The job to be done was important and difficult; for twenty-five minutes beginning at H-hour-minus-thirty-minutes a rolling barrage of bombs was to be planted just ahead of the landing craft of the assault forces. The 8th Air Force hoped that the weather would be perfect to insure good visibility for this ticklish task on D-day, but the Channel was blanketed by thick clouds on the morning of June 6, 1944. Bombing by radar was the only answer, and not one Allied man was killed or hurt by the bombs dropped on that memorable day by the 8th Air Force.<sup>22</sup>

Radar played just as important a part for the Navy. The resolution of the new microwave radar allowed our largest battleships to come closer to strange shores in the dead of night than they ever have dared to do before. In the same way transports and cargo ships were permitted to unload closer to the beach, lessening the danger to their small craft and saving immensely on unloading time. In the black of night or thickest of fog, our warships could pinpoint a target. The versatility of size of the different models developed by the Radiation Laboratory also allowed complete systems to be installed on the Navy's small PT boats. Radar played its first important role for the Navy during the early days of convoy service. Because of strict radio silence and blackout regulations, the convoy commander with his radar search indicators on the bridge could tell immediately if any of the ships strayed out of line or were in danger of collision with their nearest convoy member. Escort destroyers to the rear and in front of each convoy were also radar equipped and could speed to the rescue of any such ship in trouble. In the closing months of the war U-boats were being sunk at the rate of five or six a week by means of radar ferreting and it is conceded that the collapse of Germany was due in large part to the continuous flow of supplies across the Atlantic. That this flow was continuous was largely due to the part that radar played.<sup>23</sup>

The superiority of the Allied radar proved itself when the German pocket battleship *Scharnhorst* was sunk in the North Sea in December, 1943. The German battleship had been detected by several British destroyers on their search radar at the distance of eighteen miles. These British destroyers continued to watch the German ship while carefully keeping behind the horizon until the arrival of reinforcements. The British battleship *H. M. S. Duke of*

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<sup>21</sup> U. S. Joint Board, p. 32.

<sup>22</sup> Stokley, p. 307.

<sup>23</sup> Rider, p. 49.

*York* was in the vicinity and approaching at full speed. The *Duke of York* detected the *Scharnhorst* at twenty-three miles but closed in to 12,000 yards before firing her first salvo. It is said that the Germans were completely unaware of the presence of the *Duke of York* until the first salvo poured in on them. Similar incidents were repeated in engagements between the U. S. and Japanese Navies all during the war in the Pacific. Radar had removed the phrase, "the enemy retreated under cover of darkness," from the naval communiques, for day or night makes no difference to the searching beams of radar pulses.<sup>24</sup>

One major setback occurred during the war when the Radiation Laboratory attempted to produce radar wavelengths smaller than the commonly used 3 centimeter wavelengths. Because the development of the 3 centimeter radar had produced such vast improvements over the original 10 centimeter radar, it was logical to believe that even smaller wavelengths would produce even further improvements. The new wavelength was more or less arbitrarily picked to be 1.25 centimeters. After two years of effort on the part of engineers and physicists, as well as the expenditure of millions of dollars, such a radar system was produced, installed and tested. The new radar produced a very narrow searchlight beam as expected, but the range of visibility was disappointingly small. It could not reach farther than fifteen miles, whereas the 3 centimeter radar had been reaching seventy-five to one hundred miles. A flurry of research disclosed that the water vapor in the air was strongly absorbing the 1.25 centimeter microwaves. At this time, the United States was primarily engaged in the Pacific war and water vapor in this area is high. Because the water vapor could not be eliminated, the radar equipment was useless and had to be discarded. This accidental choice of wavelength was at the time a major military setback, but fortunately we were able to go back to the 3 centimeter radar which was still very successful.<sup>25</sup>

After the war, the Signal Corps continued to investigate new uses for radar and produced an interesting experiment during January of 1946. One of the first pre-war radar sets was carefully modified to generate an extra wide pulse with high power output. In addition, its large antenna was fixed to point directly at the moon during the period of moonrise or moonset. With the set's indicators also modified to show distances up to 300,000 miles, the special moon radar set was triggered on January 22, 1946, while the moon was rising over the horizon. The echo pulse returned and was detected right on schedule—a little over two and a half seconds later. Comparison of the strength of this returned echo from a distance of 238,000 miles with accompanying noise strength indicated that this particular set would be able to receive lunar

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<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 50.

<sup>25</sup> George A. Baitsell, *Science in Progress* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1953), p. 216.

echoes up to one million miles away. There is no practical limit (except target size) to the distance at which radar can be effective, providing there is a straight line between the antenna and the object at which the beam is directed.<sup>26</sup>

During the war the Radiation Laboratory perfected many items of radar equipment which are more in use today than they were during the war. One of its greatest accomplishments was the perfection of a long-range navigation system called *Loran*. This navigation system now covers every part of the globe and allows exact locations to be obtained by either aircraft or ships in any kind of weather. The accuracy of these Loran fixes is just as good as a celestial fix and yet they are much easier to take and to interpret. During the war this system was used to guide long range bombers to their targets over Japan and Germany.<sup>27</sup>

Another useful item, which had been designed at Radiation Laboratory, is the Ground Control Approach radar system. This equipment consists of a complete combination of 10 and 3 centimeter radar sets mounted in a large trailer and usually situated near airfield runways. With a few highly trained technicians operating the equipment, the set is used to guide lost aircraft to a safe landing in extremely low-visibility weather. Although this type of set was not produced sufficiently to be common before the end of the war, many Allied pilots were found floundering in the "soup" and guided back safely to the emergency fields which had GCA. This type of set is advantageous because no radar equipment is needed in the plane. Any aircraft with the normal communications equipment that is used to talk to the control tower can be vectored safely to the runway by GCA, because the technicians interpret the radar picture and then "talk the plane down" to the right spot. The Civil Aeronautics Authority operates many of these sets at principal airfields across the United States.<sup>28</sup>

Without question, radar did a remarkable job during the war and was a very important contribution to Allied success. Today high powered radar still serves the same purpose in protecting the United States, Canada and most of the NATO countries from a surprise enemy air attack. Radar is used more on ships today than on any other mode of transportation for faster, safer travel in strange waters or during poor visibility. Radar is needed on the American highways today and perhaps more and better ways of utilizing the radar speed indicators will be found. The radar altimeter is used on nearly all aircraft for height determination. It is evident that radar has a future, in addition to GCA and Loran, in purely peacetime applications.

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<sup>26</sup> J. Mofenson, "Radar Echoes from the Moon," *Electronics*, XIX (April, 1946), pp. 94-96.

<sup>27</sup> Rider, p. 65.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 60-61.

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## A Girlfriend

JAMES RENTFRO

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

A GIRLFRIEND IS A STRANGE CREATURE. SHE IS SOMETIMES hard to find, but, when found, is harder to get rid of. She is either in your hair or on your mind. When you are the farthest apart, you are the closest. She is expensive, sweet, jealous, witty, and right. She knows how to shift gears, write themes, kiss, kick, cuddle, and console. A girlfriend has a sense of humor, tremendous appetite, lovely smile, large allowance, and an ability to understand. She likes to dance, dress up, eat pizza, neck, and go to drive-in movies. She hates your teasing, drinking, other girlfriends, bachelor friends, and lack of etiquette. She is never wrong, satisfied, on time, unfaithful, or forgotten. A girlfriend means laughter and tears, heartbreak and joy. A girlfriend is a song, a full moon, a hamburger at a drive-in. She is wisdom with a pretty face, and virginity with a shapely body. A girlfriend, a real girlfriend, is a wonderful thing.

# Portrait

MAX FLANDORFER

*Rhetoric 100, Theme 1*

IT'S BIG. THE FIRST THING ANYONE NOTICES IS ITS SIZE. It's huge—huge and sprawling—tangled over the landscape like a broken cobweb. It is a mass of steel, stone and asphalt mountains made by man, eroded by canyons of streets and sidewalks, and undermined by subways. It stands a being so complicated and confused it doesn't know its own self,

New York is a city sufficient unto itself, asking for and giving nothing. It is as cold as the ice in the streets, and as dirty. Fighting the good and the bad alike, it sits waiting to pounce on an unwary person like a vulture—savage and cruel as any bird of prey ever was—asking and giving no quarter.

The people are the same—the rich, the poor, and the dreamer—all alike. There is Park Avenue with its ultra-smart shops and people living an unreal, circus-like life with big cars, French poodles, tuxedos, and painted suites, trying to find something which somehow seems to elude them. They are running madly in a chrome-plated dream of frustration.

There is the bowery with its stinking, filthy gutters, tenements, flop-houses, and cheap bars. Here are the winos sitting under the thunder of the "el"—glassy-eyed, drunk—lost in their dreams. The only thing the city lets them have is a dream—a dream rising from the cheap juke-box music, of the cigarette butt in the gutter and the prostitute on the corner. The lifeless, plodding existence of the people here is supported by the dreams and promises of their enemy and only friend—the city.

It is a big, beautiful woman, beautiful and cheap, garishly painted in neon lights with a dress of paint and billboards. Her heart is as big as her people and as hard as her pavement. She lures the farm boys and country girls with promises of love and money, promising, seldom fulfilling. She shocks and terrifies the stranger with her callous indifference to death—and life—and her total unconcern for the misfortune of others.

New York is a personality as full of hate as she is of love, sharing and doling each out equally and indifferently. It is seen in the couple trying to escape for a moment from her grip to the park or Coney Island, escaping in the dreamland of the movies or the bright lights of Broadway; or the people at the Copa Cabana, the Latin Quarter, or Carnegie Hall. They all live, love, and hate in the same futile way.

On the surface she is gay, carefree, and full of music—trying—trying hard to be happy. But the brassy, blaring gaiety is strained with an undertone of heartbreak and tears. You must listen hard and know what you are listening for. The deep, sad cello-tone of weariness in the factory whistles, the high, desperate violin shriek of the ambulance siren—it's there—listen!

She is rotten, rotten to the core. She'll kick you and, when you fall, spit on you. She waits for the stumbler, hoping he will fall, waiting with a cavern-

ous mouth and a stomach with no bottom. She is bad; she is cheap; and she won't give anyone an even break. She hates everyone of her crawling, squirming parasites, and they know it.

Give her your heart—she will take it, twist it, bend it, break it, throw it in your face, laugh at you, and never ask forgiveness. She is everything God ever made wrong in this world, but she is my city. New York, big, bright, savage, and beautiful—I love her—every stinking, dirty little street.

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## Ways to Combat Teachers

CAROL CROSBY  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

TEACHERS ARE UNUSUAL CREATURES, AND EACH ONE must be handled individually. Attempting to classify them under one heading is futile, but the student cannot obtain the best results in frustrating them without recognizing the different types and the best means of combatting each.

A type of teacher that is very well known on campus is the "Jolly Good Fellow" who tries to win the class's attention and good will with a hearty laugh or a slap on the back. One wonders at the crafty gleam in his eye; his words do not ring quite true. In thwarting this type of teacher, the student should maintain an attitude of aloofness. Refusing to join in class discussion and staring at him coldly are excellent methods of halting his obvious insincerity.

All of the students on campus know the austere instructor, the man of distinction. Sleeping through this instructor's classes, the students find that they will not be interrupted, for this mighty man cannot be bothered unless the offender begins to snore.

The teacher that gestures and shouts is a member of a third class on campus. The student finds nothing so annoying as a teacher who states with great passion and feeling, "There are three ways to solve a quadratic equation." Again, the cold stare and a glance filled with contempt are the best courses to follow.

The opposite of the instructor mentioned above is the nervous, soft-spoken, mixed-up kind. With insignificant words and phrases and in scrambled sentences he explains a problem and then asks if everything is clear. He has developed the habit of dropping chalk, and, easily confused, he goes off on tangents and falls off the platform at least once each period. The class can catch up on the latest gossip, because the teacher's voice becomes lower and lower as the voice of the class gains in volume.

After the college student classifies his teachers he can decide upon the best ways of frustrating them. Using various methods, he can become one of the great crowd of students engaged in subversive, anti-teacher activities.

# Mink Raising

PATRICK SHEEHAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

MINK RAISING, AS AN OCCUPATION, HAS FINALLY COME into its own in the United States. Each year thousands of pelts are used by American furriers to make mink coats. Each pelt used in a coat represents one year of preparation. This preparation includes breeding and separating of the mink, and also skinning, fleshing, and pelting.

Breeding is done during the months of January and February. The established mink rancher usually saves a number of females and males from the previous year to use as breeders. Each male is bred to ten females. Mink of different colors are often mixed in order to produce a kit which contains the colors of both parents. By the middle of February the breeding process has been completed, leaving the mink rancher with nothing to do for the rest of the month but feed, water, and clean the mink.

Late in March the kits begin to arrive. Litters range from one to as many as ten kits. There may be any number of males or females in a litter. After birth the kits are left with their mother for about two months. They grow rapidly during this time, often becoming as large as their mother.

May and June are the months of separation. Each kit is put into a separate pen. If this were not done, the pens would be so crowded that the mink would smother one another.

The male mink grows steadily larger during the months of July, August, September, and October, reaching maturity early in November. It takes about nine months for the male to develop fully. The female has reached maturity by the end of five months, usually maturing at only half the size of the male. For this reason the male pelt is worth twice as much money on the market as the female pelt.

To the mink rancher November is the most profitable month of the year, and also the busiest. During this month the mink must be killed, skinned, fleshed, and pelted. A gas chamber is used to kill them. After being gassed, the mink are cut open and the flesh is scraped out of them, leaving only the skinned pelt. After the pelts have dried, they become quite hard. The pelting process is then used to soften the furs. Now they are ready to be sold. A sample of the furs is sent to New York, where a large auction is held, and the furs are sold to the highest bidder.

If it has been a good year and fur prices are high, the pelts will bring a good price, and the mink rancher will show a sizable profit, but this is not always the case. Disease may strike the mink, or prices may drop, leaving the rancher with hardly enough money to cover the cost of raising the mink.

Raising mink is not the easiest way to make a living, but, if a man enjoys working outside and likes to gamble a little on the future, it has its compensations.

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## Three Worlds

ROBERT CAMY

*Rhetoric 102, Assignment 21*

AT NOON THE SUN WAS VERY HOT, AND IN THE WATCH-tower on the top of the high cement wall a fat guard was sitting in a tilted chair, holding a rifle across his lap and staring somnolently off into space. From under the stiff cap of his uniform streams of sweat were coursing slowly down his red face and dripping on his sun-tan shirt, which had turned dark all over with wetness. Now and then his eyes closed and his head fell forward, and then he would start, spasmodically clutch the heavy rifle, and snap his head up, forcing his eyes to open again in the same glazed stare.

Below him in the street outside the wall, an unbroken stream of noontime traffic was passing. On the sidewalk next to the wall two girls who wore brief shorts and thin sweaters were talking along rapidly, talking and laughing, their teeth gleaming in their tanned faces. The taller of the two, who was holding her companion's arm, and whose legs were very white in the sun, walked rather stiffly. The other girl's legs were a deep brown, and she walked with such natural grace that she might have been dancing along the street beside the blank, gray wall. The girls turned their heads to look intently into each other's faces as an automobile containing two young men swerved in to the curb; they remained totally absorbed in their conversation while it rolled slowly along beside them. Shortly, the car turned back into the traffic. The girls did not look at it as it moved on down the street. A moment later an open red convertible with flashing bits of chromium on it swooped in to the curb beside them. The driver had a deeply tanned face and gray temples, and on the ledge above the seat beside him were two tennis racquets and a woman's hat. He spoke briefly to the girls, and they turned and went out and paused on the curb. He leaned across the seat and threw open the door, and the girls hesitated for a moment and got in beside him, laughing merrily at something he had said. The convertible swung smoothly back into the traffic lane and sped away, its twin exhaust pipes emitting three or four faintly blue puffs.

Up in the tower the guard started, opened his eyes, and grabbed his rifle as it was sliding off his lap. He shook his head violently several times. Taking a handkerchief from his hip pocket, he swabbed his wet face and the roll

of fat on the back of his neck. He paused to balance the rifle across his thighs, then he lifted his cap, swiped the handkerchief across his completely bald head, and returned the soggy cloth to his pocket. Squirming in his chair, he pushed his cap to the back of his head, renewed his grip on the rifle, and settled back. His eyes began to grow dull again as he stared out over the small prison-yard.

Before his blank gaze, on the other side of the yard, there was only the side of a long building, with shades drawn over its windows to keep out the sun. This building and the three cement walls enclosed the tiny yard in an oven-like rectangle where the heat of the sun was trapped as it reflected upward from the bare ground. In all of the yard there was no shade except a few square inches in one corner, where three sparrows were pecking listlessly in the unpromising dust. They fluttered lazily upward and clung to the top of the wall, chattering momentarily, as a man in a blue striped denim uniform, who was carrying a bucket which seemed to be very heavy, came out slowly and awkwardly through the door of the long building into the yard. He set the bucket down on the ground near the door and began a close examination of the palm of the hand in which he had been carrying it. With the fingers of the other hand, he gently massaged the palm, wagging his head in a somewhat comical display of concern and glancing around the yard and up at the tower as though he were in search of a sympathetic onlooker. He turned completely around, looking in the four corners of the yard and up and down the building and the walls, all the while shaking the fingers of his right hand as if they were painful. Finally, he proceeded rather ceremoniously to empty the bucket, stooping over it and tipping it gently, and slowly trickling the contents on the ground, as though it were important that the bucket should not be carelessly dumped. When it was empty he stood up. He picked up the bucket and kicked at the ground a couple of times. Then he turned, swinging the bucket, and returned briskly into the building. As soon as the door had closed behind him the three sparrows darted swiftly down from the top of the wall across the yard and began to investigate the edges of the wet spot where the bucket had been emptied. They were beginning to peck tentatively at the damp earth when a clattering noise alarmed them, and they rose in desperate haste and with two or three flirts of their wings disappeared over the wall.

High up in the tower the guard started and heaved himself to his feet so suddenly that his cap fell off and rolled into a corner. He was panting, and he had to extend one leg stiffly behind him in order to bend over far enough to pick up his rifle. That done, he retrieved his cap and set it squarely and firmly on his bald head. He shook himself and plucked at his wet shirt to pull it away from his body. Then, with his rifle tucked under one arm, he started to turn around and around, a step or two in each direction, in his small square space.

# Happiness Versus Unhappiness: A Review of *Brave New World*

ELMER E. ANDERSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

**B**RAVE NEW WORLD BY ALDOUS HUXLEY IS A SATIRICAL criticism of any Utopia created on purely scientific premises. Moreover, it is a criticism of Western society in 1932, as *1984* by George Orwell is a criticism of the same society in the closing months of World War II; but it is quite applicable to society today. *Brave New World* deals with the "right to be unhappy" and with the revolt of the Individual against the Mass which attempts to force on him a mechanical well-being.

*Brave New World* opens with a description of a eugenic, eupeptic, eurythmic, and euthanasic world that functions perfectly, and it gives many references to the work of modern scientists (particularly to Pavlov's work on dogs). The ideal of this world is the absolute happiness of all and the absolute stability of society; the ideal has been attained after much regrettable violence and many painful experiments. With ingenuity Aldous Huxley, mixing extensive knowledge of the scientific trends of the 1930's with a witty lightness of touch, conducts the reader over this well-run world-establishment. The members of this society, from the maturing of their embryos in bottles to their extinction in a state of pleasurable stupor, are never—well, hardly ever—discontented with themselves or envious of others.

The Utopia which Aldous Huxley envisages is a world state with the motto, "Community, Identity, Stability." It dates from the introduction of the first T-model of Henry Ford, who has become the symbol of this standardized mechanical civilization. Complete sexual freedom is the rule, and any tendency to prefer one person to another is viewed with mistrust as subversive of the central idea of the World State: "Everyone belongs to everyone else."

In this "brave new world" youth and vigor are sustained by drugs. Old age has been abolished, and death is sudden and painless. The pleasures of life, apart from the main one of sex, are elaborately mechanized games and synthetic music, which includes harmonies of scent, color, and touch, as well as sound. The taste for reading and nature is obliterated by suggestion ("conditioning" it is called) in early childhood. "The secret of happiness and virtue," says one of the characters, "is liking what you've got to do. All conditioning aims at that, making people like their inescapable social destiny."

There are still, here and there in the world, reservations where savages not worth converting into civilized beings live in the old way. Cleverly Huxley introduces his main character, a noble savage named John, who, by a misadventure, was born of a Utopian mother on an American Indian reservation in New Mexico. John had become self-educated on an ancient volume of Shakespeare, whose picturesque language and whose Elizabethan description of men and women had colored all his thinking.

John goes to London—into the “brave new world.” His first enthusiasm quickly gives way to bewilderment and to disgust. He wants God, but he is told that God is not compatible with machinery and medicine and universal happiness. He wants instincts, but he is told that instincts are passé: one believes now only what one has been conditioned to believe. He wants solitude, but he is told that people are never alone. He wants the right to practice self-control, but there is only self-indulgence up to the limits allowed by hygiene and economics. He wants the noble, the fine, and the heroic; but he is told that these are the symptoms of political inefficiency. He wants to live dangerously, and he is told to try a V. P. S.—a violent passion surrogate by which he can experience all “the tonic effects of murdering Desdemona and being murdered by Othello, without any of the inconveniences.” John sums up the whole situation when he says, “I don’t want comfort. I want God, I want poetry, I want real danger, I want freedom, I want goodness. I want sin.” And Mustapha Mond, the Controller of Western Europe, remarks, “In fact, you’re claiming the right to be unhappy.” John defiantly admits the charge.

Besides the main character of John the Savage, there are other dominant characters. Lenina, the pretty and attractive heroine of the story, cannot understand the ways of the Savage; an amusing incident ensues when she undresses in front of him. Bernard, who has alcohol in his surrogate, and Helmholtz are two characters with whom, despite all scientific precaution, something had gone wrong; they were individuals and they met their inevitable fate—banishment to a remote island. Two other noteworthy characters are the Director of Hatcheries, who resigns his position in humiliation after learning that he is the father of the Savage, and Linda, the Utopian mother of the Savage.

Brilliance and wit animate *Brave New World*. The use of Huxley’s knowledge of scientific trends has already been mentioned. (As a matter of fact, if an attack of keratitis when he was a youth had not resulted in almost complete blindness, Aldous Huxley would have pursued a course of study leading to a degree in medicine. As it was, he had to give up scientific studies, which required keen eyesight, and turn to literature and history. All his life he has struggled against blindness, and only since a few years ago has he enjoyed anything approaching normal vision. He has, nevertheless, attained in the world of letters a reputation equal to that in science held by his grand-

father, Thomas H. Huxley). His wit is quite noticeable in the phrases where he replaces the word *God* with the word *Ford*, as for example:

"A. F." means in the year of Our Ford.

"Ford's in his flivver. All's well with the world."

"Cleanliness is next to Fordliness."

"Ford helps those who help themselves."

There is also his subtle humor, as for example: "Going to the Feelies this evening, Henry?" inquires the Assistant Predestinator. "I hear the new one at the Alhambra is first-rate. There's a love scene on a bearskin rug; they says it's marvellous. Every hair of the bear reproduced. The most amazing tactual effects."

Compare:

Orgy-porgy, Ford and fun,  
Kiss the girls and make them One.  
Boys at one with girls at peace;  
Orgy-porgy gives release.

with:

Georgie-Porgy, pudding and pie,  
Kiss the girls and made them cry;  
When the girls come out to play,  
Georgie-Porgy runs away. (A Nursery Rhyme)

*Brave New World* may be summed up by stating that it stages a fundamental debate between scientific utopianism and humanistic imperfection, of which latter there are many concrete forms from the lowest idolatry to the most transcendental religions and philosophies. Aldous Huxley sees that a scientific "best" might be reached from which all change might be scientifically worse. The scientific "best" would become a dogma as unscrupulously maintained, as craftily protected, and as unflinchingly upheld by punishment of heretics as any belief of an organized religion in the past. As long as the "brave new world" is not an achieved fact, it is easy to envisage all human virtues—love, devotion, heroism, chastity, self-denial—engaged in its achievement; but it is not easy to look further and ask what is to become of those virtues when there are no oppositions for them to overcome, no crises that call for their exercise, and no will to exercise them.

It is curious indeed, in these days that call themselves enlightened, to observe the old controversies over original sin and justification by works becoming, in new phraseology, a tense modern issue. What is man? What is the soul? For what purpose are we here? What is the highest good? These historic questions—let there be no mistake—are fundamental questions still. If they cannot be answered, the debate cannot be concluded. Aldous Huxley gives them up in despair. Read *Brave New World* and try to conclude the debate, if you can.

# Sugar and Spice

CAROLE BRANDT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

**S**PARKLING BROWN EYES, SHORT BLOND HAIR, AND cheeks that have been kissed by an angel—that's my seven-year-old sister, Linda.

Linda takes full advantage of the fact that she lives on the corner of one of the busiest streets in town. She rides her tricycle up and down the sidewalk, looking for people to talk to. One can hear her friendly "Hi" for a block away. She walks with the mailman, plays football with the little boys on their way to school, and shouts out the family secrets to anyone who happens to be passing by.

Linda loves animals. She carries Sam, a mongrel cat, around by the tail and plays nursemaid to a raccoon, Honey. She also delights in sweeping bird feathers—the feathers belonging to the birds Sam devours—off the porch.

Linda's first trip to the dentist was an experience that none of the family will ever forget. She and I had joint appointments, so on the assigned day we ventured into the sterile hands of the dentist. Linda was planning to go to the Saturday afternoon Roy Roger movie, so she climbed into the dental chair first. I went into the waiting room because I had some conception of the ordeal the unsuspecting dentist was about to experience.

Forty-five minutes later a whipped and beaten man staggered from his office. He had been unable to pry open the jaws of this thirty-five pound menace. Not only was he unsuccessful at getting her to open her mouth, but she had also offered him the quarter that she was to spend for the movies if he would forget the whole thing. Linda didn't open her mouth; Linda didn't attend the movie.

Then there was the day she started to school. She came home well-educated after four hours of experience in the academic world. When she was questioned as to how she was going to like school, her comment was, "It seemed quite juvenile. I hope the teacher realizes that I was bored stiff today."

Until Linda was old enough to go to church my father would always babysit with her on Sunday mornings while the rest of the family went to church. On one particular Sunday morning my father told Linda that he would give her a quarter if she would go upstairs and clean up her playroom. She considered his offer for a minute or so, then looked up at him and said, "I believe cleaning is Mother's job, so why don't you give her the quarter when she comes home, and maybe she will straighten it up."

Last summer Linda won a stuffed dog at the fair. This animal was about the most wonderful thing that she had ever possessed. She carried it around with her night and day and would never let it out of her sight. On the day

I left to come to school she came downstairs with her dog behind her back and then thrust it into my hands. Her brown eyes were filled with tears, but she said she wanted me to have the stuffed animal.

Sparkling brown eyes, short blonde hair, and cheeks that have been kissed by an angel—that's my seven year old sister, Linda.

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## Maturity Has Its Drawbacks

QUENTRED WUTZKE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

THEY WERE LONG SUMMERS. THE CREEK MOVED SLUGGISHLY past my feet when, as a child, I sat on its bank in the tall weeds and cast leaves upon it to watch them make their way slowly down to the bend, where finally they would reach the rapids and be swept under by the current, or left high and dry on a stone. They were long winters. The old study hall clock in our grade school had an eternity between every tick-tock. There were *so many years*—so many years to pass until I could myself be wearing ladies' dresses ordered from the Sears Roebuck catalog, and high heels and nylons and lipstick—until I could cut off my braids—until I could be an adult.

Adults don't have to go to school, you know. They don't have to go to bed at bedtime, either, and they do such glamorous things as falling in love and getting married and having careers. Adults have all the advantages, it's easy to see. Kids can't vote or attend any of those mysterious club meetings, and movies that are labeled "for adults only." They have all the excitement while kids have all the drab preliminaries—oh, to be grown up!

Last summer was an extremely short one. One week of it was spent at the Illinois 4-H State Junior Leadership Conference, where we discussed maturity and its absolute necessity for leadership. One of the outstanding points made at the conference was this: "A leader is one who wants to do what he knows he ought to do, whether he wants to do it or not." We began to realize that leadership is a product of maturity—sociological maturity—and that this maturity has more drawbacks than physical maturity (when men hate their razors and women their foundations). This maturity brings with it not only the privileges of an adult, but the duties of an adult, and, with a mature state of mind, the obligation to carry out these duties willingly.

I now see myself as one of my cast leaves suddenly arriving at the bend of the creek and being taken up in the rapids from which there is no turning back. The rapids are tiring. The never-ending routine of lipstick, pincurls and pressing date dresses is itself as nothing compared to the never-ending routine of work—of becoming in every way a useful adult.

# Pride and Prejudice

MICHAEL HAYNES

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

IN THESE DAYS OF ANTI-SEGREGATION LAWS AND THE United Nations, much to-do has been made about prejudice. It seems that everyone has much to say on the subject; consequently, certain misconceptions and misconstructions and confusions have arisen concerning it. Let us, therefore, return once again to the lair of our hometown philosopher, whose oracular utterings have been settling the world's problems to the satisfaction of the local populace for many decades. Ah, there he sits, on the ancient, rickety rocking chair in front of his general store. Come, let's go up and listen.

"... free country, Harv, and by gum we got a right to be prejudiced if we want to. These birds allus screamin' about prejudice—how wrong it is and how we ought to stomp it out. 'The greatest blight of our civilization,' they call it. Pfah! Why, son, they're a bunch of danged fools. They go around crusadin' against prejudice of all kinds without realizin' that everybody that's got opinion of any kind about anything is prejudiced to an extent. Look. Just suppose I hate broccoli—can't stand the stuff and won't allow it on my table. Now, to my way of thinking, that is prejudice just as unreasonable as if I hated Jews. So, y'see, these anti-prejudice nuts are makin' war on the entire human race. Why, they're prejudiced themselves worse than anybody—they're prejudiced against prejudice.

"Some of 'em—a very few of 'em—have got sense enough to say that it's racial or some other particular prejudice that they're against. Now, I say that's a decided improvement, but I think they're going at the thing all wrong. I personally feel some racial prejudice, but I'm certain it ain't as strong in me as it was in my father—nor will it be as strong in my children as it is in me. Y'see, this elimination of unreasonable prejudice (and now I'm talkin' racial prejudice) has got to be a kind of gradual thing. Can't be done at one fell swoop (whatever the heck that means), as these nuts want to do. If they had enough sense to leave things be, they'd find that folks would just forget prejudice in a couple of generations.

"But the thing that gets me, Harv, is these scatter-brains hollerin' about prejudice being un-American—and then trying to shove down our throats an ideal we don't believe in. Makes me kind of mad when somebody tries to tell me what to think. They can't do that in the good old U. S. of A. This is the best danged country on the face of the earth, and when some bunch of goofs tries to pull off something that the old boys who started us up wouldn't have considered quite cricket, it's up to us to stop 'em. Now, basically, I agree that it's silly to dislike a man because he's got a little deeper suntan than the rest of us, but, by gum, Harv, I won't . . ."

Once more our hometown oracle has succeeded in throwing his light on a hitherto shadowed subject. Let us be thankful for his existence. Were he not present as a stabilizing influence of sorts, our civilization long ago might have followed some fanatic down the road to destruction.

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## Memories

MARY ANN HOOD  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 3*

IT WAS AN ORDINARY DAY IN DECEMBER OF 1944 IN THE wilderness of central Arkansas. The weather was typical of most Decembers in this part of the South. The air was cold and penetrating, and the slow steady drizzle of the rain seemed never to stop.

I got out of bed at the usual time, five o'clock, and dressed quickly. The reason for my hurry wasn't that I was in any particular rush, but the only place where we had heat was in the kitchen by the cook stove, and I'm not very fond of the cold. I took off my pajamas, jumped into my long underwear, put on a flannel long-sleeved shirt and stepped into a pair of overalls. I sat on the edge of my bed and pulled on my woolen knee socks, folding in my underwear legs neatly. I wrapped boot rags around my feet and ankles and slipped my boots on.

In the kitchen I got a couple of dippers of hot water from the stove reservoir and a dipper of cold water from the bucket on the bench. I washed my face and combed my hair. It seems almost like a dream now when I visualize the bench under the window near the door with its two buckets of water—one with well water for drinking and cooking, and the other with soft water for washing. At the end nearer the door sat the wash pan. There was a mirror on the wall between the window jambs. We kept a slop bucket under the bench for dirty water which was carried out at least twice a day.

I put on my jacket and woolen stocking cap and went out into the dreary weather. The cold mist hit my face and made me shiver. I got an armload of wood from the woodpile, took it in the house, and dropped it into the woodbox behind the stove. I took the milk bucket from its hook behind the stove and went out to the barn to milk the goats. We had five goats—two nanny goats, two kids, and one billy goat. On days like this I hated to make them get up from the warm straw bed. They gave me an almost human look that seemed to say, "Oh, misery! It's you again?" They pulled themselves up and stood patiently while I milked. I got about a quart and a half from both of them. After milking I fed the goats and horses, and scattered feed inside the barn door for the chickens. Most animals stay in when the weather is bad. The goats are especially particular. They don't like to get their feet wet. They

are very careful about their food also. Unlike cows, who sometimes pull up a whole plant and eat it, goats nibble only the clean tips of the grass, and they eat only the choice leaves from the bushes and trees.

Mom had breakfast ready when I came in from my morning chores. I ate a big breakfast every day. On this particular day I had a large dish of oatmeal topped with sugar and butter and swimming in warm goat's milk. Then I had two eggs, bacon, and a couple of pieces of homemade bread. With this I drank a cup of coffee.

After breakfast, I was ready to run my traps. I put on my jacket and cap, took a handful of bullets from a drawer in the kitchen cabinet, and picked up my twenty-two rifle. The walk across the pasture to the woods was short but the ground was very soft from the frequent rains. I was always glad to get into the woods where the ground was hard from the packed leaves and sticks. I loved the woods. Even on a day like this, when the trees, stripped of their leaves, stood forlorn and desolate against the gray sky, I felt good as I walked along.

I had ten steel traps spaced out in almost every section of the woods. They were in logs, under leaves, in hollow trees, or near holes in the ground. My average catch was about three skunks and one or two opossums. On this particular day I made a very good haul. I had five skunks in my traps. I shot the animals, took them home, skinned them, and stretched the skins on boards that I had cut out and shaped especially for that purpose. The skins stayed on the boards for a few days until they were dry. I took the furs to town about once a week.

It was noon before I finished with the skunks. I ate a hearty dinner of beef roast, potato dumplings, sauerkraut, and fresh homemade bread with a thick rosy crust. Mom baked three loaves of bread every other day. I'll never forget the smell of that freshly baked bread.

After dinner I went back to the woods, but this time I took my dad's twelve gauge shotgun because I was going duck hunting and a rifle would have been useless. A large portion of the woods was under water. The government had built a dam across a creek and backed the water up for irrigation and duck refuge purposes. Consequently there was an abundant supply of ducks. I walked along the water's edge as quietly as possible so that if there were any ducks feeding they wouldn't fly away until I was near enough to shoot. I spotted a few here and there but they saw me too soon and flew away. The rain had stopped, but the clouds hung on and it seemed to be getting colder. I was almost ready to go home when I heard a lot of noise. There were ducks feeding somewhere nearby. I walked slowly on and soon came to a cove where there were about fifty ducks. I bent over and sneaked cautiously forward through the brush, and, when I was about ten feet from where the ducks were, I pulled back the cock on the gun and jumped out with the gun in firing position. The ducks flew up in a noisy cloud; I fired, and two ducks

fell to the other side of the cove. I took my kill home proudly and cleaned them.

That night, after the evening chores and a good supper, I went to bed early. In the few minutes before falling asleep I thought of my gains of the day. Five skunk skins at sixty-five cents each made three dollars and twenty-five cents. The two nice fat ducks would taste good for dinner tomorrow and Sunday. This was real profit to me.

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## On "What Every Freshman Should Know"

JUDITH SENSIBAR  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

IN HIS ESSAY "WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW" Holmes states, in effect, that the student should feel free to criticize and to question the things he is told. He feels that college is the place where a person learns of new ideals, and that the student should seriously attempt to understand these diverse new viewpoints. "Entertain them the more seriously the more they differ from your own," he says. "You may return to your own, but if you do, it will be with greater tolerance and broader understanding."

Holmes, however, neglects one very important thing: in today's society one dare not do this. Perhaps when he wrote this, back in 1940, things were different, but what would happen if a person followed this pattern today? He would be branded a "communist" or a "communist sympathiser." This word "communism" has come to have a very different meaning from its original one. A communist was once a person who believed in communal living and communal ownership of all property and goods. Now it seems to be anyone who holds opinions different from one's own.

A perfect, if extreme, example of this took place one day in 1952 during the Republican convention. I saw, sitting a few seats down from me in the Hilton Hotel's Coffee Shop, a man wearing a Taft button. (I was working in the Eisenhower quarters to help keep myself busy—my heart was with Stevenson!) I walked up to him and said that as a young and as yet unknowledgeable girl, I would greatly appreciate it if he could explain to me why he supported Taft. He said he liked Taft's policies. Because I could not argue in such a wide field, I narrowed it down to, "What do you think of his supporting McCarthy?" He said someone had to clear the communists out of the Government. Looking puzzled, I pointed out that to the best of my knowledge, Senator McCarthy had managed to find hardly anyone who was even remotely

connected with a "communist cause." He then looked at me with a mixture of pity and horror and said, "Young lady, if you like communism so much, why don't you get out of here and go to Russia! That's where you belong. Why, if you were my daughter I'd . . . I don't know what I'd do. Communists like you should be put in jail!" And he walked out.

If I was considered a communist because I was seeking the reasons why people supported Taft and McCarthy, think of the poor student's plight when it gets out that he has read the *Communist Manifesto*, let alone seriously considered the theories it contains. And if a man loses his job because he once, twenty-five years ago, seriously considered communism, or even because a relative or friend of his once did, imagine what the chances are for today's inquisitive student. If he questions our ideology or contrasts it with more liberal ideologies, or if he tries to find out more about other economic systems, he is considered to have been somehow disloyal to the United States.

And not only must he avoid all contact with communists or communist writings, but he must also survey carefully any cause before backing it. The strangest organizations get mud slung at them today. I have frequently read letters to the editor in various newspapers and even a few editorials in the *Chicago Tribune* to the effect that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is a "communist front" organization. Why? Because it is against segregation and discrimination and so is the Communist Party. Even more farfetched was the statement issued by the Illinois chapter of the American Legion which said that the Girl Scouts of America was a communist "infiltrated" organization, a fact easily seen if one looked at some of the ideas in the manual: international understanding is necessary to world peace; the United Nations is promoting such understanding; therefore, we support the United Nations.

In the face of all this name-calling, the student is intimidated into not considering any ideas that have an aura of difference. In fact, he has gone to the other extreme: he is afraid to think, or, more particularly, to say anything for fear it will be considered radical and/or different. Perhaps if we all got together and revolted (peacefully, of course) against having our minds thus chained, it would do some good. I doubt it, however. It has long been an American tradition to distrust education, and the McCarthys and the Jenners could easily capitalize on this tradition and bind us in even heavier chains.

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## Rhet as Writ

My sister was two years younger than me and three rooms down the hall.

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England wanted more land, so she sent Columbus out with three ships to see if he could find west by sailing east.



## The Contributors

*Elizabeth Cioban*—Virden

*Jack Cooper*—St. Joseph

*Roger Sheahen*—Highland Park

*Joseph Swinarski*—Harrison Technical

*Lynden Harbaugh*—Lawrenceville

*Jack H. Cutler*—Bethany

*Harry W. Richardson*—Stuyvesant, New York City

*James Rentfro*—East Peoria

*Max Flandorfer*—U. S. Navy G. E. D.

*Carol Crosby*—Kankakee

*Patrick Sheehan*—Warren, Gurnee

*Robert Camy*—Joliet

*Elmer H. Anderson*—Barringer, Newark, N. J.

*Carole Brandt*—Lincoln

*Quendred Wutzke*—Sandwich

*Michael Haynes*—Mount Clemens, Michigan

*Mary Ann Hood*—Edwardsville

*Judith Sensibar*—Laboratory School, U. of Chicago

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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The committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON includes WILLIAM VOGT, CARL MOON, GEORGE ESTEY, JAMES MACINTYRE, and STEWART DODGE, Editor.

which appear to us to be so absurd in Babbitt might also appear in the lives of many of us who aren't businessmen. It is for these two reasons, seeing businessmen in their environment and seeing ourselves in our environment, that this book has a permanent value to its readers.

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## Group Dynamics in the Oceanic Society

WILBUR L. FRENCH

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

THE NAME OF THE THEORY USED TO ANALYZE THE action in this paper is the Levinian Theory of Social Psychology. This Levinian theory is often referred to as the theory of group dynamics. In this paper the first object will be to explain and to illustrate, with selections from the text, the basic principles of group dynamics. After the presentation of the theory, some of the action of the novel will be analyzed as it is related to the theory of group dynamics.

The first principle of Levinian psychology is that there is a definite relationship between self-acceptance (self-esteem) of an individual and the acceptance by him of his role in a social group. Self and role acceptance are also equated to the individual's acceptance of the attitudes of a group. In other words, if an individual is content with the part that he plays in a social group and is in harmony with its ideals and beliefs, then this individual will have self-acceptance. To illustrate this concept, the self-acceptance of Parsons as related to his role and attitude acceptance is obvious in the following quotation:

Squads of volunteers, organized by Parsons, were preparing the street for Hate Week, stitching banners, painting posters, erecting flagstuffs on the roofs, and perilously slinging wires across the street for the reception of streamers. Parsons boasted that Victory Mansions alone would display four hundred meters of bunting. He was in his native element and as happy as a lark. He was everywhere at once, pushing, pulling, sawing, hammering, improvising, jollyng everyone along with comradely exhortations and giving out from every fold of his body what seemed an inexhaustible supply of acrid-smelling sweat.

The second principle in the Levinian theory is that one's self-acceptance is related to the acceptance of others and that one's self-dislike is related to the dislike of others. If one feels that he is important and is contented, he

will be tolerant of other people, but, on the other hand, if he is discontented and unsatisfied, he will be critical and antagonistic toward others. The following quotation concerning Winston shows clearly how self-esteem, in the form of feelings of self-importance and contentment, is related to one's tolerance of other people:

The process of life had ceased to be intolerable, he had no longer any impulse to make faces at the telescreen or shout curses at the top of his voice. Now that they had a secure hiding place, almost a home, it did not even seem a hardship that they could only meet infrequently and for a couple of hours at a time.

The third principle of the Levinian theory is that there are good and bad aspects in every social group. The evaluation can vary from individual to individual, and within each individual, from time to time. The most prominent illustration of the third Levinian principle, of course, is Winston's evaluation of the Oceanic Society, exemplified by Big Brother, at the beginning and end of the novel.

The interrelationship of the three aforementioned principles is the fourth and final major element of the Levinian theory. The social group (a society) is represented symbolically as a series of concentric circles with the innermost representing the center of the group and the outermost circle representing the periphery. If an individual evaluates a particular group as being privileged (good), his movement in the group will be toward the center, but if an individual evaluates a group as being underprivileged (bad), his movement will be toward the periphery, or out of the group entirely. As an individual moves toward the center of the group he will accept more completely the attitudes of the group, and his role within the group. With an increase in the degree of role and attitude acceptance, the individual will experience an increasing amount of self-acceptance (self-esteem). However, when an individual moves toward the periphery of a group, the decrease in the degree of his role and attitude acceptance will bring about a corresponding decrease in his self-acceptance. As stated in the second principle of group dynamics, any change in the degree of one's self-acceptance will bring about a corresponding change in the degree of acceptance of others, and, conversely, any change in the degree of acceptance of others is manifested in a corresponding change in the degree of one's self-acceptance. The illustration of the information in this paragraph will be the following analysis of some of the action in the novel.

In the beginning of the novel, Winston was a member of the party, but his lack of acceptance of the party ideals and policies kept him near the periphery of the group. However, Winston did enjoy some of the intellectually challenging aspects of his role (part of his work) in the party. The acceptability of part of his role in the party failed to compensate for the unacceptability of the ideals and policies of the group. As a result of role and attitude rejection, Winston felt inadequate as an individual, and suffered from a lack of self-esteem. Under

the conditions of self-rejection, Winston's movement was to the periphery of the party.

With the purchase of the diary, Winston completely rejected the attitudes of the party and entered the periphery of another group, "the dead." As one of "the dead" Winston had no problem in attitude acceptance but because his role in the fulfillment of these attitudes was non-existent, he had very little self-acceptance.

Winston's role among "the dead" was proved when he met with Julia to perform the "Sexcrime," but the inadequacy of his role was even then shown by his emotion in the following quotation:

If he could have infected the whole lot of them with leprosy or syphilis, how gladly he would have done so! Anything to rot, to weaken, to undermine! He pulled her down so that they were kneeling face to face.

Winston's self-acceptance was greatly improved after he and Julia met with O'Brien and swore their allegiance to the "Brotherhood." Winston had established an active and satisfactory role and had thereby moved toward the center of "the dead." The following quotation illustrates his feelings at that time:

Winston had dropped his habit of drinking gin at all hours. He seemed to have lost the need for it. He had grown fatter, his varicose ulcer had subsided, leaving only a brown stain on the skin above his ankle, his fits of coughing in the early morning had stopped. The process of life had ceased to be intolerable, he had no longer any impulse to make faces at the telescreen or shout curses at the top of his voice.

The one unalterable principle (basic attitude) of "the dead" was established in Winston's conversation with Julia:

'I don't mean confessing. Confession is not betrayal. What you say or do doesn't matter; only feelings matter. If they could make me stop loving you—that would be the real betrayal.' She thought it over. 'They can't do that,' she said finally. 'It's the one thing they can't do. They can't get inside you.'

'No,' he said a little more hopefully, 'no; that's quite true. They can't get inside you. If you can *feel* that staying human is worth while, even when it can't have any result whatever, you've beaten them.'

After Winston and Julia were captured and were subjected to the torture, they no longer had the attitudes of "the dead" because they had violated even the most basic principle in Room 101. The role that they had played in "the dead" was given up even to the extent of abandoning "Thoughtcrime." There was no self-acceptance to be had from the dead group, so their movement was away from the center of "the dead" and toward the periphery of the party.

At the time of his release from the Ministry of Love, Winston had been deprived of all of his human dignity, and had no self-acceptance whatsoever.

The following excerpt from the novel illustrates the depths of his degradation:

He took up his glass and sniffed at it. The stuff grew not less but more horrible with every mouthful he drank. But it had become the element he swam in. It was his life, his death, and his resurrection. It was gin that sank him into stupor every night, and gin that revived him every morning. When he woke, seldom before eleven hundred, with gummed-up eyelids and fiery mouth and a back that seemed to be broken, it would have been impossible even to rise from the horizontal if it had not been for the bottle and teacup placed beside the bed overnight. Through the midday hours he sat with glazed face, the bottle handy, listening to the telescreen. From fifteen to closing time he was a fixture in the Chestnut Tree.

In order for Winston to derive any degree of self-acceptance, he must accept his role in, and the attitudes of, the party. After his release Winston was forced to accept his role in the party, because he had rejected and betrayed any other role. The only obstruction to his achieving some self-esteem lay in his lack of acceptance of the attitudes of the party. It was inevitable—he would love Big Brother.

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## "The Heart of Darkness"

CHARLOTTE VONBEHREN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

"HEART OF DARKNESS" BY JOSEPH CONRAD IS THE FASCINATING study of the change in a man's character. The theme of the story is summed up by the narrator, Marlow, when he introduces his tale to the listening sailors. He says, "It [referring to the place where he met Kurtz] was the farthest point of navigation and the culminating point of my experience. It seemed somehow to throw a kind of light on everything about me and into my thoughts. It was somber enough too—and pitiful—not extraordinary in any way—not very clear either. No, not very clear. And yet it seemed to throw a kind of light." Here Marlow states that his journey up the river and his meeting with Kurtz seemed to enlighten Marlow about himself. He learned to know himself and his capabilities as he had never known them before.

Marlow partly explains his lack of knowing his inner self when he leaves his aunt's house. He says, "In the street—I don't know why—a queer feeling came to me that I was an imposter. Odd thing that I, who used to clear out for any part of the world at twenty-four hours' notice, with less thought than most men give to the crossing of a street, had a moment—I won't say of hesitation, but of startled pause, before this commonplace affair. The best way I can explain it to you is by saying that, for a second or two, I felt as

though, instead of going to the center of a continent, I were about to set off for the center of the earth."

In the beginning, Marlow is quite apart from everything going on around him. When he sees a French man-of-war shelling the coast, he calls it "a touch of insanity." When he reaches his company's station, he is struck by the "objectless" blasting. He tries to detour around a chain gang of criminals and comes upon a clearing where some of these criminals have crawled to die. He is horrified at the sight. Then he meets the agent and learns about Kurtz. The agent tells Marlow that Kurtz is a "very remarkable person" who will go far. With this information, Marlow's curiosity about the mysterious Kurtz is aroused.

The next that Marlow hears of Kurtz is at the station where he is to find his boat. The agent is very concerned about Mr. Kurtz. Mr. Kurtz seems to be the one to whom everyone goes. Everyone looks up to him. To Marlow, he appears as a sort of god. Marlow doesn't know who Kurtz is. He hasn't identified Kurtz with the senseless blasting, the treatment of the natives, or any of the strange things which went on at the Central Station. Marlow has heard of Kurtz, but that is all. He says, "I would not have gone so far as to fight for Kurtz, but I went for him near enough to tell a lie." Then he explains how he hates lying. It appalls him, and goes against his very nature. Yet he says, "I went near enough to it by letting the young fool there believe anything he liked to imagine as to my influence in Europe." The next sentence shows that he is beginning to change within himself, "I became in an instant as much of a pretense as the rest of the bewitched pilgrims. This simply because I had a notion it somehow would be of help to that Kurtz whom at the time I did not see—you understand. He was just a word for me. I did not see the man in the name any more than you do."

At this point Marlow is beginning to be drawn to the evil Kurtz. Kurtz holds a fascination for him, even though Marlow knows he is evil. This desire, or rather obsession, becomes stronger the closer Marlow gets to the Inner Station. On the river he says that the steamer is like a beetle crawling. For the pilgrims, it crawled someplace where they could get something. For him, it "crawled towards Kurtz—exclusively."

During the long journey up the river Marlow begins to look into himself. He thinks of the primitive country as a monstrous free being as contrasted with the shackled being he usually thought of. The natives, with their wild dances, preyed upon him. He says, "No, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it—this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity—like yours—the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough, but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a

response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you—you so remote from the night of first ages—could comprehend. And why not?" Here is the significant part which shows how Marlow is beginning to think of himself and his motives in relation to the effect of the country. "The mind of man is capable of anything—because everything is in it, all the past as well as all the future. What was there after all? Joy, fear, sorrow, devotion, valor, rage—who can tell? but truth with his own true stuff—with his own inborn strength. Principles won't do. Acquisitions, clothes, pretty rags—rags that would fly off at the first good shake. No; you want a deliberate belief. An appeal to me in this fiendish row—is there? Very well; I hear; I admit, but I have a voice, too, and for good or evil mine is the speech that cannot be silenced."

From this point on, Marlow becomes increasingly anxious to meet Kurtz. The steamer now moves too slowly to suit him. When the steamer is eight miles from Kurtz's station, Marlow wants to push on at night but is persuaded to wait. This anxiety shows that Marlow is identifying himself more and more with Kurtz. Marlow is beginning to realize what living away from civilization in such a wild and primitive country can do to a man. He is anxious to meet Kurtz and talk, as it were, to his own inner image which is reflected in Kurtz.

When the steamer is attacked and the helmsman killed, Marlow is suddenly appalled at the thought that perhaps Kurtz, too, is dead. He says, "I couldn't have been more disgusted if I had traveled all this way for the sole purpose of talking with Mr. Kurtz. Talking with . . . I flung one shoe overboard, and became aware that that was exactly what I had been looking forward to—a talk with Kurtz." Here Marlow at last admits to himself that Kurtz holds a strange fascination for him. He is very disappointed at the thought of Kurtz's being dead.

Marlow, in talking about the report which Kurtz wrote for the Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs, reveals that he is now identifying himself closely with Kurtz. He says, "From that point," referring to a place in the report, "he soared and took me with him. The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic Immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence—of words—of burning words." Marlow now approves fully of Kurtz. When the Russian prepares to confess one of Kurtz's secrets to Marlow, Marlow allies himself finally with Kurtz and what he stands for. In doing this, Marlow is confessing that he has the same qualities and tendencies in him which made Kurtz write, "Exterminate the brutes!" at the end of the report. Marlow says, "All right, Mr. Kurtz's reputation is safe with me." When Marlow discovers that Kurtz is missing from the hut, he sets out to find him. In persuading Kurtz to return with him, Marlow analyzes the man's character. He admits that Kurtz is

sane but that his soul is mad. He says, "Being alone in the wilderness it had looked within itself and, by heavens! I tell you, it had gone mad. I had—for my sins, I suppose—to go through the ordeal of looking into myself." Here, at last, Marlow is beginning to know and to understand himself and his inner motives.

After Kurtz's death, Marlow completely identifies himself with Kurtz. He says, "I remained to dream the nightmare out to the end, and to show my loyalty to Kurtz once more." About Kurtz's final words, Marlow says, "Better his cry—much better. It was an affirmation, a moral victory paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfactions. But it was a victory! That is why I have remained loyal to Kurtz to the last, and even beyond, when a long time after I heard once more, not his own voice, but the echo of his magnificent eloquence thrown to me from a soul as translucently pure as a cliff of crystal." Marlow is at last able to look at Kurtz, seeing himself, and know why Kurtz acted the way he did. He understands him fully.

After his return to Europe, Marlow is beset by several people who want Kurtz's papers. Still he remains loyal, a fact which he cannot understand. These people irritate him because Marlow feels that they cannot know what he knows. They cannot have had the opportunity to see themselves, their primitive motives, as he has. He, Marlow, is above them. Finally, he decides to see Kurtz's fiancée and return the packet of letters. He also wishes to give up the last remaining memory of Kurtz. It is some six years since Kurtz died, but for the girl he died only yesterday. She speaks of all the good she saw in Kurtz, but Marlow remembers what he found; the mad, in-turned soul. However, when she asks what Kurtz's final words were, the changed Marlow remains loyal to the end; whereas before he met Kurtz he detested lying, he now tells her that Kurtz spoke her name last.

The entire book is the gripping story of the development of a man's insight into himself. Before he goes into the continent and up to Kurtz's station, Marlow is shallow and outward like the majority of people. However, the closer to Kurtz he comes, the more he hears that name, and the farther he goes into the primitive continent, the more clearly he sees himself and why he acts as he does. When he finally meets Kurtz, Marlow has completely identified himself with Kurtz. He then understands his own inner motives and feelings. His statement after Kurtz's death sums these feelings up very well. He says, "Destiny, my destiny! Droll thing life is—that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets. I have wrestled with death. It is the most unexciting contest you can imagine. It takes place in an impalpable grayness with nothing underfoot, with nothing around, without spectators, without clamor, without glory, without the great desire of victory, without the great fear of

defeat, in a sickly atmosphere of tepid skepticism, without much belief in your own right, and still less in that of your adversary. If such is the form of ultimate wisdom, then life is a greater riddle than some of us think it to be. I was within a hair's breadth of the last opportunity for pronouncement, and I found with humiliation that probably I would have nothing to say, this is the reason why I affirm that Kurtz was a remarkable man. He had something to say. He said it. Since I had peeped over the edge myself, I understand better the meaning of his stare, that could not see the flame of the candle, but was wide enough to embrace the whole universe, piercing enough to penetrate all the hearts that beat in the darkness. He had summed up—he had judged. The horror. He was a remarkable man. After all, this was the expression of some sort of belief; it had candor, it had conviction, it had a vibrating note of revolt in its whisper, it had the appalling face of a glimpsed truth—the strange commingling of desire and hate. And it is not my own extremity I remember best—a vision of grayness without form filled with physical pain, and a careless contempt for the evanescence of all things—even of this pain itself. No! It is his extremity that I seem to have slipped through. True, he had made that last stride, he had slipped over the edge while I had been permitted to draw back my hesitating foot. And perhaps in this is the whole difference; perhaps all the wisdom, and all truth, and all sincerity, are just compressed into that inappreciable moment of time in which we step over the threshold of the invisible." Because of these feelings he remains loyal to Kurtz even though he knows the man has become obsessed with his own importance. To Marlow, it would have been like betraying himself.

Marlow had the unique experience of being able to understand and know himself. It changed him and altered his entire character. He will feel forever apart and above the majority of humanity.

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## The Glass Menagerie

ROBERT CAMY

*Rhetoric 102, Assignment No. 15*

THE REVIEWING OF THE PUBLISHED SCRIPTS OF PLAYS is an art which is practiced only infrequently by contemporary litterateurs. A search of eight copies of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, three of *Harper's*, and one *Atlantic Monthly*—all recent issues, taken at random from the shelf—not only failed to locate even one review of the play-script but also failed to reveal any advertisement announcing the publication of a book of plays. The reviewer's inactivity, then, is not to be attributed to any lack of zest but to a conspicuous lack of opportunity. Plays are thin material for publishers of books, probably because of the inescapable fact that a book is one thing and a play is another and that a good play is written to be played. Without interpretation by actors the play is like a musical score which has

never been performed. The symbols are there, arranged according to the mechanical requirements of known instruments, but this is only technical excellence in the matter of form, and it hardly enables one to experience the gamut of musical potential. So it is with *The Glass Menagerie*: reading the published play, one is aware of implications which a competent cast might develop to considerable sociological and psychological significance, but when the play is considered as a book it is thin stuff, as thin as the glass trinkets which account for the title.

This is as it should be, for the play was written that way by Tennessee Williams. He divided it into two parts, "Preparation for a Gentleman Caller" and "The Gentleman Calls," and he confined the entire action of the play to the alley apartment of the Wingfield family, with a few glimpses of the alley itself. He created only four characters: the mother, her son and daughter, and the gentleman caller. The action of the play develops from certain rather tense efforts of these four: the efforts of the mother to escape from failure by re-living her past—and probably apocryphal—glory as a southern belle; the efforts of the son to escape from the emotion-crammed apartment to a world which he imagines will be large and free and breezy; the efforts of the daughter to escape from her damaged self into what probably would be schizophrenia; and the efforts of the gentleman caller to escape, first, from his warehouse employment into a peanut salesman's success and, finally, to escape from the Wingfields. To express all these efforts less metaphorically, the play is simply the unpretentious chronicle of Amanda's behavior as she employs whatever wiles and ruses she can muster to make something of the life of her crippled and withdrawn daughter, Laura, who has never learned what to do about pain. When Laura proves to be incapable of facing anything as realistic as a job, Amanda turns her own desperate energy toward finding a suitor for her daughter. Her failure to entice the gentleman caller into the suitor's role constitutes the climax of the play.

These may seem to be puny tempests which have suffered in the re-telling, and it is safe to assume that there was no great stir in the literary world when the book itself was published; nevertheless, this is no play to be dismissed lightly. It is a particularly excellent example of mastery of one of the more difficult literary techniques, the art of avoiding at least some of the limitations of relativity of meaning by selecting stimuli which stem from the common bases of experience and presenting these stimuli with so little authorial bias as to preserve invariance, thereby persuading readers or audiences to project their inner experiences into the play. This art has few mysteries for Tennessee Williams. As he wrote the play, it has no villain except the deadly pettiness which often is inextricably bound up with living, and he hints that even this need not be unconquerable. Each of the characters has a brief moment in which he demonstrates untapped ability to rise to spiritual heights, and each inspires some sympathy. Amanda, after all, is attempting a constructive manipulation of her daughter's life, the suitor does

mean well, the son's frustration is no strange thing, and the daughter is pure pathos. The over-all effect of the book is to suggest that the play must present a remarkably effective stimulus for a theater audience.

That, perhaps, is the *raison d'être* of the book. It has been many a day since it was published and since *The Glass Menagerie* was first presented to the public as a play, but a mere reading of it suggests that any revival of the play should not be omitted from the playgoer's schedule. Thin stuff it is, but its artful thinness constitutes a technique which succeeds as effectively as any in contemporary literature in re-emphasizing and re-stating the familiar observation that the average person leads a life of "quiet desperation."

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## My Theory of Religion

RUTH F. WEINER

*Rhetoric 102, Placement Theme*

RELIGION, BOTH IN THE ORGANIZED SENSE AND IN THE sense of personal philosophy, fulfills two functions for man. It is primarily an embodiment of and an organized expression for the sense of a universal moral law, a sense which is almost universally deeply ingrained. However, religion, especially in its various organized forms, also acts as a comforting influence, a buffer against the awful immensity of time and space. I would say that religion has been *created* by man to fulfill these two functions. This, I suppose, is my theory of religion.

The conception of a deity directing the course of events seems to me essentially selfish and quite extraneous. Perhaps this is because I am human, rational, and a product of an educational system which had its roots in the eighteenth century, the so-called Age of Reason. I exist, and for me as for Descartes, the laws governing the universe can be deduced from this premise. I cannot conceive that, if there were no god, the universe would fall apart in chaos; this, in essence, separates me from pre-eighteenth century man.

The comforting function of religion represents, for me, rather selfish wishful thinking. By "comforting function" I mean the concepts of expiation from sin by means of various penances, and of immortality. The doctrine of doing good for a reward in the after life seems particularly selfish. There is, indeed, a sort of immortality which a truly good man achieves: this is his imprint on human history. Genuine worthiness includes the utmost creative effort of which a man is capable. The best living example of genuine goodness is, perhaps, Albert Schweitzer, who has exercised his faculties to the utmost in both intellectual creativity and humanitarian kindness. There should be no thought of a reward for a good or kind deed other than the deed itself. Man should live for man, both for individuals and for the collective community of the race, and not for his personal glorification in the hereafter.

The first man to feel a necessity for religion probably felt a need for a moral authority. Certainly the most useful products of organized religion are its ethical teaching and its humanitarian activities. But here much modern organized religion has failed because of its de-emphasis of purely generous motives. It is understandably difficult to grasp the Sermon on the Mount, and the adjunct of personal reward has made it easy enough for a child to grasp. But religion is not for children or idiots; it is for mature and highly rational adults. Religion without the concept of immortality is totally comfortless for so many people, especially people of the calibre of T. S. Eliot. Perhaps when I am closer to death I, too, shall feel the need of personal immortality. The comforting function of religion gives a man courage. Those who are very young, and relatively distant from personal tragedy, have a courage bordering on bravado.

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## The World I Left Behind Me

JUDITH SENSIBAR

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

THE sky was a deep blue, and the flowers were intense in their colors. The grass was green, all shades of green, and here and there a browned old leaf lay decaying quickly in the lost dry air. The roses lent a heavy odor which mingled with the light scent of the violets beneath. The dogs lay sleeping in a patch of shade while the kitten on the porch licked its paw thoughtfully.

Outside the fence, out in the serene and sleepy world, a little boy drove a few chickens ahead of him into the market place. A few minutes behind, leading a little burro loaded down with firewood, was an old man who stopped at the gate and rang the bell.

Out of the house walked a white-coated man, but he slouched when he saw who was ringing. The rhythm and song of his voice droned on the air, and got lost in the sound of the bee-hum. The wind quietly rustled the leaves of the trees, and a leaf came drifting down on the kitten, who sleepily pushed it aside.

On the swing sat a little girl, dressed in a starched and neatly-pressed white dress, swinging back and forth in the loud silence with a slow, steady motion. She looked on the scene with sleepy eyes, and thought of home.

Ever since she could remember, this had been her home, but she knew that she was an American from the United States, not Mexico. And soon she would be going back there, and she would go to school. What would it be like? she wondered. Would it be all like unboiled milk, nice and smooth and fresh tasting, or would it be boiled and make her mouth dry and sour? But this afternoon was too lovely to spoil with such unanswerable questions.

How about gathering some pansies for Mother? She was not feeling very well this morning. Oh, but it would be too much trouble, and anyhow Mother was asleep now, and the pansies would die before she woke up. Now I'm only making excuses, she thought, but I don't care.

The sun moved on, high overhead in the cloudless sky. The wind drifted a leaf off another tree, and a ripe apricot fell to the ground. A car went slowly by, as it maneuvered around the flock of cows and sheep now being herded down the street. Somewhere a bird chirped, and next door the sprinkler started, giving another soft sound upward to the air.

# The Research Paper

FRANCIS SPOONER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

DURING THE PAST FEW WEEKS I HAVE BEEN CONFRONTED with a rather perplexing problem. I have been trying to select a suitable topic for a research paper. Compared to the complexities of the modern world, this problem undoubtedly seems a very trivial matter, but those with their college days behind them probably will well remember the anxiety this very problem caused them.

I have, fortunately, at least selected a topic for the research paper: "Socrates The Philosopher." At the present time I am trying (with no little difficulty) to justify to myself the selection of this particular topic.

My major criterion for considering any topic for research was that it be of particular interest to me. Prior to the final selection of the research topic, I made a list of ten questions to which I would very much like to know the answers. In an effort to decrease the number of questions to five, I weighed each of the ten questions individually with respect to personal interest, and retained the five questions which are listed below in the order of original preference:

1. Does man have free will?
2. What is progressive jazz?
3. Who wrote the literary works presently attributed to William Shakespeare?
4. What were the factors in Socrates' childhood and youth that caused him to become a philosopher?
5. What is the history of hypnosis?

After arranging the five remaining questions in the order of preference, I examined each one to determine whether it could be adequately answered in only two thousand words.

As stated, question number one it entirely too broad to be treated in my research paper. From what information I already have about free will in man, I concluded that my only course would be to refer exclusively to the theories of the outstanding philosophers of the past, but, unfortunately, this did not greatly appeal to me.

Because the first question proved inadequate, I considered the second question. I must admit that there was an ulterior motive in considering this question, inasmuch as I am a musician (and I use the term very loosely), and I felt that this would be the easiest question to write about. I later discovered, however, that there is very little material available on progressive jazz, and decided that this question was inadequate.

The third question has always posed a problem of great interest to me,

but I decided that all I could do was to restate the theories of the Bacon, Marlowe and Shakespeare supporters, and, therefore, I felt that it was also inadequate.

I shall momentarily skip question number four and refer to question number five. I was taught the "art" of hypnosis while in the navy and I have a great interest in the subject. I'm afraid that my interest has been too great, and I have read numerous books on the subject. Quite frankly, I know a good deal about the history of hypnosis, and if I wrote my research paper on the subject it would simply be a re-hashing of old news.

Because question number five would not do, I turned my attention to question number four. In considering this question I felt that it would be excellent for my research paper. Although I have long admired Socrates, I realized that I actually knew very little about him. I did not know his first name. Or rather, I did not know his last name. Well, at least I knew that either his first or last name was Socrates. Or was it his nickname? I became completely bogged down in these mental calisthenics, and resolved that I would find the answer to this question.

In the *Apology*, Plato tells us that Socrates had two sons, but I have never read a word about his wife. Apparently Socrates spent a great deal of his time stimulating the populace to reflective thinking. This obviously did not leave him much time for his wife and family. I think it would be very interesting to learn what role she played in the life of Socrates.

The most important question, of course, is what factors caused this extremely intelligent man—possibly the greatest philosopher of all time—to turn to the materially empty life of the true philosopher. I am sure that finding the answers to these questions about the life of Socrates will prove a very satisfying task.

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## The Presidential Campaign of 1952

DAVID F. PAGENKOPF

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

THE OPENING ACT OF THE 1952 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN somewhat resembled the first night performance of a poorly directed high school play. Mistakes were made and last minute alterations in plans had to be effected by the participants and their directors. The leading characters, Dwight David Eisenhower, the Republican nominee, and Governor Adlai Ewing Stevenson, the choice of the Democrats, were confronted with unexpected emergencies that were magnified by the fact that they were unaccustomed to their starring roles in the world of politics.

The immediate problem facing Mr. Eisenhower and his campaign leaders was the enlistment of the Taft supporters. This promised to be a difficult task, particularly in view of the fact that the path of rebellion had already been blazed by Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor of the Chicago *Daily Tribune*.<sup>1</sup> The gravity of the situation was apparent to the Republicans, who were cognizant of the political influence belonging to Colonel McCormick and his position.

On the other hand, Governor Stevenson's election aspirations were dealt a serious blow at the outset of his campaign. In one of his first speeches Stevenson upheld the Supreme Court's decision that the federal government should control and fairly administer the Texas Tidelands and the division of their proceeds.<sup>2</sup> Because Governor Shivers of Texas was already opposed to the Democratic candidate's stand on civil rights,<sup>3</sup> Governor Stevenson virtually lost all hope of carrying Texas by this inept handling of the Tidelands issue. Eisenhower later increased his great Texas popularity by advocating state control of the submerged oil fields.<sup>4</sup>

As the campaign began to gather steam during the summer months, the strategy to be employed by the two parties became quite clear. Mr. Eisenhower proposed, and his campaign strategists agreed, that he should be cast as a "middle-of-the-road" candidate.<sup>5</sup> (It may have been the desire to influence the vote of the disappointed Taft followers: Senator Taft had been characterized as a "middle-of-the-road" Republican throughout his brilliant political career.) However, it was decided that this conservative approach was not to detract from the Republican candidate's strong charges that a change was sorely needed in Washington. Mr. Eisenhower later endorsed U. S. participation in the Korean "police action," but placed the blame for the war on the administration's foreign policy prior to 1950.<sup>6</sup> In line with this middle-of-the-road procedure, Mr. Eisenhower decided against making extravagant promises to the voters.<sup>7</sup> Indeed, clear-cut solutions to the vital issues were absent from his campaign speeches.<sup>8</sup>

As is the case with all presidential campaigns, 1952 party strategists found it necessary to gear their campaign toward certain geographical and economic segments of the electorate. It was felt by Republicans that the South, as a whole, would cast their votes for the Democratic nominee. Consequently, the G.O.P. board of strategy reasoned that their ultimate success would be greater since the majority of the five hundred and thirty-one electoral votes were held by only five states—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and California,

<sup>1</sup> "Both Nominees Start Swinging," *Newsweek*, 40 (September 1, 1952), 13.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, 19.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> "Summing Up the Major Issues," *New Republic*, 127 (October 27, 1952), 12-13.

<sup>5</sup> "Both Nominees Start Swinging," 13-14.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 14-15.

<sup>8</sup> "Behind Eisenhower's Victory," *Nation*, 175 (November 15, 1952), 437.

if they concentrated on the northern Negro votes.<sup>9</sup> Also, the Republicans recognized the weak points in the administration's policy of strong government control of farm prices and planned their attack accordingly.<sup>10</sup> Finally, the decision was made to conduct the greater part of the campaign in these five key states.

The Republican platform, as established by the Republican National Committee, was merely a detailed list of promises and pledges to the public. In essence, it promised to the voters the best of everything from a prompt cessation of hostilities in Korea to a better system of mail delivery.<sup>11</sup> A full examination of all fields of foreign and domestic significance is not pertinent to this study. Suffice it to say that the areas of prime importance covered by the G. O. P. platform pertained to foreign policy, Communism, taxes, small business and agriculture.

The G. O. P. platform committee promised to restore the peace that they charged had been lost by the Democratic administration at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam.<sup>12</sup> It promised to banish Communists from government, particularly in the tax-collecting agencies.<sup>13</sup> Its platform pledged a provision for anti-monopoly laws to aid the small businessmen.<sup>14</sup> The committee stated that its goal was "a balanced budget, a reduced national debt, an economical administration and a cut in taxes."<sup>15</sup> It promised "to combat inflation by encouraging full production of goods and food and not through a program of restrictions."<sup>16</sup> To the farmers the committee promised full parity prices for their products.<sup>17</sup> (For a long time farmers had been the victims of a price discrimination. As the prices of industrial goods were rising, the farmers' prices remained the same. This required some sort of government intervention, which took the form of a guarantee to the farmers that they would receive a percentage of the prices that they received during the 1910-1914 period when the farmers' income was at its peak. This percentage guarantee has been termed "parity."<sup>18</sup>

The Democratic Committee on Platform and Resolutions formally stated its pledges in its report to the Democratic National Convention.<sup>19</sup> It closely resembled the Republican platform with regard to the abundance of promises. Foremost in importance of its pledges was a promise to provide "peace with honor."<sup>20</sup> This was in line with President Truman's policy of keeping the

<sup>9</sup> "Both Nominees Start Swinging," p. 15.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>11</sup> James C. Charlesworth, "The Republican Platform," *American Academy of Political and Social Science*, 283 (1952), 161, 170.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, 161.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, 164.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, 165.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 166.

<sup>18</sup> Paul A. Samuelson, *Economics* (New York, 1955), 401-402.

<sup>19</sup> Charlesworth, 172.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*

armed forces in Korea until an honorable peace had been secured. The manner in which the Democrats catered to the numerically larger working class is evidenced by their promise to provide a tax system that would make allowance for the taxpayers' ability to pay.<sup>21</sup> They promised a repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act which they claimed "tipped the scales in favor of management."<sup>22</sup> Also they promised an enactment of an excess profits tax system to prevent profiteering by big business.<sup>23</sup> As was the case with the Republican platform, the Democrats went on and on pledging improvements in other areas such as education, administration of veterans' affairs, slum clearance, civil rights and advocacy of statehood for Alaska and Hawaii.

The informal strategy of the Democratic Party, as expressed in the campaign speeches of Governor Stevenson, featured the slogan "You never had it so good."<sup>24</sup> The implication here was that the American people would be unwise to vote out an administration that had provided so much prosperity for all. The Democrats realized that they were at a distinct disadvantage regarding Korea as a foreign policy issue. It was necessary to follow President Truman's Korean policies, which were meeting with very little success. This left the road clear for the Republican candidate to initiate proposals for settlement of the Korean War. With this clear realization in mind, the Democrats decided to concentrate on issues of domestic importance rather than foreign policy.<sup>25</sup>

The reasons for Mr. Eisenhower's victory and Governor Stevenson's defeat can be evidenced from a close analysis of how the two candidates treated the vital issues. As it happened, the manner in which they dealt with these issues, together with other influential factors, had very opposite effects on the voting public. While considering the factors contributing to the failure of the Democratic nominee, we may be able, in part, to recognize some of the causes of Mr. Eisenhower's success.

The general mistake made by Governor Stevenson and his colleagues was to dwell too much on their slogan "You never had it so good." The excessive degree to which they labored this point had a negative effect on the public.<sup>26</sup> Americans realized that their prosperity was due primarily to the boom in business caused by the war. Eisenhower summed it up in two words: "war prosperity."<sup>27</sup> The public realized that there was, in truth, no real prosperity, because of inflated prices and high taxes.<sup>28</sup> If the governor from Illinois had not tried to force this point on the public, he might have been more successful.

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<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, 177.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, 179.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, 175.

<sup>24</sup> "Both Nominees Start Swinging," 14.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, 13.

<sup>26</sup> Derk Bodde, "Why the Democrats Lost," (Letter to the Editors) *Nation*, 175 (December 27, 1952), 615.

<sup>27</sup> "Summing Up the Major Issues," 12.

<sup>28</sup> Bodde, 615.

Errors of this nature were prevalent in other areas of the Democrats' approach. Stevenson spent too much time in eulogizing the administrations of the previous twenty years as compared with past Republican administration failures.<sup>29</sup> He repeatedly made reference to the depression days under the Hoover administration,<sup>30</sup> not realizing that times had changed and that the American people were concerned with solutions to the problems of 1952. To summarize: the Democratic candidate failed to take the initiative in offering solutions to current problems or, at least, alternative proposals to those made by Mr. Eisenhower. However, in all fairness to Governor Stevenson, it should be noted again that his hands were tied, so to speak, concerning the Korean issue, inasmuch as President Truman had committed the Democratic Party to a prevention of a cease-fire until an American victory could be honorably attained.

Stevenson's defeat might also be traced to another combination of factors. Conditions affecting the voting public had changed considerably in the four-year span from 1948 to 1952. President Truman knew where he was going in 1948 and had almost four years of White House experience to rely upon. In 1952, with the Korean War at a grim stalemate, the American people were filled with anxiety and fear. This, combined with the fact that Adlai Stevenson was a comparative unknown on the national political scene, seriously detracted from the voters' confidence in the Democratic Party.<sup>31</sup>

As mentioned above, Stevenson's *faux pas* in handling the Tidelands issue was a factor contributing to his defeat. Also, as opposed to the all-out effort on the part of Democratic supporters in 1948, their attitude in the '52 campaign was marred by complacency and a false reliance on the general prosperity of the nation.<sup>32</sup> Perhaps this can be traced to the uncoordinated machine effort at the local voting levels. It was felt that local party leaders failed to acquire the complete labor vote that was needed so badly.<sup>33</sup>

It should be pointed out that Stevenson's campaign speeches were not completely ineffective. At times he made very good sense. This can be illustrated by his sound reasoning that the U.S.S.R. was responsible for the prevailing high taxes. He pointed out that 85 per cent of the budget went toward national defense. He argued that we must "first become strong, then reduce the armaments race."<sup>34</sup> Indeed, an unbiased observer of the 1952 presidential campaign and its outcome might conclude that it was not so much a Stevenson defeat as it was an Eisenhower victory.

The slogan adopted by the Republican Party seemed to express quite well the sentiments of the American public. "Time for a change," although used

<sup>29</sup> Fred Zimmerman, "Where the Democrats Erred," (Letter to the Editors) *Nation*, 176 (January 31, 1953), 107.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, 108.

<sup>32</sup> Bodde, 615.

<sup>33</sup> "Behind Eisenhower's Victory," 438.

<sup>34</sup> "Summing Up the Major Issues," 12.

by the G.O.P. in four previous campaigns,<sup>35</sup> finally took hold. The implication here, that twenty consecutive years was too long for one party to occupy the White House,<sup>36</sup> had a strong effect upon the electorate. Mr. Eisenhower realized that he must provide solutions to eliminate the fears of the American people. Three of these fears were by-products of the Truman administration: (1) fear of future extension of the Korean War; (2) fear of Communism; and (3) fear of an economic collapse that could result from high taxes and inflation.<sup>37</sup>

Actually, Ike proposed no definite solution for ending the fighting in Korea, but his insistence that, if elected, he would go to Korea in an attempt to find a solution was enough to gain the confidence of the people.<sup>38</sup> It should be stressed that this was not merely a promise, but rather a stubborn insistence that he would effect a prompt cease-fire. No doubt, Mr. Eisenhower's military career and vast experience in this field added much to the voters' confidence in him.

Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin had been waging a much-publicized war against the infiltration of Communists into government positions. Although his methods were generally considered to be crude, his activities disclosed to the public the serious proportions that this situation had reached. This, together with the fact that it was the Communists that we were fighting in Korea and on the Cold War front, aroused a great anxiety among the people.<sup>39</sup> The Republican candidate detected this anxiety and relieved it by promising an administration free of Communists.<sup>40</sup>

Ike's stand on high taxes and inflation was just as determined as his stand on the Korean and Communism issues. Moreover, his proposals were very specific regarding the high cost of living. He acknowledged Governor Stevenson's argument that Russia was the cause of our high taxes, but claimed that he would cut taxes from \$81,000,000,000 to \$60,000,000,000 within four years by a more economic allocation of the tax income.<sup>41</sup>

Another very deciding factor in the Republicans' favor was that they were very well-fixed financially as opposed to the Democrats' somewhat limited funds.<sup>42</sup> The Republican strategists knew that their candidate was very popular among the American people and capitalized on this by spending millions of dollars to secure a monopoly of television and radio time for Ike's campaign speeches.<sup>43</sup> These media were valuable to the G. O. P. because they permitted the voters to perceive the warmth and sincerity of the future

<sup>35</sup> "The Campaign Issues," *U. S. News and World Report*, 33 (July 11, 1952), 18.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, 19.

<sup>37</sup> *Ibid.*, 18.

<sup>38</sup> Zimmerman, 108.

<sup>39</sup> "Behind Eisenhower's Victory," 437.

<sup>40</sup> Zimmerman, 107.

<sup>41</sup> "Summing Up the Major Issues," 12.

<sup>42</sup> "Behind Eisenhower's Victory," 438.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*

president. The ample funds that the Republicans had at their disposal were helpful, too, in organizing a tightly knit campaign effort.<sup>44</sup> Senator Taft listed this as a factor of prime importance in an interview after the Republican victory was definitely assured.<sup>45</sup>

Let us attend to the post-election comments of two veteran Republican politicians. Senator Taft ascribed Stevenson's defeat to the fact that the public was tired of the New Deal. Also, he mentioned that Democratic efforts to alienate Taft's followers had failed.<sup>46</sup> Governor Thomas E. Dewey, a two-time loser in presidential elections, thought that the administration blundered by failing to train the South Koreans to defend themselves. Also, he pointed out that Truman's "mud-slinging" tactics only hurt the cause of the Democrats.<sup>47</sup>

Thus, the 1952 presidential campaign ended in a landslide victory for Dwight David Eisenhower. It was acknowledged as a great personal triumph for the former general, but many post-election observations also conceded that it was a victory for the Republican party as a whole,<sup>48</sup> brought about by a well-integrated, well-organized campaign machine.

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<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*

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<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, 67.

<sup>48</sup> "Behind Eisenhower's Victory," 439.

## The Inefficiency of Rhetoric

HOWARD MINDELL

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

ALL COURSES HAVE GOOD AND BAD POINTS. IT IS THE purpose of this theme to discuss several of the objectionable features of rhetoric as I have observed them during my limited exposure to the course.

It is fairly evident that grades are many times unjust. Themes cannot be graded objectively, as can a multiple-choice hour examination in a science course. Instructors are apt to grade according to their personal sets of values and ideas. If a student's style is not appealing to the instructor and his previously developed standards, a low grade may be given; but the same theme may receive a much higher grade from another instructor who is equally against doling out high grades, but is influenced favorably by the theme because of his particular set of values. This does not say, of course, that the rhetoric instructor cannot distinguish "A" themes from "E" themes. Very bad and very good themes can be distinguished, but often themes in the middle grade bracket are unjustly marked. You might ask, "What, then, is a fair mark?" A fair mark could be determined only by at least two or three competent instructors.

One also might ask, "What's in a grade?" It seems to me that many instructors have forgotten how much decent or better-than-average grades meant to them while they were in school. Pre-dental, pre-medical, and various other pre-professional students need the advantage of every possible justifiably high grade they deserve. If a low grade in rhetoric is given at any time due to misjudgment, then a horrible mistake is being made. Rhetoric teachers as a whole are more than capable of grading themes, but it must be admitted that a course like rhetoric offers more chances for a grading error than any other.

Is rhetoric a practical course? Does one learn theme writing from practice only? Themes are based on inspiration. Inspiration depends on personality. Can personality be changed in two hours and forty-five minutes for thirty-two weeks enough so that inspired themes will be produced? In psychology we learn that personality is formed in the first seven years of life. Grammar and punctuation are certainly important factors which can be improved through practice in rhetoric, but a grammatically perfect theme is not necessarily a good one. It seems that rhetoric tests thinking and writing ability more than it teaches it. I was under the impression that university courses taught rather than tested. Improvement in theme writing certainly can occur if the student has had no rhetoric, but after eight or nine years of writing his thoughts on paper in a particular style or manner, the student tends to be immune to further instruction. This, of course, presents a challenge to the rhetoric instructors, and, to infuse greater spirit into the student, low marks are given at the beginning of the course. Gradually, of course, the marks become higher, due to the rapid "improvement" of the student. It is more likely that high marks are given unconsciously by the instructor towards the end of the course, as he searches frantically for some form of improvement in his students. It has been proved, however, at the University of Illinois' Education Department that low marks definitely breed discouragement and apathy in 80 per cent of the students tested.

Rhetoric is of some value. It stimulates thoughts, among other things, and will improve grammar and such things, though the student may protest

violently. In conclusion, I admit, after reading the material I have just hastily scribbled down for a new record in wordage for an impromptu, that theme writing may be improved in one way. That way involves the careful and thorough examination of all mistakes, and a conscious effort while writing anything to try to include some of the things which make up good writing.

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## Automation

MICHAEL N. SOLTYS

*Rhetoric 102, Placement Theme*

A WORD THAT HAS BEEN APPEARING IN NEWSPAPER and magazine articles often of late is "cybernetics." This is a recently coined word referring to the technique of employing computing machinery in place of the human mind to operate devices which demand a higher order of precision than human reflexes and coordination can supply.

One of the first computers in use was built by the Ford Instrument Company (later a division of the Sperry-Rand Corporation) to train naval guns rapidly and effectively on targets when the guns were supported by a rolling, pitching, turning platform that was making its way through the sea at twenty-five knots, with the target in motion as well. Today there are systems that will automatically track, interrogate, and destroy incoming targets at speeds exceeding sound, and—without further orders from the human operator, or rather, observer—shift to a new target and begin the process over again.

The concept of cybernetics has led to that of "automation." With the maturation of the computer from the relative "moron" that aims guns to the veritable "genius" that solves problems in celestial mechanics has come machinery capable of following the most intricate set of orders dealing with the production of myriads of articles more alike than any two peas.

One question that seems to trouble quite a few people is, "What will we do with the people that ran the machines when automation takes over?" This may be answered by recalling to these people what the last industrial revolution did for the workman. Instead of making products, workers tended machines that made the products, and were better fed, better housed, better clothed, happier, and healthier than their parents ever were.

The replacement of the human mind in its routine tasks will enhance the opportunity for creative thought, of which no machine is capable. If we are to capitalize on this boon, we will have to train creative thinkers faster than ever before, and in unprecedented quality. Where men were mechanics, they must now be engineers; where there were engineers, they must now be scientists. The curve of human progress has shown itself rapidly steepening, and where it will climb is a matter for serious conjecture. Perhaps the stars are next.

# Non-Segregation in Residential Areas

DIANNE BAUMANN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

EVER SINCE THE LATTER PART OF 1954 WHEN THE Supreme Court handed down its decision banning segregation in the schools, the topic of segregation has gained national prominence. One of the most heated arguments, aside from the school controversy, arises over the question of segregated housing. This question is primarily an emotional one, and amid the flurry of pros and cons the public sometimes loses sight of the real facts involved. Yet segregated housing, like any other question, must be considered in the light of the facts if any valid conclusion is to be reached. These facts do point definitely to a clear-cut, valid conclusion: that *the establishment of non-segregated residential areas in the United States is practicable.*

Perhaps the foregoing statement would be more clear if it were defined. The word "establishment" may be interpreted as "settlement on a firm or permanent basis." The word "segregated" means, in a literal sense, "separated from others"; it is used here in the sense of Negroes separated from Caucasians. Therefore "non-segregated" refers to a situation in which Negroes and Caucasians are not separated from each other. "Non-segregated residential areas" denotes communities in which both Negroes and Caucasians have their homes. The meaning of the word "practicable" may be taken as, "capable of being developed or worked out and likely to prove successful in operation." Thus the proposition could be restated as: *the settlement, on a firm and permanent basis, of communities in the United States in which both Negroes and Caucasians have their homes, is capable of being worked out and likely to prove successful in operation.*

In proving the practicability of non-segregated residential areas, only one source of evidence can conceivably be used. This is clear from the statement of the proposition: not "can be" or "should be" practicable, but "is" practicable. Thus evidence must be garnered from communities which are non-segregated at the present time. The experience of the people of these communities will tell whether or not non-segregation is successfully being put into practice.

Those communities which can be most successfully investigated consist of the federal housing projects. This is the case for two reasons: first, the federal government keeps track of the success of these projects and makes the information public in special reports and pamphlets; and secondly, one of the purposes of these projects is to experiment with the integration of Negroes and whites.

In 1934 the Federal Public Housing Program was put into effect on an experimental basis. It was the first program to establish by actual practice that Negroes and whites could be integrated. It is still in existence today, and still practicing integration, facts which testify to its success.

There were problems to be solved, of course, and the program did solve them. In many cases the hangdog fear of the minority had to be integrated with the stubborn prejudice of the majority. Housing officials found that they were best able to cope with this problem by seeking to regulate the percentage of integration. They learned that a community containing from 6 to 30 percent of the minority group was the most satisfactory. In this situation the Negroes felt secure, yet the whites did not feel they are being dominated by the Negroes. They also found that integration works better on a community level, so they substituted whole neighborhoods for small developments. These neighborhoods offered a practical means for the mingling of the races in schools, playgrounds, and other public facilities.

It is true that in many areas there was opposition to the establishment of non-segregated housing projects. There have been riots and other forms of violence. However, it is significant to note that most of these demonstrations took place when the project was first set up in an area, when it was still something strange and new. The record of violence against projects which have been in existence for some time is remarkably low compared with the violence record when they were first initiated. This proves that most opposition to non-segregated housing springs from a fear of the unknown; once this type of housing has been established, neighbors find no cause for complaint.

In summarizing the over-all success of integrated housing, Charles Abrams (who was requested by the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the American Council on Race Relations, to write a pamphlet on integrated housing) has reported that it has been completely successful. He further states that it proves that, given a decent environment, Negroes will pay their rent, improve their health and living conditions, and be good neighbors.

In 1953 the Public Housing Administration put out a pamphlet entitled "Open Occupancy in Public Housing" which reported on the success of government housing projects. It noted that the integrated projects have demonstrated that if Negroes and whites live together in communities, make daily contact with each other in communal facilities, and enjoy the same privileges while sharing the same responsibilities, internal tensions tend to relax, differences subside, and unrestrained cooperation ensues.

These conclusions were not drawn on the spur of the moment. Integrated housing projects have now been in existence for over twenty years, and the Federal Housing Authority has had a long period of experience on which to base its judgment.

It is also significant to note that a broad cross-section of the people of the United States have their experiences represented in the findings of the Federal Housing Authority. The following chart put out by the F. H. A. in

June, 1953, shows the racial pattern in public housing projects tenanted partially or wholly by Negroes.

Projects

Occupied by Negroes	1,101
Occupied by Negroes only	683
Occupied by Negroes and whites	418

Dwelling Units

Occupied by Negroes	136,043
Occupied by Negroes only	102,988
Occupied by Negroes and whites	33,055

These figures show that one-fourth of all the Negroes living in housing projects are living in non-segregated units. They and all the whites living with them are getting first-hand experience in integrated living, experience which is being passed on to the Federal Housing Authority, and which the F. H. A. is passing on to the public.

Another important factor to be considered is that successful integrated living is being reported all across the nation. In the West, the Los Angeles Housing Authority reports complete harmony in Aliso Village, an 802-unit slum-clearance development containing various races, religions, and nationalities. From the Middlewest comes the Chicago Housing Authority's report of satisfactory adjustment in large housing projects consisting of 25 percent Negroes. In the East, the New York Housing Authority gives the most favorable report of all. It notes that in communities where non-segregated projects have arisen there has been no tendency for people to move out of these communities; and, moreover, business in the communities has increased. It also states that friendly relations between the two races have been firmly cemented by working together on community projects, caring for each other's children, and lending a helping hand in times of emergency. In fact, the New York Housing Authority describes the integration of races there as a success of epochal proportions.

The only section of the United States which has not reported successful integrated living is the South; and here it must be remembered that integrated living has not failed—it *has simply never been tried*. With the new Supreme Court ruling against segregation in schools, the Southern children of today, the Southern citizens of tomorrow, will become accustomed to integration. In a previous instance it has been noted that familiarity with a reasonable situation tends to produce acceptance of that situation. It has been shown that integrated housing is certainly a reasonable situation. Therefore, we can conclude that integrated housing will be accepted as Southern citizens become familiar with it, and that integrated housing in the South is capable of being worked out and likely to prove successful in operation.

Thus, because it has been proved that non-segregated residential areas are existing successfully in most parts of the United States, and can exist

successfully in all parts of the United States, it is logical to conclude that the establishment of non-segregated residential areas in the United States is practicable.

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## A Course In Physiology

JACK H. CUTLER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

PHYSIOLOGY, THE STUDY OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THE human body, bestows upon those who study it an invaluable understanding of that marvelous and highly complex machine, one's own body. To familiarize the student with all phases of this science, the course is divided into three types of classes.

The first type is the physiology lecture. In this class a learned doctor describes, discusses, and diagrams the various organs and functions of the body. He also clarifies the meanings of the longer and more complex scientific terms such as *antivivisectionist*. According to the learned doctor, a full comprehension of the term *antivivisectionist* is absolutely essential as a foundation before one can build a strong structure of physiological knowledge. The definition of an *antivivisectionist* is "a sentimental fool who believes that the larger animals, especially dogs and cats, should not be sliced up for experimentation." All the students are taught that the greatest threat to humanity today is not the communist, the anarchist, the Fascist, or the atheist, but the *antivivisectionist*. Thus, the lectures give the students a solid basis of information upon which they can proceed with their work.

The second type of class is the physiology demonstration period. This class, as its name would indicate, is devoted to demonstrating the principles learned in the lecture class. Many of these periods are utilized for the purpose of finding out exactly how much heat, cold, and other stresses different animals can take before they expire. But the demonstrations do not always turn out precisely as planned and sometimes the subject of the demonstration does not die as expected. On these occasions a very heart-rending scene unfolds. The disheartened, dejected look on the instructor's face as he looks down at the villainous animal who, contrary to the rules, is going to live nearly brings tears to one's eyes. This second type of class builds further upon the basic learning received in the lectures and prepares the student for the third and final type.

The all-important third type of class is the physiology lab. The laboratory period greatly resembles the previously mentioned demonstration period except for one major difference. The student is now sufficiently advanced to have a dissection kit of his own, to do his own cutting, to make his own observations, and to draw his own conclusions.

Thus, following the "learn-and-cut" method, the student gains beneficial knowledge of his personal machine, his body.

# The American Aristocracy

FRANK K. LORENZ

*Rhetoric 102, Final Examination*

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID THAT OUR NATION POSSESSES a relatively classless society. It is true that we do not have such old-world institutions as titles of monarchy and the nobility with their rank and hereditary land tenure. Our government officials are not chosen from an hereditary landed aristocracy, as many prime ministers, cabinet members and members of Parliament in England are, for instance. If we think of our society as a class system at all, we generally think of class differences based upon economic wealth, which is not necessarily hereditary. An American family's social position is usually based upon its economic position. Frequently a family's social position continues for a time after the family wealth is exhausted, but this situation lasts for only a couple of generations at most. We think of the great commercial and industrial dynasties, such as the Vanderbilt, Astor, duPont, and Rockefeller, as the only type of hereditary aristocracy we possess. Except in this economic sense, most of us are convinced that there is no such thing as an American hereditary aristocracy. An examination of the history of our country and of the personalities involved in its making lead me to take a differing point of view, however. From the pages of our history, particularly in the fields of politics, literature, and the military, the existence of an hereditary aristocracy of a sort can be readily detected. Certain families are interwoven like a thread throughout our political and, to a lesser extent, throughout our military history. Some of these eminent families have taken part in more than a century of our nation's history. The Adams family of Massachusetts is just such a group.

John Adams and his cousin Samuel, of Boston, can be considered the co-founders of the Adams political dynasty. They were both extremely active in fomenting and carrying on the Revolutionary War. While Samuel, the more militant of the two, took a direct part in the War, instigating the Boston Tea Party and supervising the maintenance of a colonial arsenal in his native city, John espoused the American cause as a member of the various Continental Congresses and as a diplomat for the newly proclaimed nation. After independence was won, John Adams became our nation's first Vice President and, in 1797, our second President. The political dynasty was continued by John's son, John Quincy Adams, who became our sixth president. Descendants of John Adams served as cabinet members and diplomats throughout much of the nineteenth century. Preeminent among these was Henry Adams, who became a substantial literary figure with his now famous autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*. The members of the Adams family have served this country in high governmental positions up to the present day. Charles Francis Adams, who passed away only a few years ago, was a former Secretary of Navy.

The State of Ohio has possessed at least two great political families.

William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe in the War of 1812, became our seventh President. Prior to his elevation to the presidency he had been governor of the Indiana Territory. Harrison's grandson, Benjamin, became president in 1889. Members of the family have also filled a host of lesser governmental positions. Perhaps the outstanding example of an hereditary political aristocracy still present today is the Taft family of Ohio. Alfonso Taft was one of the founding fathers of the city of Cincinnati, Secretary of War under President Grant and Minister to Russia. His son, William Howard, became President of the United States in 1909, and later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. He had also been Secretary of War under President Theodore Roosevelt. His eldest son, Robert Alfonso, became an outstanding U. S. Senator and one of the leading political figures of his time, often a leading contender for his party's nomination for the presidency. Senator Taft's brother, Charles, is an eminent lay churchman, Cincinnati city official, and former candidate for Governor of Ohio. Senator Taft's sister, Helen Taft Manning, is Dean of Women and former acting president of a leading eastern college. Senator Taft's son, William Howard, is presently Ambassador to Ireland.

The Lees and the Byrds of Virginia are also examples of the American aristocracy. Light-Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary War fame, was the grandfather of Confederate General Robert E. Lee. General Lee's wife, by the way, was a descendant of Martha Washington. A member of the Lee family was a United States Army general as recently as World War II. The Byrd family has provided our nation with statesmen from colonial times to the present. A Byrd was one of the first governors of colonial Virginia, and Harry Flood Byrd, his descendant, is presently an outstanding United States Senator and former Virginia Governor. Senator Byrd's brother is Admiral Richard E. Byrd, famed arctic explorer.

These few examples of eminent American families support my belief that there is such a thing as an hereditary American aristocracy not necessarily based upon economic position. It is the type of aristocracy which is based upon accomplishments and services to their country, rather than upon titles and land holdings—a type of aristocracy which any nation on earth should be rightfully proud to possess.

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## The Black Buzzard

DALE O. DILLARD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 11*

THE "BLACK BUZZARD" WAS A 1941 MODEL PONTIAC FOUR-door sedan. It belonged to Dad by title and to myself by reason of usage until slightly over two years ago, when we sold the car to a man who wanted "something to drive on fishing trips." I could have told him that the Black Buzzard was "something to drive" anywhere.

The Buzzard's chief physical features, as I remember them, were a covering of chipped and faded black paint, a quiet-running, six-cylinder engine which could, and frequently did, propel the body along at eighty-five miles per hour, and a low gear which, when engaged, sounded like a cement mixer grinding out concrete to the tune of the Warsaw Concerto. This particular gear caused me much embarrassment as a result of the startled look on a strange passenger's face when I started forward. The effect of the gear's grinding noise on the state police was noteworthy as well as highly amusing. There was an intersection in my home town where a pair of troopers almost invariably parked their car, and themselves, in the evenings. I made it a practice to jar these gentlemen from their complacency as often as possible simply by utilizing my Pontiac's lowest gear when I resumed forward motion after stopping at the intersection. They generally responded by flashing their spotlight on my car as I pulled away. I never decided whether the light was meant as a warning or as an absolute verification of my identity. I believe it was the latter because one of the troopers was a member of my church and, if he happened to be standing outside the church on Sunday morning, he always smiled and waved as I pulled away from the curb.

The first night I took the Buzzard out on my own was March 10, 1953, the day I received my driver's license. I started out for town, which was about five miles from home, with butterflies in my stomach, high hopes for an adventuresome night in my head, and a horse harness in the back seat. You see, my Dad also used the car as a truck sometimes, hauling hay, straw, and sacked corn on the fenders and a wide assortment of tools, containers and other articles in the trunk and back seat. On that first night I figured the harness would be all right where it was, but when I picked up my best friend he hastened to assure me that the horse harness "had to go," lest our social progress for the night be impeded. So, I parked the Pontiac on a back street and the two of us shifted the leather, brass, and rope contraption to the trunk. Our social progress for the night amounted to nothing anyway.

During the spring months the Buzzard and I did a considerable amount of social climbing, reaching the point where we were racing my contemporaries in their fathers' new cars. Of course, we didn't race on a straightaway track or anything like that. We would set a destination ten-or-so miles away over the regular highway and "take off." There were always "near accidents," but never anything serious. I remember one incident in which three of us were racing back to town following a frigid, and illegal, dip in the city lake. I was driving at my car's maximum speed, eighty-five miles per hour, and the other two cars were stationary, relative to mine, one just ahead of me and one on my left. After three or four minutes of this, the inevitable happened and we met a car. The boy on my left, instead of dropping back, cut towards me so that I had to swerve to the right, far off the pavement. Luckily, there were no ruts or abutments at the side of the road and the Black Buzzard and I escaped unscathed.

Later in the summer my car became the key figure in a succession of hilarious evenings. Every night during July and August the Buzzard and I loaded up with a bunch of high school juniors-to-be of both sexes and set out. Since my income at the time consisted of that amount of money which I could mooch from my parents, each member of the gang chipped in a quarter or so for gasoline and other expenses each night. We found that a couple of dollars could take us a long way—to the drive-in theater, to any of a dozen nearby community teen-towns, or out on an infamous escapade known as a "bushwhack." Bushwhacking consists principally of shattering the darkness and solitude of a lover's lane or lone parking spot among some railroad track or slag heap. Our gang worked bushwhacking into a "science," ever inventing fresh strategy and tactics. By late August we knew the favorite parking spot of nearly every couple in town as well as a few other facts that can hardly be discussed here. One of our favorite tricks consisted of pulling up beside a parked car, holding a lighted red lantern out the window, and yelling, "Need a light?" Then we would leave the area in something of a hurry for we were forever being surprised by the Romeos who carried concealed weapons. A pistol shot behind us in the night was not an uncommon experience.

The Black Buzzard served me nobly throughout the summer of 1953. Never once did I have a flat tire and very seldom was I troubled by any mechanical breakdown in the car. Once, though, my buddy the Buzzard and I were entertaining five girls by driving on a remote country road late at night, when the fan belt broke and the water in the radiator boiled away before I noticed the rising temperature gauge. Finding the fan belt in ribbons and the engine steaming hot with not a filling station in sight, I decided to back to a house we had passed shortly before. There at the house I obtained a bucket of water, filled the radiator, and set out for our home town which was seven miles away. To keep the engine temperature down as far as possible, I shut off the engine at the top of each hill we encountered and coasted until I was forced to gain some momentum for the next ridge. To avoid running down the battery, I turned off the headlights at each opportunity also. Coasting silently along at forty miles per hour in a drafty '41 Pontiac in total darkness and on a state highway is high adventure, believe me—especially if you are a male and five females are giggling nervously in your ear. The Buzzard brought us home without further mishap though and, once fitted with a new fan belt, she was as good as you can expect any twelve year old car to be.

In the fall of 1953 I conducted my first love affair. My girl friend and I enjoyed many happy evenings in the Pontiac and just before Thanksgiving we were rather sorry to see the car go. My Dad had decided that the Buzzard had outlived its usefulness and subsequently sold it. My girl friend and I were never quite the same in my Dad's DeSoto. In fact, when we broke up more than two months later, she blamed our separation partially on the change in automobiles. She said I had gone "high-hat," or something like that, when

the Buzzard left. I'm all for progress, though, and now I realize that getting rid of both the girl friend and the Black Buzzard was necessary for the continuation of my progress in life. There will always be a tender spot near my heart for each of them, however.

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## Rhet as Writ

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Although her skin and general outward appearance seem old, one can see a twinkle in her eyes. It is my landlady.

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While R. O. T. C. is compulsory at the University down here because it is a land grant school, male students at Navy Pier have their choice because the school isn't built on land.

---

A practical joke is enjoyed by all if the joke is really practical.

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Irregardless of what course she takes, she will, of course, leave college a much broader person than when she entered, which, in the case of the sincere coed, is her objective.

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When I am sixty, I want to be able to say that I have experienced a wonderful life full of happiness, sadness, excitement, and every other adjective.

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. . . to coin an already very widely used phrase, . . .

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During the day there are cattle shows, contests in the grandstands, and entertainment for everyone. At night the midway is in full swing and there is horse racing in the grandstands.

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After he (a student preparing to ask a girl to wear his fraternity pin) has taken all precautions necessary, he will, literally speaking, throw caution to the wind and make his fatal step with one foot in a hole and the other on a banana peel.

---

Since power was his main goal, and his people were against him, it was to Caesar's advantage to be killed.

---

Becky Sharp and her husband managed to live through her craftiness.

---

The council has declared that on alternate nights parked cars will vacillate between north and south and east and west.

## Honorable Mention

*Charles H. Dennis: Women: How to Understand Them*

*Alice C. Berger: Rhetoric 100: To Be or Not To Be*

*William C. Willoughby: Cayucas I Have Known*

*John J. McCauley: My Erstwhile Hobby*

*Robert Sauer: "Consider These, for We Have Condemned Them"*

*A. Mogenis: Tribute to George Orwell*

*Max Flandorfer: Gone By*

*Robert R. Allison: Automatic Gunsmoke*

*Judith Morse: Road to ?*

*William Babcock: Listen to the Night*

*Edward I. Terry: The Need for Funerals*

*Sally Joy: A Day at the Races*

*Claudia L. Lippert: Railroad Jargon*

*R. Kelley: The Best Teacher I Have Ever Known*

*Michael Hoffman: The Outlook Is Bleak for the Shoal*

*Phillip Hardy: Peoria, The Reformed City*

*Norman Myslivies: The Old Familiar Faces*

*Anne Ehret: It Takes Time*

*Robert Sauer: My Favorite Philosopher*

*Mary Ann Hood: Why I Came to College*

## The Contributors

*Sylvia Wineland*—Pleasant Hill

*Wilbur L. French*—Veedersburg, Ind.

*Charlotte VonBehren*—Girard

*Robert Camy*—Joliet

*Ruth F. Weiner*—Western H. S., Baltimore, Md.

*Judith Sensibar*—Laboratory School, U. of Chicago

*Francis Spooner*—Grant Comm., Fox Lake

*David F. Pagenkopf*—Lake Forest Academy

*Howard Mindell*—Highland Park

*Michael N. Soltys*—Lowell

*Dianne Baumann*—Carl Schurz, Chi.

*Jack H. Cutler*—Bethany

*Frank K. Lorenz*—GED Entrance Examinations

*Dale O. Dillard*—Frankfort Comm., W. Frankfort

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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# Should College Enrollments Be Limited?

FRANK K. LORENZ

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

IN SEPTEMBER OF THIS YEAR AMERICAN COLLEGES AND universities opened their doors to approximately two and a half million students. This current enrollment in our schools of higher education probably would have been even greater if many institutions had not been forced to limit the number of entry permits granted because of the lack of housing, teachers, or classroom facilities. The constantly increasing number of young people seeking higher education is posing a serious problem for our educational institutions. It will not be long before the ever-mounting influx of new students will overtax present college facilities to the point where educational standards must be lowered in order to accommodate them. In many schools this unfortunate situation has already occurred. The situation has become so grave that many people, both in and out of education, have publicly voiced their alarm. Predictions of dire consequences for American education are being made in the event this trend is allowed to continue unremedied.

Our colleges are faced with the necessity of providing a solution to this problem of a rapidly increasing enrollment. The most obvious solution would be to expand educational facilities to meet the demands placed upon them. Unfortunately, however, this solution is impractical because of the colleges' financial limitations. State legislatures are notorious penny-pinchers where state-supported institutions are concerned. Increased appropriations designed to remedy overcrowding would be forthcoming only with the greatest reluctance and delay. Private universities and liberal arts colleges must depend primarily upon endowments, alumni contributions and tuition fees for support. Currently, private institutions are experiencing budgetary difficulties because of an inadequate income. Expansion to meet the demands of an increased enrollment is practically out of the question. Endowments and alumni contributions, although substantial, cannot be relied upon to provide the entire additional financial support needed. Increasing the tuition would only serve to make it financially impossible for many young people to enter college. The increasing number of scholarships available to students helps somewhat to alleviate the financial burden. However, these scholarships are not as yet available to the vast majority of students in need of them.

Another solution to the urgent problems caused by increasing college enrollment would be the subsidizing of all colleges by the state or federal government. This method of solving the problem is quite impractical also. Besides the politically controversial nature of such a solution ultimately

leading to vehement opposition to it by a large segment of our people, there is also the constitutional aspect to be considered. It can be argued that federal aid to higher education impinges upon state's rights, one of the basic tenets of our Constitution. A good case could also be made against government subsidy of private institutions on the grounds that subsidy would lead to political interference. Government aid to private colleges is quite impractical because of the opposition to it engendered by its controversial nature. It is quite conceivable that a majority of Americans are opposed to government subsidizing of private educational institutions.

A third solution would be the placement of limitations on college enrollment. This seems to be the most logical answer to the problem, and possibly the most practical of the three. In theory, at least, it is an ideal solution. By limiting enrollment, colleges no longer will find it necessary to hazard the financial burdens entailed in further expansion of facilities. At the same time, the colleges would maintain and perhaps even strengthen their educational standards by raising entrance requirements.

However, practical application of this "ideal" solution leads to difficulties. First of all, what standards should be used to differentiate the acceptable student from the unacceptable? It is generally agreed that differentiation on the basis of intelligence and scholarship is the most satisfactory method. The next question which naturally arises is, should the differentiation be based on high school grades, entrance exams, IQ tests, or on all three? Since no one of these methods of measuring intelligence is completely reliable, all three must be utilized. Even then, the method would be quite unjust, inasmuch as the possibility exists that a few individuals rejected by this method would develop into better students scholastically than some of those found "acceptable." This method of discriminating on the basis of measured intelligence or ability would deny the individual an opportunity to prove himself one way or the other.

I submit that a better solution to the prevalent problem created by increased college enrollment would be to *limit the number of students by raising the scholastic requirements imposed upon students during their college enrollment*. For example, the University of Illinois, which presently requires maintenance of a 3.0 average, could increase this minimum average to 3.5, or possibly even 4.0. Every student would be given a fair opportunity to meet the requirements, and if he did not meet them he would be placed on probation, and if he failed to bring up his average during this probationary period he would be dismissed. This solution, although by no means perfect, comes as close as any thus far proposed to solving the problem. It does so by raising educational standards, inasmuch as the general intelligence level required for college graduation would be raised. It would also tend to decrease the number of students who are not sincere in their desire for an education. These students only waste their parents' and the taxpayers' money, as well as wasting the valuable time and effort put forth by the faculty members.

A limitation placed on college enrollment would be fair and proper only if applied indirectly—that is, by raising the scholastic standards to be met by college students during their enrollment. On this basis, I believe that *limitations on college enrollment are justified and even desirable.*

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## Who Wants To?

GERALD M. PETERSON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 4*

I'M A PGUer. THOSE ARE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED ENGLISH letters, and they have nothing to do with anyone else's alphabet. They stand for Parade Ground Units, and that's where I've been living for the past semester or so here at the University of Illinois. During that time I have come in contact with twenty-two other men. Four of them are Negroes, three are Jews; they range in geographical origin from the New Yorker in the next room to my roommate from Alaska, from a Mexican who served in the U. S. Air Force to the exchange student from Greece. To ask for a group with more *esprit de corps*, even if it were hand-picked, would be ridiculous. Ours is not what is termed an organized house, but many are the women on campus to whom the street number 1320 means more than any Greek letters you might throw together.

I've learned how to clean a rifle from the fellows who have served in the Army, of which we have eight at present. My vocabulary has increased tremendously. Now I can swear in Spanish, Russian, German, French, and Greek, not to mention a few new words I've picked up in English.

Our house has no hours. Nobody has to mow the lawn, wash windows, or rake leaves on Saturday. We all take our own laundry to where we want it washed, and everyone carries his own matches. We can date Greek girls, and we can date Indies. Two fellows can date the same girl, and they often do. We get drunk when we want to, and we haven't dropped anyone from our roster because he doesn't wear the right clothes. We all talk to the fellows who work at the chow hall, and we moan about the food.

There has yet to be one of us who had to wash the sidewalk with a toothbrush or sit underneath the table and babble on about liking his chicken. Five of us have not been herded into a phone booth and forced to smoke cigars until we were up to our ankles in vomit. None of us has ever gone five days without sleep, nor shined someone else's shoes.

Our membership ranges from grad students in math and physiology to undergrads in LAS, commerce, journalism, and engineering. Our ideals range from Republican to Democratic and from Christian to agnostic. A good part of the week is spent in bull sessions where topics range from women to the Bible and from poetry to life in the Army. Although none of us is a financial giant, most of us have the background and the backing necessary to get into a fraternity. But who wants to?

# The Outlook Is Bleak for the Shoal

MICHAEL HOFFMAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

SHOAL CREEK, IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, HAS LONG been a haven for wildlife. Besides the fish, turtles, crawdads, and other aquatic inhabitants, it also supports, to a large extent, many fish-eating animals and birds. But lately many species of fish and animals have become almost extinct around the creek.

The game fish, such as bluegill, bass, and channel cat, are now rarely encountered. When, on occasion, they are taken, the fish are usually sick and stunted. However, there has been no decrease in the over-all fish population. The rough fish, such as carp, gar, sucker, and buffalo are becoming more numerous. They grow fat and multiply quickly in the Shoal. Why?

In the summer, egrets, kingfishers, and herons once frequented the Shoal. Instead of these fish-feeding birds the town sparrow and the crow are now found along its banks. Why?

In winter, muskrats built their dens along its banks, coons pawed mussels out of the creek's cold waters, and mink slithered along the grass lining its banks and looked for unwary field mice. Now the most numerous mammal found around the Shoal is the rat. Why?

The answers to these questions are not hard to figure out. In the last decade, Hillsboro, a town on the Shoal's banks, has not increased in population. With no population increase, the city's government has had no incentive to improve or even repair its sewage disposal plant.

The plant needs repair badly. Because of old and faulty machinery, raw sewage runs directly into Shoal Creek. Half the sewage sinks to the bottom and forms a stinking sludge, while the remainder rises to the surface and becomes an equally odorous greenish scum. The sludge kills the water plants and mussels which the fish and animals feed on. The sludge and scum oxidize continually to rob the water of the oxygen that game fish need in order to survive. Because the rough, rooting fish such as the mud cat, carp, sucker, and gar need little oxygen and devour sewage gluttonously, they thrive and multiply in the stream. In a few years, the rough fish will completely dominate the creek. Since there are fewer game fish and minnows, the number of birds that used to feed on them—the herons, egrets, and ducks—has diminished. Now only crows and sparrows are seen along the Shoal's banks, foraging for the numerous solid bits of sewage washed up by high water. In place of the muskrats, coons, and mink, now, huge water rats, whose dull, dingy fur teems with vermin, frequent the Shoal.

Unless something is done in the near future, Shoal Creek will be nothing but a stinking, pest-infested sewer. The tragic thing is that probably nothing will be done. Most of the people of the community are either too ignorant or too lazy to realize that Shoal Creek with its wildlife population could be preserved. The people are resigned to the fact that the clear, clean Shoal is a thing of yesterday. Already they are telling their open-mouthed children and grandchildren about the Shoal in the "good old days," about the old swimming hole, about the long strings of bluegill they used to bring home, and about how they used to make money in the winter trapping muskrats in the marshes around the creek. To them the Shoal is already dead; it is a sacrifice made to the modern world. They say pollution comes naturally with more industry and with the modern household, or, in other words, with progress.

But they are wrong. Hillsboro has had no new factories to increase waste. It is true that more sewage comes directly from houses via indoor toilets, but surely the little additional sewage from houses can not overburden the sewage disposal plant. The plant simply isn't in a decent state of repair. The machinery in it has not been changed or repaired for twenty years. The city will not spend money on a thing that is not demanded by the people. The party in power uses public money, which should be spent for improvements, for political purposes. This party has been in power for twenty years and probably will remain in power for another twenty, since the majority of the people don't have sense enough to go beyond personal likes and dislikes to see the real policies of their governing body.

The outlook is bleak for the Shoal.

---

## Automatic Gunsmoke

ROBERT R. ALLISON, JR.

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

THERE IS A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE. A DETECTIVE IS "shooting it out" with a gangster. The kids on the front row are sitting on the edges of their seats, each weighing the odds in favor of the detective. Then, an observant lad points out one fact: Our hero has an automatic pistol, which is firing a veritable hail of lead. Discretion being the better part of valor, the crook chucks out his antiquated revolver and promptly surrenders.

This scene of battle is portrayed daily on movie screens, and in real life. It is common knowledge that the man who slings the most lead, fastest, will be the one who walks away from a gun-fight. The automatic pistol holds more rounds, and fires them faster, than any other type of hand-held firearm.

Let us imagine that I am holding a loaded, cocked automatic pistol. We will see just what makes it unique, and how it operates.

As I pull the trigger, it pushes a horizontal bar back against the sear. This bar is called the trigger bar. It slides in a groove, and is notched at its rear end to accommodate the sear. The sear is merely a small lever which pivots on a centrally located axis pin. The sear's lower end rests in the trigger bar's notch, and its upper end holds the hammer in a cocked position.

As the trigger bar pushes against the lower end of the sear, the sear pivots on its pin and releases the hammer. The hammer has its own axis pin, on which it pivots. The hammer is under constant pressure from a strong spring which normally holds the hammer against the firing pin. The hammer is drawn back against its spring, and the sear holds the hammer back in its cocked position. When the sear releases the hammer, the hammer slaps against the firing pin. The firing pin shoots forward in its groove and strikes the waiting cartridge.

Up to this point, I have described all the force needed to fire the pistol. After the firing pin hits the cartridge, the pistol takes over to complete the firing cycle automatically.

When the powder in the cartridge explodes, it not only projects the bullet forward, but the explosion also gives a powerful backward thrust. This thrust to the rear is transmitted to the slide. The slide rides atop the pistol in grooves, and it is normally held in a forward position by the recoil spring. The slide performs four functions: it holds the cartridge in the firing chamber, ejects the spent shell, cocks the hammer, and reloads the firing chamber.

The backward thrust of the exploding cartridge pushes the slide rearward and a number of things happen. First of all, the slide pulls the spent cartridge from the firing chamber and ejects it from the pistol. Secondly, the slide re-cocks the hammer against the sear. This completes the slide's rearward motion, and it then moves forward under pressure from the recoil spring. As it moves forward it strips another cartridge from the magazine and pushes the bullet into the firing chamber. This completes the firing cycle, and the pistol is ready to fire again.

In the foregoing paragraphs, I have described the operation of a French "Unique" twenty-two caliber automatic pistol. This operation is basically the same for all automatic pistols. The "Unique" contains fifty-six component parts, holds ten cartridges, and weighs twenty-four ounces. This pistol, or any automatic pistol, will fire as fast as one can pull the trigger. This means that a relatively poor shot can fire ten rounds in five seconds, which increases the odds in favor of his scoring a hit. The automatic pistol is, therefore, an excellent firearm for the city home-owner. It is unequalled as a small-game hunting weapon. And it has already proved its usefulness in three major wars.

# The Privilege of Setting Him Free

JAMES ARCHER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

*That's what we are really defending: the privilege of setting him free ourselves; which we will have to do for the reason that nobody else can since going on a century ago now the North tried it and have been admitting for seventy-five years now that they failed.*

William Faulkner, himself Mississippi-born in the very middle of it all, speaks for his people as only one of them can and perhaps as only one of them can understand. *Intruder in the Dust* makes no attempt to cover the truth in allegory, politely protecting it from the heavy-lidded eyes of those who would prefer that it not shine at them so blindingly brilliant. Not a very involved story, it could never have happened if some pretty plain white folks hadn't sought justice for their lost kin, obviously (and yet really not) murdered by Lucas Beauchamp, a Negro who not only endured his color but was proud of it. Nor would there have been a story if an old lady and a couple of young boys hadn't been so senseless as to risk their own lives just to save Beauchamp. The truth is there, uncovered and strong and pungent, for all who want to see. Faulkner tries desperately hard to tell the North; to tell them that brotherhood isn't expressed in laws or codes; to tell those who "believe it can be compelled . . . by simple ratification by votes on a printed paragraph," to ask their patience for something which can't be gained tomorrow or even the next day but will be if they'll only wait a while longer. Something which, if solved by the South, herself, will be remembered with "less of pain and bitterness since justice was relinquished to him by us rather than torn from us and forced on him both with bayonets."

There's encouragement for the South too. Encouragement that it will be the old ladies and children who have faith enough in truth and are forgetful enough of those harsh facts called reality to surmount the insurmountable, to brave the darkness to hold the lantern while the rest find the way.

Perhaps Miss Habersham's seemingly endless struggle against the torrent of autos which flooded from the town, inundating the highways until there seemed to be no direction but that of the mass, has some significance. Perhaps we spend most of our lives running against them, trying in vain to beat the torrent. But Miss Habersham did find her way out. It took a long time—much longer than she expected (seventy years of her life, in fact). It was not a straight, easy path but a long detouring circle, with its end often concealed, which finally led her out of the plunging forces to her goal. For all of us this effort must hold truth. To fight blindly upstream all our lives can lead only to failure. By coasting along with it, ever ready for the chance to escape, enduring ends can be accomplished. With these thoughts in mind, we, not as Southerners or Northerners but as Americans, can look ahead hopefully and patiently, confident of Lucas' freedom.

# The Vertical-Takeoff and Landing Plane

JOHN A. FINLEY

*Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper*

THE HISTORY OF THE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING plane is about as long as the history of powerful engines. Clarence Johnson, Chief Engineer of Lockheed Aircraft's California Division, said, "Every aeronautical engineer has played with the idea of vertical take-off planes. In Leonardo da Vinci's sketchbook, there is a drawing of such a plane—but it's taken from da Vinci's time until now to get an engine that would do the job."<sup>1</sup>

The first real attempt to build a working vertical take-off and landing plane, hereafter to be referred to as a VTOL plane, was made by the Germans during World War II.<sup>2</sup> Reports concerning this particular plane vary considerably, but all sources seem to agree that it was made by Focke-Wulf.<sup>3</sup> There are, however, a wide variety of theories as to the actual construction and powering of the plane. The most substantial theory seems to be that the plane was to stand on its tail and was to have a large rotor connected to the plane itself about waist high on the fuselage. The rotor was to swing around the body of the ship just aft of the cockpit. Each blade of the rotor was to be driven by a ramjet at its tip to develop a total horsepower of 10,200, potentially one of the most powerful units in current use, short of rocket engines. The Nazi ship was to take off from its five-wheeled undercarriage and was to be flown similarly to the way that our present-day VTOL's are flown, but its top speed and its rate of climb would have exceeded those of our VTOL's by a considerable margin.<sup>4</sup> Another theory is that the German VTOL plane was to be rocket-launched and that in the process of testing the plane, many test pilots were killed. The report further states that the tests never were successful.<sup>5</sup> A third report says that the plane was more or less a reworked helicopter with rotor-propeller combinations.<sup>6</sup> While the Focke-Wulf VTOL plane was being developed in Germany, the General Electric Company, in our country, was working on

<sup>1</sup> Cornelius Ryan, "These Fighters Take Off Straight Up," *Colliers*, CXXXIII (April 2, 1954), 45.

<sup>2</sup> *Science News Letter*, LXVI (March 27, 1954), 195.

<sup>3</sup> "New Details on VTO Projects," *Aviation Week*, LX (February 15, 1954), 17.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Casari, "Fighter Revolution," *Flying*, LV (August, 1954), 64.

<sup>5</sup> *Science News Letter*, March 27, 1954, p. 195.

<sup>6</sup> *Aviation Week*, February 15, 1954, p. 17.

a VTOL ship which used turbo-jet engines, but it also was more or less a reworked helicopter.<sup>7</sup>

Theoretical studies on the VTOL as we know it today began about twelve years ago<sup>8</sup> when the Navy began to think that such a plane was feasible.<sup>9</sup> In 1947, the Navy, in cooperation with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), started wind-tunnel tests with models of VTOL planes. In 1949, with the knowledge that turbo-prop engines powerful enough for a VTOL plane would be available by the time experimental prototypes were ready, the Navy invited nine aircraft builders to submit their designs for a VTOL plane. From the five designs that were submitted, the Navy picked two—that of Lockheed Aircraft Company and that of Consolidated Vultee (Convair).<sup>10</sup>

The Navy was very much more interested in a VTOL than the Air Force because it had a more pressing need for one. The main reason that the Navy needed the VTOL was that it wanted a plane that could take off from a small space on a freighter or transport, fly escort for a convoy of ships, and return to a landing on its original take-off position.<sup>11</sup> Using a plane like this would help immensely in case the Navy could not afford to send an aircraft carrier as escort.<sup>12</sup>

During the week of February, 1954, the public got its first glimpse of a VTOL plane. A news photographer happened to pass the plant where Convair's VTOL (the XFY-1), half-covered with canvas and scaffolding, was being worked on outside of its hangar. He saw the odd-looking contraption and, using a telephoto lens, took a picture of it.<sup>13</sup> Soon, the picture was in nearly every magazine and newspaper in the country. The press demanded more information about the strange, new aircraft. Before too long, pictures and data were released, and the VTOL story became known to the public. It was found that the Navy had completed not just the XFY-1, but also the XFV-1, Lockheed's VTOL.

The two VTOL's were obviously not like conventional fighters—not in appearance, anyway. They both stood on their tails and stuck up into the air as high as a three-story building.<sup>14</sup> They both had about the same gross weight, fuselage length, and wing span. Their characteristics, compared with those of conventional fighters, were as follows: Their gross weight was about half that of an F-86, their fuselage length was considerably shorter,

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<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 17.

<sup>8</sup> Ryan, p. 42.

<sup>9</sup> "Navy Studies New VTO Fighter Tactics," *Aviation Week*, LXI (March 29, 1954), 16.

<sup>10</sup> Ryan, p. 45.

<sup>11</sup> "The Pogo Stick," *Newsweek*, XLIII (February 17, 1954), 29.

<sup>12</sup> *Aviation Week*, March 29, 1954, p. 16.

<sup>13</sup> Ryan, p. 45.

<sup>14</sup> Ryan, p. 42.

and their wing span was shorter.<sup>15</sup> Both of the VTOL's were powered by Allison turbo-prop engines.<sup>16</sup> The XFV-1 had a bomb-style tail with four fins replacing the usual rudder-elevator assembly.<sup>17</sup> Convair's VTOL had a delta wing, while the XFV-1's wings were straight and heavily tapered.<sup>18</sup> The wings of both ships were rather stubby because the lift needed for the take-off of conventional planes was not required for the VTOL.<sup>19</sup> The wings were also very thin, which seemed to indicate that a goal of high subsonic performance was being aimed for.<sup>20</sup>

The XFY-1, billed as the Navy's first vertical take-off plane,<sup>21</sup> made its first flights tethered to the floor and to the ceiling of the inside of a hangar.<sup>22</sup> The Lockheed VTOL, not as completely finished as the XFY-1, awaited the development of a new engine for its first flight tests.<sup>23</sup> Both planes had been fitted with special undercarriages so that they could be landed and tested like conventional planes.<sup>24</sup> Finally, on August 1, 1954, the XFY-1 made its first free take-off.<sup>25</sup> Then, on September third of the same year, the final step was taken—The XFY-1 took off, maneuvered in the air above its testing field, and landed a few feet from where it had taken off, thereby becoming the first VTOL ever to complete a flight cycle.<sup>26</sup>

The flying of the VTOL was different from the flying of a conventional fighter only in its taking-off and its landing. To accomplish the take-off of the XFY-1, the pilot, sitting in a seat that could be adjusted as the plane moved from vertical to horizontal position,<sup>27</sup> opened the throttle until the plane's powerful engines were developing a thrust almost equivalent to that of four Sabre-jets.<sup>28</sup> By this time, the plane would be lifting itself from the ground by its two propellers at an ever-increasing speed. When the plane reached an altitude of approximately two hundred feet,<sup>29</sup> it would have gathered enough speed for its wings to give it sufficient lift to stay

<sup>15</sup> "Navy Takes Wrap off Convair and Lockheed Vertical Take-off Fighters," *Aviation Week*, LX (March 22, 1954), 16.

<sup>16</sup> "Air Force Orders Vertical Take-off Jet," *Science Digest*, XXXVII (April, 1955), 94.

<sup>17</sup> "Straight Up, Supersonic," *Newsweek*, XLIII (March 22, 1954), 57.

<sup>18</sup> *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

<sup>19</sup> Casari, p. 32.

<sup>20</sup> *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

<sup>21</sup> "Up & Over," *Time*, LXIV (November 5, 1954), 67.

<sup>22</sup> *Aviation Week*, March 29, 1954, p. 17.

<sup>23</sup> "Navy VTO Fighters Make First Free Flights," *Aviation Week*, LXI (August 16, 1954), 387.

<sup>24</sup> *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

<sup>25</sup> *Aviation Week*, August 16, 1954, p. 17.

<sup>26</sup> J. F. Coleman, "How I Fly the Pogo Plane," *Popular Science*, CLXVI (February, 1955), 123.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 123.

<sup>28</sup> Ryan, p. 45.

<sup>29</sup> Coleman, p. 123.

aloft.<sup>30</sup> At this height, the plane would be "pushed over" from its vertical or climbing position to its horizontal or flying position,<sup>31</sup> and the "transition" would be complete.<sup>32</sup> The landing of the VTOL was accomplished in the following manner: The pilot, flying the plane in a normal horizontal position, swooped it into a vertical position and began a slow descent, while "hanging the plane from its propellers,"<sup>33</sup> until the plane again rested on its tail, cushioned from the landing shock by hydraulic shock absorbers in the tail.<sup>34</sup> The 150-foot mark is the critical altitude level for the pilot of the VTOL.<sup>35</sup> If an accident were to happen below that level, there would be no assurance that his parachute would open in time to save him.<sup>36</sup> If the pilot should find it necessary to make a crash landing, he could release the bottom tail surface of the XFY-1.<sup>37</sup>

Soon after the release of news about the Navy's VTOL's, the Air Force announced that it had awarded contracts to Bell Aircraft Company and Ryan Aeronautical Company for the building of two turbo-jet VTOL's.<sup>38</sup>

An Air Force VTOL needed a turbo-jet engine instead of a turbo-prop engine because it had to be faster than the Navy VTOL's. The Navy VTOL was needed for slow escorting of ships, but the Air Force VTOL was needed for quick intercepting of invading enemy planes.<sup>39</sup> The Air Force was expected to want their VTOL to go 600 miles per hour or better, while the Navy VTOL's only go about 500 miles per hour.<sup>40</sup>

In August of 1955, Ryan moved their VTOL, the XF-109, from San Diego to Edwards Air Force Base for flight testing. Although the plane was wrapped in canvas, many of its characteristics were clearly discernible. It had a high delta wing with a rounded center section, a deep, short fuselage, and a high, triangular tail which, like the two Navy VTOL's, served as a support pad for take-off. The unusual concentric exhaust nozzle of the XF-109's Rolls-Royce Avon turbo-jet engine hinted at the "possibility of thrust augmentation or control during the vertical take-off operation."<sup>41</sup>

The Bell VTOL was purely an experimental plane. In fact, its fuselage was from a glider, its landing gear was from a Bell helicopter, and its throttle was from a motor boat. The Bell VTOL differed from the previous VTOL's in that it took off and landed from the normal and level position

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<sup>30</sup> Casari, p. 32.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 32.

<sup>32</sup> Coleman, p. 123.

<sup>33</sup> *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 16.

<sup>34</sup> "New U. S. Aim In The Air," *Life*, XXXVI (March 22, 1954), 71.

<sup>35</sup> Coleman, p. 123.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 123.

<sup>37</sup> *Aviation Week*, March 22, 1954, p. 18.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 16.

<sup>39</sup> *Aviation Week*, February 15, 1954, p. 16.

<sup>40</sup> *Science Digest*, April, 1955, p. 94.

<sup>41</sup> "Ryan's XF-109," *Aviation Week*, LXIII (August 29, 1955), 17.

of a conventional plane. The force to lift the plane straight up from this position was developed by two turbo-jet engines which could be tilted from a horizontal to a vertical position. When the engines were pointed down, their powerful thrust lifted the plane skyward. After the plane was high enough to assume normal horizontal flight, the turbo-jets were tilted back into horizontal position, and the plane was pushed ahead.<sup>42</sup> Because the tail and rudder were useless while the Bell VTOL was hovering, compressed air jets in the tail assembly and at the tips of the wings were used to keep the plane in balance and under control.<sup>43</sup>

Interest at this time began to turn towards developing a VTOL transport or passenger plane. Weber Aircraft Company announced that it had successfully flown a model VTOL that worked on an entirely different principle than had any other VTOL. During the take-off of this model, the wings, engines, and propellers of the model remained in conventional position. The flap arrangement in the wings of this model was such that the slipstream created by the engines was directed downwards. The resulting force lifted the plane into the air.<sup>44</sup>

Several months later, the NACA announced that it had flown a VTOL transport model that worked on the same principle as Weber's VTOL model.<sup>45</sup>

Because of reports such as those which Weber and the NACA made, aircraft companies were incited to start more research on the VTOL problem. In July of 1953, Douglas Aircraft Company said that they were going to concentrate the efforts of their research department on a VTOL transport with a fixed-wing design. Such a plane could rise vertically with a minimum load and take off in a short distance with a maximum load. But Douglas also said that they would not be able to build such a plane in the near future because of their contracts for military aircraft and long-range transports.<sup>46</sup>

After the initial effect of the introduction of a radically new plane like the VTOL had worn off, there was little news of importance concerning the VTOL's. Recently, however, an article was issued which showed that the VTOL's have definitely not faded out of the picture. The article states that the Air Branch, Office of Naval Research, has been using fund allocations "to encourage and coordinate the development of the various pioneering VTOL projects in this country and abroad."<sup>47</sup> The article goes on to say

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<sup>42</sup> "Bell Jet VTO Takes off and Lands Level," *Aviation Week*, LXII (February 7, 1955), 16.

<sup>43</sup> "Vertical Take Off," *Time*, LCIV (October 4, 1954), 92.

<sup>44</sup> William J. Coughlin, "New Vertiplane has Conventional Look," *Aviation Week*, LXIII (October 24, 1954), 41.

<sup>45</sup> "NACA Flies VTOL Transport Model," *Aviation Week*, LXII (June 13, 1955), 30.

<sup>46</sup> "Douglas Planning to Build VTOL Transport," *Aviation Week*, LXIII (July 11, 1953), 25.

<sup>47</sup> "VTOL Studies," *Aviation Week*, LXIV (April 16, 1956), 30.

that there are about nine VTOL projects going on now and that the wait for operational VTOL's will be cut from 10 to 20 years down to 5 to 10 years.<sup>48</sup>

In regard to the future of the VTOL, Mr. Hall L. Hubbard, Vice President in charge of engineering at Lockheed Aircraft Company, predicted the following: "Within ten years, every fighter will take off vertically and land the same way."<sup>49</sup> Only time can tell whether or not Mr. Hubbard's prediction will come true, but certainly the VTOL does have a bright future.

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 30.

<sup>49</sup> Ryan, p. 96.

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# The Values of an Honor System

THOMAS B. THEW

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

IN THE LAND OF THE STILL AND SILENT, THE TREES are tall and stately, the ground is covered with flowers, and the breeze is fresh and cool. All is calm and peaceful, except for the occasional call of a bird or scurry of a squirrel. When the sun begins to set, the whole world seems to come to life. There is a flap of wings and a rustle beneath the bushes. All of the animals of the Land seem to be converging upon an open, grassy area. And there, upon a dead branch of an oak tree, sits the wise old owl. He gives forth a melancholy "Whoo" to those whom he especially respects; but other than that, not a sound is heard except the patter of paws and the flutter of wings. Finally, all are assembled to partake of tea—afternoon tea to some, morning tea to others. Immediately, the younger members begin to boil the sassafras leaves in a big iron pot. The respected Owl looks one way, then the other, each time blinking his eyes, and then commences the topic of conversation which will be pursued that day.

"I understand," he whooted, "that the Fox has stolen another of Farmer Brown's chickens."

Immediately, the twittering and chattering stopped. "Alas, I am afraid that that is correct," said the Muskrat, who served as policeman, Magistrate, and Prosecutor in the Land of the Still and Silent. "I caught him red-handed. Quite a neat job, even if I do say so myself!"

"Debatable," said the old Owl, as he blinked his eyes. "And what was done with him?"

"Why," continued the Muskrat, "he is supposed to come here today to talk with us."

"Interesting," said the Owl.

"Mr. Owl," said the honorable Beaver, as he slowly rose to speak. "I wish to make a few salient points before the Fox arrives. This type of thing has been going on long enough. Stealing—in any form—gives this Land a bad reputation. And remember, this isn't the first time Fox has stolen Farmer Brown's chickens. If we don't stop him, he'll just continue to do so. Therefore, I believe that we should banish him from the Land!" The Beaver finished with a hard flap of his tail.

A hush fell over the group. Banish him! That was the worst thing that could happen to an honorable animal!

The snake curled up, apparently ready to speak. "Friends," he hissed, "as lowly as I am, I agree with the honorable Beaver."

"Me, too," sighed the shy Opossum.

"Croak," went the Bullfrog.

"Well, then," said the Owl, "we shall vote upon the matter. All in favor signify by raising their right wing or paw." With a quick jerk of his head, he counted the votes. "Against?" Another quick jerk. "Twenty-one for, three against. Motion carried. Mr. Fox will be . . ."

At that point the Fox came leaping in. "Sorry I am late folks, but you know how it is—here and there and everywhere. Hear you wanted to see me, Owlie, old boy!"

"Yes," replied the Owl, "I hear you have been stealing Farmer Brown's chickens again. Is that right?"

"Well, they were there and I was hungry. After all, he has plenty to spare. No harm intended, you know. Have to make a living somehow."

"Yes, well! You seem to be making a poor reputation for yourself and for the Land, as well as a 'living,' as you put it. Therefore, we have just voted and decided that you are to be banished from the Land."

The Fox was obviously startled. "Oh, Owlie, you're just kiddin' again, aren't ya!" The Owl was silent. "Just trying to give me a little scare?" No response. "Oh, come on now, it wasn't that bad. If I hadn't been in a tough spot, I wouldn't have done it. all of you know that! Don't ya?"

The old Owl finally spoke. "Your action was stealing. There is no recourse. I hereby order you to pack and leave before sundown." The Fox crept away, sorry, and discouraged.

"Mr. Owl," chirped the plump Mrs. Robin, "as long as we are on this subject of stealing, I have a complaint to make. Mrs. Cowbird has laid one of her eggs in my nest! Now I'll have to rear her young and neglect my own!"

"Go on."

"Well," continued Mrs. Robin, "I feel that this is stealing, in a way. They are stealing my time and my energy to do their work. It would only be appropriate that Mr. and Mrs. Cowbird be also banned from the Land."

"Hold on a minute," screeched Mr. Cowbird. "These two incidents are entirely different. Fox actually stole the chicken. My wife doesn't have time to care for the egg. She is just too tired."

"You mean she is almost too fat to fly!" shrieked Mr. Robin.

"Whoot! Now," said the Owl, "let us ask Mr. Bullfrog's opinion."

"Well," croaked Mr. Bullfrog in his deep bass voice, "both are wrong, in a sense. Mrs. Cowbird is wrong, for she should not expect others to do her work. Yet, Mrs. Robin is wrong in calling it stealing from her. Mrs. Cowbird is stealing only from herself, for she will never know the joy of rearing a fledgling. The two—stealing from others and stealing from oneself—are similar in ethical and moral principle, but are different in the punishment each should entail."

"In that case," said the Owl, "Mr. and Mrs. Cowbird will brew the tea for the next nine hundred years. Mr. Beaver, do you have something to say again?"

"Just a word before refreshments are served. As you can see, this thing is bigger than we sometimes think. It is not going to stop, no matter how severe our punishments become. Therefore, why not place everyone on his honor to do only what is right. If everyone did so, we would not have these problems."

The Owl closed his eyes for a moment of contemplation. Then he began. "Philosophically, this is an excellent idea. In practice, it is unworkable. An honor system needs honorable animals; but there are no honorable animals."

"But certainly I am, Mr. Owl," said the Beaver, angrily banging his tail upon the log.

"Well . . ."

"Mr. Owl." It was the voice of the shy Turtle.

"Yes, Mr. Turtle."

"Mr. Owl, I think I know what you mean. There is some bad and some good in all of us. The amount of each varies from time to time. Mr. Beaver today is very pious and philosophical. Perhaps he has forgotten about an incident that happened a couple of years ago. I was living a way down the stream. Then Mr. Beaver came along and built a large dam up above my home. Of course, the water downstream was almost entirely cut off and I had to move far upstream. I didn't say anything, but I do believe that this was unfair!"

"Exactly," said the Owl. "It is actions like these in all animals that rule out the possibility of anyone never doing wrong. And then, there are animals like the Turtle, who do not say anything, thus making themselves as wrong as the accused. It is for these reasons that the honor system would not work in the Land of the Still and Silent. Instead, we must all continue to do only what is right, and we must continue to punish vigorously all who do wrong deeds. And now, anyone for tea?"

# Genetic Variability and the Conditioning of an Embryo

WILBUR L. FRENCH

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

IN THIS PAPER SOME OF THE CONDITIONING PROCESSES used in the Embryo Store\* will be analyzed with regard to current genetic theory. The purpose of this paper is to show that some of the fantastic things which happened to the embryos in the Embryo Store could indeed be possible under the conditions which prevailed in the Store. The Director explained why conditioning could occur by saying:

Hasn't it occurred to you that an Epsilon embryo must have an Epsilon environment as well as an Epsilon heredity?

In current theory, the phenotype (characteristics which can be observed) of an individual is not a mosaic of a multitude of individually expressed genes. The phenotype of an organism is the result of many interactions between the genes of an individual and the modifications of the genic expressions caused by the environment in which the organism develops.

Can intra-uterine conditions during the embryonic development of a mammal change the expression of the organism's hereditary material? Mr. Foster indicated that it was possible to modify the phenotype of the embryo by altering the environment in which it develops:

"Reducing the number of revolutions per minute," Mr. Foster explained, "The surrogate goes round slower; therefore passes through the lung at longer intervals; therefore gives the embryo less oxygen. Nothing like oxygen-shortage for keeping an embryo below par."

Intra-uterine conditions during pregnancy can be shown to influence the expression of the genotype in mammals. Consistent differences in degree or frequency of manifestation of certain genetic characters are found when the progeny of old mothers are compared to the progeny of young mothers. Scientific proof of the influence of the intra-uterine environment in the phenotype includes experiments with white spotting in guinea pigs, and harelip in mice. Many congenital malformations in man also appear to exhibit the tendency to be expressed more often or in a more pronounced way as the intra-uterine conditions change (generally by aging).

Can the human embryo learn before the trauma of birth (or decantation)? Mr. Foster believed that the human embryo could learn to fear cold:

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\* Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World* (ed.)

Hot tunnels alternated with cool tunnels. Coldness was wedded to discomfort in the form of hard X-rays. By the time they were decanted the embryos had a horror of cold.

Conditioned response in the human fetus has been accomplished. A human embryo was conditioned to contract its body in response to a mild electric shock which was applied to the abdomen of its mother. There was no original response by the embryo to the shock stimuli. The response to the shock was learned by the embryo as a result of a conditioned response experiment.

Is it possible that the introduction of male sex hormone into the environment in which the female embryo is developing could cause the female embryo to become a freemartin? Mr. Foster indicated that the above procedure was possible:

So we allow as many as thirty per cent of the female embryos to develop normally. The others get a dose of male sex-hormone every twenty-four metres for the rest of the course. Result: they're decanted as freemartins.

When a female calf is twin-born with a male calf, the female is always a freemartin. The female becomes a freemartin because of the presence of the male sex-hormone produced by the male calf during the time when their blood circulatory systems were connected.

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## My Erstwhile Hobby

JOHN J. McCAULEY  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

BECAUSE OF THE ENLIGHTENED STATE OF MEN'S MINDS and the efficient methods of modern business and industry, we now have more leisure time on our hands than ever before. Also, as a result of the increasing complexity of our times, we worry a great deal, and our psyches are plagued by frustration and other inner conflicts. Therefore, two problems, like specters, loom up before us. What shall we do with our newly found spare time, and how can we relieve our minds from the stress and strain of the routine of our lives? Suddenly, the mental hygiene wizard bounds onto the scene. "I know!" he shouts joyously. "Why doesn't everyone get a hobby? Wouldn't that be just peachy?" The mental health lad is exceedingly pleased with himself, and we watch him skip off into the distance, crying, "That's it!! A hobby!—A hobby, hobby, hobby, hobby, hobby! Hobbies, everyone!"

Maybe we haven't time for a hobby, but we are jolly well going to have one, mutters the sporting goods salesman as he grimly tries to pry our front door open with a nine-iron. "Everyone needs a hobby," insists the

T.V. set. "Gregory Peck has one. He drives a motor boat powered by an 'Evinrude' engine. Why don't you see your nearest 'Evinrude' dealer TODAY . . ." We turn the T.V. set off. On the way to work we are unmercifully besieged by signs. Signs in every shade of color in the spectrum scream at us, "DO IT YOURSELF! Make it your hobby and save money! Everyone needs a hobby!" We flee into the sanctuary of our office, only to be greeted: "You look a little run down, John. You need something to take your mind off your work . . . don't you think that you should have a hobby?" We retire to the janitor's closet, lock the door from the inside, and gnaw on a broom handle for two hours.

Later, when we see a doctor for a checkup, that learned soul removes his heavy-rimmed spectacles and says in the deep bass voice of impending doom: "My boy, *you* need a hobby."

"Gee, Doc, I have several hobbies. I read the funny papers, I bet on the horses now and then; I occasionally play a little poker with the boys, I . . ." Our voice trails off weakly and cracks, for we are being transfixed by an icy stare.

"A hobby should be uplifting and educational," reproves the doctor. "Like golf," he adds, remembering that he has an engagement to play a few holes at three o'clock. The interview ends, and we go home determined to "get a hobby."

Many people have a great deal of difficulty in choosing a hobby. I, in my own personal experience, had *no* difficulty. I chose gourmanderie, or the art of cooking strange and exotic dishes, simply because it was the first reasonable suggestion given to me. I loathe active sports and games, I hate any form of recreation in which intense mental concentration of any degree is required, and I have an intense aversion for building model cars and airplanes. Consequently, when someone said, "Why don't you learn to cook?" I decided that I would like to be a gourmand. The very next day I came home carrying armloads of cookbooks. When I went to work on my new hobby, sister protested. "What are you doing in the kitchen?" said she.

"Hobbing," said I, as I slammed a mixing bowl onto the table, smashed an egg into it, and started to make a batch of watermelon upside-down cake. She stared, still unbelieving.

"Well, just be sure to clean up when you're done," she ventured. "What did you say you were making?"

"Nothing," I growled, and stirred faster.

"Oh . . ." She turned and staggered, shocked, from the room.

For three months, I gained immeasurable enjoyment and twenty-five pounds from my hobby. I cooked everything from rib of roast elephant au gratin to the delicious cream of pulverized barnacle sauce. I was happy, for I had at last found a way to express myself. Then, one day, deep in the dark, damp cellar of the library, I found a big black book. Because it was so tattered and dusty, it looked as if it were centuries old. The lettering on the cover was obliterated except for the author's name. Upon closer exami-

nation with a magnifying glass, the author's name proved to be Weenin Mather, and the date of the volume's publication 1592. I noted that the binding had evidently crumbled, so I took great care and opened the book very cautiously. The title page read: *Witchcrafte and How Ye May Worke Yttes Wondres*. I turned to the first page. The very first line said: "Tayke ye one sparrowe egge . . ." That was enough for me. I had found, or so I believed, a medieval cookbook! I supposed that the title was simply a clever implication that the eaters of the food therein described would be "bewitched" by its savory taste.

I decided to try the first recipe. I took one sparrow egg, half a mouldy loaf of bread, a fistful of rusty nails, a scoopful of corn mush, a quart of oil of vitriol, and stirred them all together in a cement cauldron as directed. I heated the mixture for two hours, then added two bed springs, and one mouse which had died of a violent and unexpected heart attack caused by a crash in the stock market. After the mixture had cooled somewhat, I realized that I had no Snft powder, which was the next and most important ingredient. In fact, I didn't even know what Snft powder *was*. I phoned all over town without success before I finally located an obscure little curiosity shop which had some Snft powder. The aged voice quavered over the phone that yes, he'd send some Snft powder over with his delivery boy right away. In approximately ten minutes my doorbell rang. When I opened the door, a little old man, strangely attired in a ragged black robe and a brown hood, handed me an envelope marked "Snft" and slithered away. "Wait!" I said. "What do I owe you?" He stopped, turned, and peered up at me from within his cowl for a second. Suddenly he emitted a mocking shriek of laughter, pivoted on his bare feet, and cavorted down the sidewalk. I watched him, puzzled, till he was out of sight. Very strange.

I returned to the kitchen clutching the Snft powder. While I was at the door, the steam had cleared away from the pot, making visible an ominous-looking green ooze. As I gingerly sprinkled the Snft powder onto the surface, my sister came into the room. She said, "What are you . . ." Suddenly there was a flash of blinding red and orange light, accompanied by a fierce, wall-shaking explosion. I could hear the glass in the kitchen windows shatter. The plaster fell from the ceiling, and my sister screamed. There were a number of successive screeches, and when the smoke cleared away, my sister was gone. I combed the house for her, but to no avail. I had the police and the F.B.I. search for her, but still to no avail. Naturally, I felt quite bad about the whole incident. It cost a considerable amount of money to have the plaster replaced, and when I last heard from my sister, she was in Pi-Tang China, steadily working her way homeward with absolutely no idea of how she had been spirited away to the Orient. When she gets home, I am certainly not going to tell her.

My cooking hobby is now a thing of the past. I have burned all my cookbooks and warned all my friends that I want to hear no more of hobbies. In the future, when someone inquires if I have a hobby, I will reply in

an unpleasant tone of voice, "Yes, I do. I have a very intriguing hobby. I *shoot* inquisitive strangers." With that, I will draw a water pistol and further horrify the fellow by deluging him with indelible red ink. Have a hobby yourself, if you will, my friend. I will settle for a nervous breakdown.

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## Delinquency—A Dialogue

JOHN L. EVANS, JR.

*Rhetoric 101, Assignment 3*

SENEX: Juvenile delinquency is rampant. It increases with the passing of each minute.

JUVENIS: One moment, Mr. Speaker; just what is your definition of juvenile delinquency?

s: My dear young fellow, juvenile delinquency is merely the disgraceful, flagrant disregard for law and order shown by our youth today.

J: By law and order, then, you mean established custom?

s: Very definitely; and legislated acts also. And I say that the situation is becoming increasingly worse.

J: May I interpose a thought?

s: Yes.

J: Could not we re-phrase your original statement to exclude the word "juvenile" and substitute the word "parent?"

s: Just what do you infer?

J: I infer, sir, that it is not juvenile delinquency that is rampant. It is not juveniles who are initially or originally disregarding law or custom. It is parents. I accuse parents, individually and collectively, of violating their moral obligation and responsibility to the state, to society, and to God. I charge any parent to refute by his or her example my accusation and prove his righteousness.

s: Sir, you have a biased concept. I demand the immediate retraction of your charge, and your apology to the mothers and fathers of America for this insult to them.

J: Mr. Speaker—if you can refute but one of the arguments I intend to propose in support of my charge, I shall humble myself and beg the forgiveness of every parent alive. But, first, let us consider a sapling tree. If an owner desires that his growing tree shall be espaliered, does he encourage its progress toward that goal with admonitions, pleadings, cajolings, and threats? I answer no. He takes positive action. Doing so, does he then wait until the tree is grown and beyond gaining a *horticultural complex* to begin its training? Again I answer no. He begins the training of the branches of that tree in its infancy. Now, Mr. Speaker, modernists will answer that a tree is an inanimate object, to which I wholeheartedly

agree. But, I reiterate, the pattern for that tree's future behavior is set from its infancy.

s: I fail to see that you have proven your point.

J: The point I have proven is that the progress, not the object, is the same for the training of any living, growing, progressing form. Secondly, let us ascend the ladder of biographical classification, and approach the realm of humanity more closely. Consider the trainer of animals. Does he not pursue the same course as the trainer of trees? His progress may not be as constant as the former, because he is dealing with animate forms, and must contend with an intellect. Howbeit inferior to man's, it is still an intellect, therefore a personality—or animality—if you wish to be specific.

s: We are not raising trees or animals. We have no problem with trees or animals or their behavior or their delinquency. We are discussing juvenile delinquency. You are evading the subject and attempting to confuse the issue.

J: I am afraid, Mr. Speaker, that you are evading the issue—the issue of responsibility for behavior. To whom is a child initially responsible? To his parents, God willing. With whom is his initial contact after birth? With his parents. Who is legally, therefore morally, responsible for his later conduct with society? There can be but one answer—his parents. We cry that juvenile delinquency is on the increase. Is not adult misbehavior and misconduct on the increase? A child follows example. If it is good, he will be good; if it is bad, the odds are against his being raised and trained in a proper manner. Let us consider the juvenile behavior in other cultures. Is juvenile delinquency on the increase in those cultures and in those tribes or homes where there are close and abiding family ties? Consider the Asiatics. We look askance and with disdain upon their mode of living. Yet, I have seen no great juvenile problem there. There is no hue and cry that the world is going to pot because of their adolescents. Come closer to home. How many American Indians become a police problem? They have no juvenile difficulties. Do you know why? It is because these peoples look upon their children as desirable, and an integral part of their life. They have the perseverance and determination—and intestinal fortitude—to stand behind their convictions in the face of adversity as well as during periods of prosperity.

s: But we are neither Asiatics nor Indians. We are Americans and we have American children.

J: Thank you, Mr. Speaker, you have just proven my final point. We are Americans—true—but we are biologically the same as the Indians, the Asiatics, or even the ancient Greeks or Egyptians. Even though we are Americans, we are only human beings subject to the same problems of life which confronted Confucius, Plato, Saint Augustine, or Immanuel Kant. We have progressed, yes. That is, if you care to describe our present civilization by our own definition of progress. But such a description is fatal to the premise. Have we progressed in our concept of duty, responsi-

bility, consideration for others, justice, or truth? I must answer in the negative. The American culture reached its zenith during its sociological progress of the eighteenth century. And ever since then we have been attempting to live on our historic laurels. And, we are in the same circumstances—we are living under the same illusionary dreams—as the Romans prior to their downfall. Today's children who see the light of day beyond their mother's womb—and for many this is prevented—come into a world and among parents, who, if they are not indifferent to their product, are hounded and vexed by *modern* pseudo-psychology into believing that they have been sentenced to be confined with a bundle of inhibited, dormant, razor-edge complexes which at the least-expected turn will project themselves upon and into the child's personality, and by some mysterious mutation change their little Doctor Jekyll into a monstrous Mister Hyde.

Mr. Speaker, look around you. How many children do you see neglected by indolent parents? How many children are rotted to the core by unsuccessfully purchased affection? Count the children who say "NO" to a parent's demands and are free to say "NO" again. See for yourself how many parents know where their children are at any given hour, and have a reasonable assurance as to what they are doing. Did you have the freedom of action during your boyhood that you give your children? Did you, as a boy, or your parents decide what was best for your welfare and well-being? Child psychology is a necessary but complex science. It is not a plaything for the amateur or unenlightened. Used properly by well-founded psychologists it is a necessary adjunct to all other sciences, but it cannot be interpreted by the average person.

In closing, I should like to quote a passage from Proverbs, "*Train a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" That statement is almost a command. And it presupposes that parents should know best. When they use their God-given sense, analyze their problem, and execute their demands, regardless of sympathy, apathy, or pseudo-affection, they will fulfill their mission in life, and juvenile delinquency will cease to exist.

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### IN THE NIGHT

He studied his wife with compassion. How old and tired she seemed! Her hair, once lustrous and rich, was faded, matted, greying. He wanted to touch it, remembering, but she sighed and stirred, so instead he rose quietly from the bed and walked to the window, where he stood absently picking the peeling paint from the sill. He could smell the urine of the child's diapers. He could smell the room, the life that was in it. He could smell the old, flowered wallpaper stretched over cracked plaster. He could smell tonight's dinner, and last night's dinner; all the meals of the past seemed to have left some lingering odor behind.—William Babcock, 102.

# Rhet as Writ

To make it more difficult we had a child the November before I started school which was February. \_\_\_\_\_

Motorcycles are almost unlimited as to the places they are capable of going: bridal-paths, fields and streams . . . \_\_\_\_\_

Many people nowadays do not know much about the digestion system except that food is placed in the mouth and leaves by route of the rectum. This must be changed for a healthy and happy life. \_\_\_\_\_

. . . I would take her to a very beautiful spot overlooking the lake, where we could talk about the many people we would probably have in common. \_\_\_\_\_

One of the most important things that a liberal education provides is a cavity to think clearly. \_\_\_\_\_

Dulles took the bull by the horns and flew to England. \_\_\_\_\_

In these different Service Schools they can be helpful for your outside life if you don't plan to make a career out of it. \_\_\_\_\_

Lost in thought among this taunting call of nature, we wander over the earth as birds on the wing. \_\_\_\_\_

The city of Chicago is located at the bottom of Lake Michigan. \_\_\_\_\_

By comparison to the general run of sea stories *Billy Budd* is a very unusual tail. \_\_\_\_\_

We do not shave with formulas but we shave with the shaving cream. \_\_\_\_\_

. . . she heard a soundless noise. \_\_\_\_\_

There is no doubt in my mind but what authors write books for people to read. \_\_\_\_\_

These machines were all purchased from used-car lots, with the exception of my 1929 Ford which was purchased from a dead farmer.



## The Contributors

*Frank K. Lorenz*—Thornton Fractional

*Gerald M. Peterson*—Oak Park and River Forest

*Michael P. Hoffman*—Hillsboro Community

*Robert R. Allison, Jr.*—Proviso Twp.

*James Archer*—Benjamin Franklin, Rochester, N. Y.

*John A. Finley*—Red Bud Community

*Thomas B. Thew*—Moline

*Wilbur L. French*—Veedersburg, Ind.

*John J. McCauley*—Champaign Senior

*John L. Evans, Jr.*—Fortin, New Orleans, La.

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Rhet as Writ

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



# The Suez Canal, a UN Test

ALICE W. THUROW

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 1*

THE CURRENT CRISIS OVER THE POSSESSION AND USE of the Suez Canal has been of great interest to me. The Canal itself is certainly a very important waterway, of vital concern to every country shipping goods extensively by water. The aspect of the situation which interests me, however, is not the use of the Canal, but the part played in this controversy by the United Nations.

Nasser of Egypt has directly challenged the authority of the English and French. Of much greater importance to the world is the challenge he has made to the authority and ability of the United Nations to settle disputes. Both England and France have labored hard and long to come up with an acceptable solution. The United States has assisted in these labors to a great extent. Dulles has endeavored to maintain a check on France and Great Britain, since the United States does not want an international war started over this issue. Apart from the efforts of several great nations, what part has the United Nations taken in the controversy?

The United Nations was set up at the close of the last World War to maintain peace and arbitrate international disputes. Most of the nations of the world are members of this organization and take an active role in its functions. The Charter of the United Nations outlines the police force it shall maintain and how troops for this police force shall be obtained. This police force has never been organized. Nations can arbitrate at great length through the United Nations, but unless the United Nations has some means of enforcing its decisions, what weight do its dicta carry?

The United Nations is a most necessary and vital agent in international affairs today. It could prove to be the means for maintaining world peace. So far, it has followed too closely the path of the League of Nations. If the United Nations is to be our means of maintaining world peace, then it must have the power to enforce its decisions.

The Suez Canal crisis is much more a test of the strength and determination of the United Nations than it is of the power of Egypt, England, or France. For the sake of the future of the world, I hope the United Nations takes its proper place in the debates upon this crisis. After an acceptable solution is reached, I also hope it is carried out by the United Nations and not by the individual nations concerned.

# Desegregation in the Schools

AVAH LOUISE PHILLIPS

*Placement Test Theme*

SINCE THE SUPREME COURT DECISION IN 1955, MUCH HAS been written, said, and done about the integration of the Negro pupil into the white school. Much of the uproar has been political, some has been spiritual, but most has been prejudicial.

Man is a creature of prejudice. Much of this prejudice is a manifestation of his inborn egotism. *His* religion is the right one, *his* color is the superior one, *his* politics are the soundest. This prejudice is right and good to a certain extent. Man should be proud of his beliefs; he should be proud of his race; he should be proud of his political affiliations. However, when this pride mushrooms into such proportions as to exclude respect for another man of different beliefs, it is no longer righteous pride, but selfish, simple prejudice.

It is this same prejudice which has created the furor about integration. This prejudice has no place in the modern, democratic United States. In Clinton, Tennessee, and in Mayfield, Texas, Negroes were forcibly excluded from white schools. Is this true democracy? Is this a portrayal of our belief that all men are created equal?

The Negro has always been in disfavor in all the United States, although particularly so in the South, where the first slaves were brought in the seventeenth century. In touring the South, one may see this disfavor exemplified in the tiny, filthy, dilapidated shacks which many Negroes call home. This disfavor may be seen exemplified in the North by the exclusion of the Negro from certain residential districts, or from expensive theaters and restaurants.

One characteristic of this prejudice-flavored discrimination, however, cannot be ignored. That is, children are not naturally prejudiced toward other children. All youngsters have the same innate pride in themselves and their accomplishments as do adults, but they do not create barriers of color, religion, or race, as do adults.

It is this ingenuous acceptance of others which children have that may determine the future of the integration principle. Adults would do well to be led by their children in the problem of segregation. In his exposition, *The Human Mind*, Karl Menninger states: "Only in the minds of idiots and small children can there be found an artless, true conscience."

Although American adults are neither idiots nor small children, they should also have artless, true consciences. If this inner spirit can be invoked, the problem of integration in schools will be solved, and the American nation can again lift its head in liberty.

# My Theory of Religion

DENNIS JAY ZEITLIN

*Placement Test Theme*

*PROLOGUE: The moon gazed down upon the forest, partially illuminating the clearing, the sacrificial altar, and the huddled men gazing back in a totality of fear and reverence . . .*

BEFORE ATTEMPTING TO LAUNCH INTO "MY THEORY OF Religion" I would like to make a few explanations. First of all, I am aware that my ideas do not represent the general sentiment of the American people, and I hope that the reader will not take offense at any of the opinions expressed here. Perhaps a brief look at my past will indicate the origin of these opinions.

I come from a family of Jewish background, although neither my mother nor my father feel strongly about any religion. They have never forced me to go to synagogue, but also they were perfectly willing to let me attend services during a period of extreme social pressure by my friends. My father is a doctor; my mother is a speech pathologist. Basically, then, our house is one of science. But enough of my history—let us go back further into the past, not my past, but back to the early days of the human species.

When man first appeared on this earth thousands of years ago, he was not, if what most scientists say is true, greatly in advance culturally of his fellow animals. In the early stages of his existence he was possessed of little or no technology. And yet he was confronted with all the geological upheavals and cosmic phenomena that we are confronted with today. Because of his cultural and technological immaturity, his environment must have necessarily seemed far more awe-inspiring than does ours today. However, man cannot be happy when he does not know, and he worries about this lack of knowledge. He becomes insecure, a condition which would seem to be in exact opposition to the homeostasis that scientists say all men strive for. It appears then that man's happiness depended upon facing and "solving" the unknown. Ancient men did this in the only way that they could. They affixed the mantles of gods upon the great bodies and events which they observed in nature: the sun, moon, trees, rain, and all the others which they could not explain. Life, death and sickness were also probably conceived as deities. This was how they "explained" their milieu and "faced" the unknown: through reverence and fear of gods.

But since that time, man has most certainly progressed culturally and technologically. We have discovered fire, steel, coal. We can build huge buildings and cities, and now even contemplate a structure one mile high. We have virtually conquered smallpox, malaria, bubonic plague, and possibly in the near future, polio. We can swim faster than any fish, we can fly faster

than any bird, we can run faster than any animal, all with the aid of our environment-conquering devices. Man has certainly progressed in his battle against his milieu. Has his method of facing the unknown also progressed?

Many of the so-called modern religions, which ostensibly have derived from the past, still preach the fear and reverence of a god, a god that controls or oversees the actions of humans, predestines them, designates them to a heaven or a hell after death, but an entity that will certainly have pity and kindness for those who prostrate themselves before him. A few of these "modern" religions persist in denying the use of the tremendous advances in medicine, preferring to leave their members malformed or, in some cases, to die.

I do not pretend to have the authority to condemn these people, nor do I feel that anyone has this right. There are definitely advantages to a complete faith in a religion. People possessing such faith can face the unknown and their problems with an amazing degree of fatalism and serenity, employing the admittedly comforting crutch of God. However, I do not believe that this is the logical way to behave in a supposedly scientific society. I would classify myself as an agnostic—I do not claim or disclaim the existence of a god. But since no one has been able to teach me to perceive "God" with any of the senses, which are the bases of the scientific method, I prefer to live my life assuming that such things as life after death, predestination, and reincarnation do not exist. I believe that the logical way to face the unknown is with the scientific method—employing all the senses, reason, and experimentation. I believe that in this never-ending quest for knowledge, gleaned in a realistic, logical way, man can come and actually has come farther along the road toward his goal of a security based on a true and firm foundation.

*EPILOGUE: The moon gazed down upon the earth, illuminating a section of the huge, 200-inch telescope staring silently back at it . . .*

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## Conversation Shows the Man

SAYRE D. ANDERSEN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

THERE ARE MANY METHODS THAT MEN EMPLOY TO judge their fellow men; some people use the criterion of dress, others go by physical appearances, and others form opinions just from first impressions. But the most valid standard is that of an individual's conversation—what he says and how he says it. The two aspects must be carefully considered if a person wishes to evaluate another by his speech.

Conversation is the table of contents of a man's intelligence. What an individual talks about is directly related to the amount of knowledge he

possesses. It is apparent that a person who ends his education with high school cannot speak as intelligently and on as wide a variety of subjects as can a college graduate. For example, a person who continually talks about himself and his own experiences is considered conceited; in many cases, however, it is a lack of education, not conceit, that has limited his sphere of interest and understanding. Conversely, the man who has a profundity of knowledge in only one field is easily identified by the want of scope in his conversation. But the evaluation of a man's learning is not the sole information to be gained from his speech; examination of the opinions, the prejudices, and the desires expressed in his conversation can be resolved into a reasonably just estimate of the quality of his moral character.

But manner is as important as matter. The ability or inability of a person to express himself clearly, concisely, and forcefully determines the impression he will make upon others. The man who is adept at conveying his thoughts to others with simplicity gains respect, confidence, and admiration. Very true is the assertion that those who have nothing to say usually say the most. Instead of creating an impression of great intelligence, verbosity shows a lack of thinking and reveals an obviously falsified erudition. In the same manner, vagueness and obscurity in speech point out a person's ignorance. Thus the keys to manner are conciseness, force, and sincerity.

Conversational ability—what is said and how it is said—is one of the most accurate means by which a man can be evaluated. Quite wisely did the Greek orator Demosthenes say: "A vessel is known by the sound, whether it be cracked or not; so men are proved, by their speech, whether they be wise or foolish."

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## What's Wrong—Too Much Diversion?

QUENDRED WUTZKE CARPENTER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER I HAPPENED UPON A FORMER classmate of mine who had left high school to get married. After the usual animated greeting between long-separated friends, I noticed that her face had an anonymous, mask-like appearance. Her momentary brightness had been quickly replaced by a rather dull, vacant look—one that I had seen many times before on the faces of married women. I asked her how she was getting along. "Oh fine—fine," she said, as though by reflex. I went ahead to tell her some local news, and, pausing for a reply, I received an empty-sounding, "Oh?" I said a few more words to her, but I lost interest

in continuing when it suddenly occurred to me that, though she was looking at me and smiling, she wasn't *listening* to me at all. As she walked away, I couldn't help thinking that in a world that must be, in hundreds of ways, more interesting than it ever has been before, among a people who have more free time than has ever been known, with so many interesting things to do, she was somehow missing out. I could imagine her rapidly becoming a typical "housewife."

Although something seems to be wrong with her and others like her, it is certainly not in the fact that they have gotten married. Married women hold positions of enviable importance. One of the most influential members—perhaps *the* most influential member of our society is the homemaker. Her job is to make complete the lives of all other people, young and old, in every other sort of occupation. Not only does she fulfil the physical needs of her charges by seeing to it that they are well fed and clothed and can relax in clean, pleasant surroundings, but she is the catalytic agent in uniting each family member, with his own separate environment and concerns, into one loyal unit, and she serves as intermediary to interpret to her family the affairs of the community. She sets the standard for her family; thus collectively the standard for the neighborhood is set. Her babies copy the vocabulary she uses and the way she talks. They summarily adopt her basic outlook on life; her opinions expressed become immediately their own. Her living habits, her ethics, her tastes, and her mental awareness are the patterns that inevitably shape the characters of everyone in her family. When it comes to developing people who can set the pace in our society, the homemaker has a direct control.

How many "pace setters" are there, though, in this world—in our neighborhoods? Most of the public are content to follow. They're satisfied to remain common, even uninteresting (and often *uninterested*), and to somehow just manage to keep pace—however, if keeping pace means knowing who one's alderman is and voting in every election, a tremendous number of citizens are not even keeping pace with their world. But then, how many homemakers are setting a good pace for their families? The fault doesn't lie in the role they play, but in the fact that something prevents many of them from doing justice to the part. Their influence is just as great as that of any homemaker, but they are not really worthy of the name "homemaker" at all. It is these women I prefer to label as "housewives."

A multitude of young women have as their primary goal in life, marriage, and, having attained it, everything that follows belongs in the "happily-ever-after" category, the real acting out of which creates an anticlimax. Unaware of the possibilities for excitement in their lives, they seek instead some artificial stimulation. This is easy—all too easy for their own good. Modern communication, one of the marks of our great progress, steps in to make "housewives" out of them. Absorbing this constant flow of communication leaves a woman little time—or need—to think on her own. The creative ideas of other people are at her fingertips in countless magazines. Manufacturers of household goods taunt her into feeling obligated to lose herself in house-

work, vying with the woman next door through the "magic" of commercial products. She glances hurriedly through the newspaper to read of local scandal—and if there is time, the Hollywood column. Her only conversational ability lies in the realm of gossip. Day long, her radio (if not her television) suspends her in the fantasy-world of the soap opera—the tear-jerking serial story to which countless women become addicted. From every side, the commercial world, through a vast, varied system of communication, seeks to outdo itself in providing material that will awaken her interests, but only enough to make her go shopping. It isn't possible for her to take it all in. Such an unceasing harangue is sufficient cause to make a woman, in self defense, habitually heed only a fraction of the noise and print that comes her way. She notices little—becomes a poor listener. The only things which will succeed in catching her attention are the extraordinary, the exaggerated, the odious and the glamorous, or threats to her feeling of security. She, whose influence is so great, is thus herself influenced by such harmful means.

Actually, what holds true for the "housewife" holds true for anyone constantly exposed to the all-powerful influence of commercial communication. Let's consider ourselves. For many years we have been pupils in school. Our days have been spent in exposure to the wonders of the world through the lectures and class discussions in which our teachers talk themselves hoarse, the increasingly popular visual-aid movies, and the textbooks in which we do regularly assigned reading. We must assimilate as much as possible of the torrent of ideas that surrounds us, not merely to keep from becoming dull, passive social bores, but in order that we may develop into competent, useful citizens of our communities, contributing our best to the society in which we live. Yet our elders are becoming uncomfortably aware of the fact that we, too, have allowed our senses to become dulled by the devices used by our mass media of communication. They sigh to admit that students would grasp more information from their science textbooks were they written in the sensational, brightly illustrated form of the comic books children clamor to buy. They realize that more pupils would at least be able to remember *having seen* their classroom movies were the diagrams narrated by lively cartoon characters, and a touch of Hollywood-type romance slipped into each geography class travelog. In the spirit of "if you can't fight 'em—join 'em," our teachers find themselves tempted to ape radio and television commercials; they consume class hours in repeating the same material over and over far more than should be necessary, in hopes that, at some fleeting moment during this time, each youngster might condescend to listen. Like the "housewife" who slips into a boring rut, we are forgetting what it's like to approach life with awareness and curiosity—we have all been pampered into requiring information to beat its way into our consciousness, so that we may respond with an expressionless "Oh?"

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Learning is changing one's mind.

—Ronald Richards

# Nothing to Do but Work

JAMES M. HOLDEN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 3*

THE POOR, UNSUSPECTING STUDENT WHO CHOOSES TO study electrical engineering at the University of Illinois will find that his school work will occupy all his time. He will not have a free or leisure minute to call his own. While I speak from personal experience for the communication option students, I know of students who are taking the other options, power or illumination, and their predicament is the same. The average student will find that this is the case. Naturally, the brilliant man will have some leisure time; but the slower one will be fortunate to find time to sleep and eat.

There is no argument against the fact that any person, regardless of his occupation, requires a certain amount of diversion and recreation. This is especially true for a student, because his school work demands intense mental concentration. The scholar needs leisure time to release these tensions built up in the class rooms and study halls. This is a recognized fact. Unfortunately, here at the University of Illinois the student does not have the time to relax. Why?

This situation is the result of two main causes. First, the semester-hour credit granted for most electrical engineering courses is unrealistic. Second, the Electrical Engineering School is overcrowded with students and understaffed with instructors. Both of these conditions result in the student spending more time with his books than he normally would have to.

Most electrical engineering courses are under-rated, in that they require more time by the student than he is reimbursed for in semester hours. EE 322, Circuit Analysis, is an excellent example of this inequality. This course meets five days a week for one hour of instruction each time, and it also requires ten to fifteen hours of home-work a week. All this time and work is rewarded with four semester hours. Laboratory courses are either given as a one-hour course or attached to a four-hour course without any extra credit. EE 323, Circuit Analysis Laboratory, is a one-hour course. It takes, however, three hours of class work and four to six hours of homework each week. This whole problem may be boiled down to a simple summary. The electrical engineering curriculum is a five-year course squeezed into four years. This, coupled with reason number two, requires that the student work harder and longer than those in other colleges.

In order to take care of the increased enrollment, the electrical engineering department has streamlined its instruction. Individual teaching has given way to mass lecture, and evaluation has been reduced to tabulating the results of hour exams and homework assignments. Even the laboratory has

lost its individual touch. Four, five or more students are crowded around one small table. The laboratory report determines the grade.

In order to pass these courses, a great number of hours must be spent on preparing the written reports and problem solutions. These papers are the primary factor in the final grade. Because of the mass-production methods of teaching, the student must also spend more time studying on his own. It is impossible to estimate how much this second situation increases the student's work load, but it does require considerably more work than normally should be required. Because of the above two reasons, an electrical engineering student will be working almost twenty-hour hours a day.

The simple solution to this problem is to expand the electrical engineering curriculum to five years, double the size of the electrical engineering building, and hire one hundred more instructors. Naturally, this is impossible. Just the same, however, the student needs a little time to relax and rest. What can be done? Both the student and instructor must recognize the problem. The instructor must be reasonable and understanding. A close coordination between instructors must be maintained to eliminate duplication and to synchronize test and homework assignments. Finally, the Electrical Engineering Department must continually work on the problem and remember that each student is, after all, a human being and needs time to eat, sleep, and have a little diversion.

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## National Political Conventions

STEPHEN PAUL THOMAS

*Placement Test Theme*

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, FRENCH POLITICAL SCIENTIST of the nineteenth century, demonstrated that the element of confusion was a necessary part of democratic government. However, when confusion approaches chaotic proportions, the time for remedial and reconstructive measures is at hand. It would appear that now is the time for some changes in our methods of selecting nominees for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States.

The practice of holding national political conventions was begun in the 1800's by a small, now no longer extant political party. Practically every governmental practice and policy has, since that era, been revised. Yet in one hundred years we have not altered our methods of selecting nominees for the two most important jobs in America. If this practice had always proven itself efficient, there would be no need for change. But out of national political conventions have come nominees who were not qualified, not particularly desirous of being elected, and not physically able to handle the highest governmental positions.

Recently some one hundred million Americans watched all or a large part of two national political conventions. The viewing multitudes did not hear officially from any of the prospective candidates until after the nominations were complete. It seems to me that a much more efficient system would be for the prospective candidates to present their cases to the American people, via the vast communication systems we have. After the American people had heard from and seen all the candidates, a national primary election could be held. In this manner the people would choose their candidates directly.

It seems to me that this system would be, not a dangerous change, but a necessary modification. The ultimate worth of any democratic process, I am told, is proportional to the worth of the individuals taking part in it.

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## Abecedarians

ANONYMOUS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 2*

THE FACT THAT A TEACHER IS A HUMAN BEING IS POSSIBLY the one and only declaration about him that remains truthful and steadfast under the duresses of time and among many leagues of disheartened scholars. An instructor is also that individual who is faced with the momentous task of fashioning, casting, and influencing the lives of his most worthy but unwittingly thick-headed pupils.

To the scholar, the instructor is that unnecessary, undefined, inhumanly shaped, unimaginably cruel monster who is the root of all a pupil's worries. An instructor is that shouting and disheveled personage whose only purpose in life is to produce a cringing, frustrated, and thoroughly cowed individual. The mentor is that mass of humanity who springs unannounced quizzes on the totally unprepared student. The mentor's sole distorted reason for these unannounced quizzes is the solitary pleasure of seeing his pupils squirm, perspire, and go through the various acrobatic contortions usually associated with examinations. An instructor also spends all of his waking hours, and almost all of the hours of the night, in contriving the most hideously impossible-to-complete-in-the-time-allotted homework assignments and examinations.

To the more learned and unbiased, a mentor is an amateur psychiatrist, philanthropist, philosophizer, and fortune-teller. An instructor also has the quick wit and humor of a professional comedian, the literary and journalistic talents of an author, the corrective and disciplinary attributes of a prison warden, the understanding and patience of a parent, the didactic temperament of a clergyman, and the sense of fairness and honesty of a judge.

Beneath all the outwardly atrocious traits of a mentor, there lies a most subtle, serene, patient, intelligent, and persuasive personality. This complex personality is trying to accomplish one of the most difficult undertakings of this or any other age. The abecedarian is laboring to educate the uneducated.

# And Not Mr. Mather's Concept

WILLIAM FIELD

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

SEX EDUCATION IN OUR SCHOOLS IS, IN MY OPINION, A sadly neglected subject. Even in the schools in which it is a compulsory subject, it is taught in such a puritanical manner as to become almost worthless.

The course is usually given on a strictly hygienic basis. Some of the physiological functions of the reproductive system are presented in the driest manner possible, and such points as birth control and venereal disease are very lightly touched upon and then immediately dropped by the instructors, who, for the most part, are extremely leery of head-on clashes with the students' religious indoctrinations.

Not only should the student be given a survey course in the physiological nature of the sex act and reproduction, but he should be enlightened as to the morality of the thoughts and feelings he will experience (or already has) in relation to sex.

The taboos against any but a certain few sex habits should be explained by someone with some knowledge of anthropology and psychology. Some effort should be made to dispel the misconceptions about morality and Godliness in the sex act, which have been drilled into the average student by his church and various other organizations—for example, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. I can see no valid reason for letting people go through life with the distorted idea that there are only one or two "Godly" ways to have sexual relations, and that it must be done in the dark at all costs.

If we are going to have sex education at all, and it is desperately needed, let us have a sound and complete education in all phases of the subject, instead of the slipshod, puerile courses now presented.

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## Characters and Characterizations

BARBARA ENGLISH

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

IN SOME RESPECTS *CRIME AND PUNISHMENT* READS LIKE a murder mystery. Usually in such a story, however, a reason exists for the crime. In *Crime and Punishment* we never really know, nor does Raskolnikov, why Alyona Ivanovna was murdered. Raskolnikov, our hero

who is not always heroic, is a confused "former student" who is searching to find himself. He is an uncommon person who fights society and its established social patterns, dreams big dreams, and makes big plans. He fails, however, when making his plans, to consider life as a whole; or if he does, he overlooks the relative importance of the parts. Two theories are offered for the pawnbroker's death. The first suggested is that Raskolnikov plans to use the money he would have access to after the murder to continue his education, to care for his mother and sister, and to make it possible to accomplish great acts of charity in recompense for his crime. The other theory is that Raskolnikov considers himself a potential Napoleon and thinks by committing the murder to convince the world and himself that he is a great man. He expects to become great, not in spite of his crime, but because of it.

In writing that is far more than melodrama, Dostoyevski's characters are made so vitally alive that the reader knows them better than he knows many of his living friends. Every emotion is shared. Dostoyevski's characters always react and act in extremes. They do not merely speak when they wish to say something; they roar, snap, shout, sigh, whisper, mutter, storm, rant, shudder, demand, implore, shriek, command. Dostoyevski's characters share their insights into each others' thoughts and emotions. They are shockingly forward in expressing their true thoughts and feelings. If they were to come to life, perhaps we would find them all crude, blunt, stark, and offensive. W. Somerset Maugham goes so far as to say: "They are strangely lacking in the normal attributes of human beings. They have only passions. They have neither self-control nor self-respect."<sup>1</sup>

Another of Fyodor Dostoyevski's greatest novels, *The Brothers Karamazov*, is now in the process of being filmed. I am, of course, extremely anxious to see the movie, and yet, I wonder how successful, from an artistic and interpretive standpoint, such a production will be. Dostoyevski, it seems to me, is not a playwright but a novelist; his works are not written to be acted but to be read; his characters are not made to be created by a group of human beings intent on reproducing the story but within human beings reading the novel.

To me the most impressive talent of Dostoyevski is not his skill in plot development but his ability to create and handle characters. When the reader, along with the character, senses every nervous twitch, feels every emotional response, shares every thought, he cannot help becoming intrinsically involved in the story. There are no uninteresting characters in Dostoyevski's *Crime and Punishment*. All are vividly portrayed and carefully examined. The author's analyses are almost frightening. Dostoyevski knows his characters far better than many people know themselves, and he shares this creator's insight with his reader. It is, in fact, shocking to see occasionally a glimpse of yourself in one of Dostoyevski's characters.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Art of Fiction* (Doubleday and Company, New York, 1955), p. 265.

# The Masterpiece

ROBERT THORNBERRY

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

THE SOUND AND THE FURY IS A LITERARY MASTERPIECE, created by William Faulkner. Imagination and realism abound in his compelling story of an old southern family. Detailed description molds the complete environment of Jefferson, Mississippi, and pictures a doomed student's last day in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Time, however, is undefinable in this story, for the narration is primarily related in the minds of three characters—Benjamin, the idiot; Quentin, the destined son; and Jason, the Mother's choice. Names, actions, sounds, smells—all suddenly cause the minds of these actors to remember childhood days, character-molding moments, and a free, wonderful existence. Thus, memory is merged with reality, and the reader is often confused; for the real mind does not punctuate its fleeting thoughts, or use apostrophes to distinguish possessions, or capitalize names. All is an intangible dream, vivid with life-giving memory. The moment, an insignificant second of June 6, 1928, becomes a winter evening in 1898 or a spring morning in 1911. The reader is helplessly lost if he does not live the life of each narrator and allow his mind to grasp the recurrences.

*The Sound and the Fury* has today a unique sequel. Mr. Faulkner has recently written an appendix to serve as a foreword and supplement to this novel published in 1929. The result of his venture adds much interest to the story; for the appendix is a character study including the founders of the Compson family in America, their descendants, and finally the main actors of the novel. In result, the reader obtains an understanding of this miscellaneous family, views its characterization, learns the fates of its members, and sees the fragments of wasted lives slowly ruin and lapse into extermination.

The book itself is divided into four sections, representing four days—each, however, a multiple of many days. The first three days are seen through the eyes and minds of Benjy, Quentin, and Jason, respectively. The fourth day, however, is narrated by the author. In this sequence the reader views the final facet of the story from the outside and is thus able to piece the accumulated fragments together and witness the inevitable end.

The first section is lived in Benjy, the idiot. Deaf and dumb, this human being cannot react to words, but he can comprehend them. Moreover, his ability to see and smell is penetrating, and he can remember with profound vividness when his mind is jarred by stimuli. "Moaning and slabbering," he spends his days wandering aimlessly about, always hearing, "Hush, hush . . . , Hush now." He is pacified only by the three things that he loves: "the pasture which was sold to pay for Candace's wedding and to send Quentin to Harvard, his sister Candace [who smells like leaves and then like trees], firelight." When only the firelight in the kitchen stove is left, he loves the remnants, an occasional flower and a white satin shoe. Benjy is superbly

portrayed and never strays from his role. Mr. Faulkner describes him, thirty-three years old, as "a big man who appeared to have been shaped of some substance whose particles would not or did not cohere to one another or to the frame which supported it. His skin was dead looking and hairless; dropsical too, he moved with a shambling gait like a trained bear. His hair was pale and fine. It had been brushed smoothly down upon his brow like that of children in daguerrotypes. His eyes were clear, of the pale sweet blue of cornflowers, his thick mouth hung open, drooling a little."

Quentin, Benjy's brother, assumes the role of story-teller in the second section and, consequently, reverts the story to the day when he committed suicide. In Quentin, the reader lives a doomed life, for Quentin is possessed with his shadow and with time. He needs no mirror to see his passing frame; his shadow, always with him, shows a black image and leads him to the river where it places him, "twinkling and glinting, like breathing," upon the cold water, even though he stands secure on the bridge with the sun warming his shoulders. Time ticks continuously for this individual, and thus he cannot live; he remembers his father's words, "... time is dead as long as it is being clicked off by little wheels; only when the clock stops does time come to life." Quentin knows that he is to die; he feels love for his sister Caddy, yet she is married. He remembers his incest with her and knows the loss of honor. Moreover, "the remaining piece of the old Compson mile," the inheritance, the pasture which Benjy loved, was sold in order that he might spend a useless year at Harvard . . . had he deserved it?

William Faulkner sculpts a third character, Jason, to live the third section. The "last sane male" of the Compson family, he is his mother's favorite, for he is a Bascomb—one of her people. Thus, Jason is separate, lonely; he develops into a pseudo-man, possessed by money and arrogance. His stature is a cast-iron puppet of evil whose strength is easily broken when his fatherless niece robs him of his hoarded treasure. Lifeless, beaten at his own thievery, he can but sit quietly "with his invisible life ravelled out about him like a wornout sock."

Throughout these sections and the last one, the reader meets other characters, some white, some black, and explores more of Mr. Faulkner's creativeness. He is introduced to the Mother, whose interminable tears and utterances, "It's all my fault," portrays the judgment of her children, and then to the Negro mammy, Dilsey, who speaks the final note, "I seed de beginnin, en now I sees de endin." Indeed, Dilsey does behold the last generation of the once-great family. The Compsons had flowered long ago; a governor and a general had ruled the once-splendid home. She sees that flower wither and cast its seeds on barren soil; she knows "the weed-choked traces of the old ruined lawns and promenades . . . the scaling columns of the portico. . . ."

Decay grasps the Compson family while change invades their estate. As dignity and honor are lost, the fields are lost, and eventually the house, too. A golf course spreads across the pasture, and the mansion becomes a boarding-house. All vanishes with change, but the old square mile becomes "intact again in row after row of small crowded jerrybuilt individually owned demiurban bungalows."

# The Dog Has His Day

JAMES E. MOORE

*Rhetoric E 102, Theme 8*

LAST SUNDAY WAS OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED AS THE first annual Dogs' Day by the World Order of Knights-Champions of the Domestic Dog. The Knights decided that Mothers, Fathers, and the like had monopolized the Sabbatical holidays long enough. Observance of the holiday was marred only by a few reports of heretical activity but in most quarters the observance was considered a great success.

Many individuals and organizations aligned themselves with the World Order to support Dogs' Day. In the nation's capital the Chief Executive presented a puppy to his youngest grandson before television and movie cameras. Dog pounds throughout the nation were dispensing little bundles of joy at request. From his headquarters at Indianapolis the American Legion National Commander keynoted a drive for an All-American Dog. The commander went on to say that dogs as well as humans must stand ready to prove their loyalty. He called for a national committee to investigate subversive activity among the Army's Canine Corps. In Philadelphia, Wanamaker's First Annual Dogs' Day Parade got off to an ominous start as the parade marshal had difficulty aligning the participants. As the parade progressed, the blue bloods were heckled at every turn by their street and alley cousins. The procession was, in the words of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, "A succession of catastrophes caused by the all-too-lively participation of the lower classes." The parade completely fell apart when the capricious canines invaded a 54th street butcher shop. Police used fire hoses to disperse the crowd. No plans have been announced for a parade next year. A more happy note was added by the American Medical Association when they stated that no fatalities due to rabies were reported on Dogs' Day. Lions International dismissed a motion to change their name to one more canine.

The holiday was formally observed by many churches throughout the world. The Amalgamated Society of Undenominational Ministers pledged sermons and prayers glorifying man's best friend. At Catholic churches the world over, puppies large and small were brought forth to the baptismal fonts by children to receive the official sanctification of the church. In Rome, Pope Pius XIII decreed a special church holiday and granted audiences to greats of the canine world. Highlight of the Vatican week was the audience of Donnegal Highland Rodney My Own True Rover VI, grand champion Irish setter. Rover VI received the pontifical sprinkling as a true champion and noble animal—without shaking off the water. In the United States religious services lauded canines from coast to coast. From pulpits ecclesiastical dignitaries expounded on the dignity of dog and the beautiful relationship that exists between him and man. The national chairman of the Women's Chris-

tian Temperance Union pointed out dogs as an example of clean living and abstinence from intoxicating liquids. *The Sufferer*, official publication of the Christian Scientists, used the holiday as an opportunity to lambaste veterinarians for their unscrupulous efforts to prolong animal suffering. Most churches devoted a portion of Sunday's services to saluting the dog.

Dogs' Day was well received by the business world. The National Biscuit Company announced that dog biscuit sales were at an all-time high and that a twenty-five percent increase over the previous yearly high is expected. Canned dog food sales were up. Reports were equally good from retailers. Many stores were sold out of leather collars as the holiday approached. Sales of rubber balls, flea soap, and associated articles were high. Some grumblings were heard from catnip producers, but it is rumored that they are planning their own holiday later this year. The American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation is planning to have an all-aluminum air-conditioned doghouse on the market by the next holiday. The feeling of the business world is perhaps best summed up by the quotation of John Ellingsworth McClasky III, manager of Saks-Fifth Avenue Dog Shop. Mr. McClasky said, "As far as we're concerned, nothing is too good for the sons of bitches."

Happy children and smiling adults alike enjoyed the holiday. From all indications Dogs' Day was well received by the public and is well on its way to becoming an American institution.

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## An Afternoon During Fencing Practice

GERALD SILVERMAN

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

EVERY DAY, I PRACTICE FENCING WITH THE VARSITY team at the Men's Old Gym. During the course of these sessions, many surprising and belittling events happen to me. Let me describe a typical afternoon.

Before starting practice, I exercise. First, I do sit-ups. Feeling quite athletic, I also do knee-bends, leg-stretches, and toe-touches—all in rapid succession. I am ready to begin. I stand before the full-length mirror, get into position, and lunge. My knee buckles and I collapse. After exercising like that, why shouldn't I fall? I'm not Superman!

After sufficient rest, I practice my lunges. Satisfied with my lunging form, I advance to the *parry*, *riposte*, *ballaestra*, and other, more intricate maneuvers.

After a half-hour, I feel ready to exhibit my skills to Coach Garret. I stand before him, assuming the much practiced *guard* position. I feel a sharp pain as my sabre falls from my hand. "Your wrist was turned a quarter of an inch too much, Silverman. Try it again!" I try it again. My knee begins bleeding as the coach slashes me. "Keep your knee over your toe! Try it again!" I try it again. There! My position is perfect, and there is no cause for complaint. "Okay Silverman, beat, lunge, cut head!" I beat, lunge, and find myself on the floor, my shoulder and chest throbbing in pain. "Silverman! You extend your arm and *then* you lunge. Try it again . . . Good!" I am overjoyed. My long sessions of practice have paid off. The coach tells me to do it once more. I beat, extend my arm, lunge, cut head, and feel a sharp pain across my upper arm. "You bent your elbow too far, Silverman!"

This torture continues until the coach is disgusted and banishes me to the mirror. I leave his presence, followed by a furious stream of curses directed not only at me, but at freshmen in general.

I practice again. I practice my parries until my arms hurt, and then I practice lunging. I practice *ballaestras* and *disengages*. I practice everything I know. Then, I ask a varsity member to check me on these various manipulations. He looks and finds nothing wrong. I properly execute everything. I am ready to face the coach again.

"On guard," says Garret. Immediately after assuming the position, I look at my hand to count my fingers. "How many times must I tell you," he shouts, "that your thumb must be even with your arm? Now, ballaestra, lunge, and cut flank!" As I extend my arm, the coach's sabre slices across my chest. Must I go on? This routine goes on every day.

I head for the nearest corner and sit down. I remove my mask and wipe the perspiration from my face. Wringing out the towel, I exchange my sabre for a foil. With the foil, I practice motions that are positively tabu in sabre. Naturally, I confuse the two styles.

A friend asks me to fence with him. I consent. We face each other. I glance toward Garret, and I see him looking at me. I remember the session we just had, and my hands begin trembling. My nervousness and my confusion of the two types of weapons cause me to make common, unforgivable errors. Entirely flustered, I lose my balance while lunging, and fall.

I decide, then and there, that I am through for the day. I slouch dejectedly into the locker room and prepare to shower. The thought of hot water caressing my tired body lifts my spirits to the highest level. I turn the handle and a stream of ice-cold water cascades over me. I shall refrain from describing the ensuing remarks.

In an entirely sour mood, I dress myself and limp home.

# MacArthur Was Caesar, but Truman Was Rome

VALDMAR HEITUR

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

"GENERAL MACARTHUR'S PLACE IN HISTORY," THE President of the United States told the country and the world in the early morning hours of April 11, 1951, as he announced the relief of General Douglas MacArthur of his several commands in the Far East, "is fully established." This statement was to start the great controversy that shook the nation in the spring and summer of 1951.<sup>1</sup>

The MacArthur controversy was many things: it was the investigation conducted by the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations committees; it was the debate in the regular sessions of the House and Senate; it was thousands of newspaper editorials; it was Henry Luce bugling a "Tattoo for a Warrior" in *Life*; it was Broadway turning a fast buck with recordings of "Old Soldiers Never Die"; it was General Eisenhower in Paris saying he hoped there wouldn't be any controversy; it was Winston Churchill paying his respects to MacArthur—"that great soldier and great statesman"—and advising Europe to be discreet, which in general it was; it was Senator Wherry asking the public to compare the "monumental record of General MacArthur with that of his accusers—with the record of moral decay, greed, corruption, and confusion"; it was Norman Thomas saying that "if MacArthur had his way not one Asian would have believed the United States had civilian government"; it was the burning in effigy of the President and the telegrams demanding impeachment; it was the Seattle drinker shoving his companion's head in a bucket of beer and three senators exchanging oaths and laborious blows outside a Washington radio station.<sup>2</sup>

The center of the controversy, of course, was the investigation conducted by the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees. A total of 2,045,000 words were spoken and transcribed in the Senate Office Building during the investigation that lasted from May 3, 1951, to June 25, 1951.<sup>3</sup>

At some point during the Korean conflict General MacArthur must have embarked on a course of provocation of the government. This may have begun after his trip to Formosa, and by December of 1950, the dissensions between the President and the General \* had become numerous. General Mac-

<sup>1</sup> Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., *The General and the President*, and the Future of American Foreign Policy (New York, 1951), p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 176.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 176-177.

\* The term "General" will be used throughout this paper as meaning General of the Army Douglas MacArthur.

Arthur was apparently convinced that the government was on a disastrous course in the Far East and that it was his duty to focus attention upon the fallacies and to bring about a change.<sup>4</sup> Generally speaking, the General made three basic challenges of the American policy in Asia: he challenged the policy (or non-policy as he would have it) in Korea; he challenged the policy in China; and he challenged the strategy in which Korea and China had subordinate parts.<sup>5</sup> Some sort of argument was inevitable between the President and General MacArthur. "As Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon said, two voices had arisen on American foreign policy, 'that of General MacArthur and that of the President of the United States.'" This dissonance was resolved when the President "... took upon himself the enormous responsibility of relieving General of the Army Douglas MacArthur."<sup>6</sup> "Truman was Rome; MacArthur Caesar."<sup>7</sup>

At 8:00 p.m. on June 24, 1950, the State Department received news that the armies of the People's Republic of North Korea had invaded the Republic of Korea. General MacArthur's views and opinions were not sought by the President when he directed the preparation of the statement to intervene in the Korean fighting to stop aggression. The statement was issued in the late evening of June 26, 1950. The President's decision was to use certain elements of the Navy and Air Force in support of the Republic of Korea forces. On General MacArthur's request, however, the President gave permission to use some ground units in Korea.<sup>8</sup> Although Chiang Kai-shek offered the use of thirty-three thousand of his men, the Joint Chiefs of Staff pointed out that these men were poorly trained and equipped; furthermore, the transportation they would require could be used advantageously to carry supplies to the forces already in Korea. General MacArthur also advised against the use of troops from Formosa. "He suggested that he would himself go to Formosa and explain the situation to Chiang-Kai-shek."<sup>9</sup>

On July 8, 1950, General MacArthur was named the Commander of the United Nations Forces in Korea and thus received an additional responsibility. At the start of the hostilities he was the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (SCAP) and the Commander in Chief, Far East (CINCFE). Under that title he commanded all units of the Armed Services in the Far East. Furthermore, he was the Commanding General, U. S. Army, Far East. As the administrator of Japan, his duties included many functions of the head of state.<sup>10</sup>

The first disagreement and the sign that Washington had put the Far East

<sup>4</sup> Rovere, p. 128.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 189-190.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, Introductory note.

<sup>7</sup> John Gunther, *The Riddle of MacArthur; Japan, Korea and the Far East* (New York, 1950), p. 193.

<sup>8</sup> Rovere, pp. 96-97.

<sup>9</sup> Harry S. Truman, *Memoirs*, Vol II: *Years of Trial and Hope* (New York, 1956), pp. 343-348.

<sup>10</sup> Gunther, pp. 14-15.

near the bottom of "priorities" came when MacArthur requested reinforcements on July 7, 1950. He was turned down for the following reasons: "a) no increase in any part of the services had been authorized; b) a suitable United States military posture in other parts of the world had to be maintained; and c) there was a shortage of shipping."<sup>11</sup>

The first serious dissension between Truman and the General arose over the American policy concerning Formosa. The President made a double reference to Formosa on June 27, 1950. He ordered, in substance, the United States' 7th Fleet into the Formosa waters to prevent an attack on Formosa by the Chinese Communists. He also requested the Nationalist Chinese government to stop any military action against the mainland of China.<sup>12</sup>

It was rather nervy of the President to dictate a course of action for the Nationalist government; for all its infirmities, it was still the government we recognized in China; but it seemed advisable to take some step that would reassure the world, and Asia especially, that our military intervention in Korea was being undertaken to check aggression, not to force Asia back on its distasteful past.<sup>13</sup>

General MacArthur did not agree with the administration's policy. On July 31, 1950, the General flew to Formosa to confer with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Although Washington and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were informed about the trip, and despite the clear statements that the trip was military and not political, the cry went out that the Generalissimo and MacArthur had been "... plotting some kind of international deviltry at their meeting." The non-communist members of the UN were greatly disturbed by the news, and surprisingly enough, no attempt was made by Washington to answer the outright lies.<sup>14</sup> President Truman said later about the General's visit to Formosa: "The implication was—and quite a few of our newspapers said so—that MacArthur rejected my policy of neutralizing Formosa and that he favored a more aggressive method. After Harriman explained the administration's policy to MacArthur, he had said that he would accept it as a good soldier. I was reassured. I told the press that the general and I saw eye to eye on Formosa policy."<sup>15</sup>

After the successful landing at Inchon, masterminded by MacArthur, the relationship between MacArthur and Washington seemed improved. In October of 1950, the President suggested a meeting with General MacArthur. The President apparently wanted to meet the General in person to make certain that the General would not embarrass the administration as he had done over Formosa and that he would not interfere in diplomatic affairs. The meeting was held on October 15, 1950, on Wake Island. The President and

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<sup>11</sup> Courtney Whitney, Maj. Gen., *MacArthur—His Rendezvous with History* (New York, 1956), p. 337.

<sup>12</sup> Gunther, pp. 194-195.

<sup>13</sup> Rovere, p. 125.

<sup>14</sup> Whitney, pp. 371-374.

<sup>15</sup> Truman, p. 354.

the General talked privately for an hour, then with their advisers present for two hours. After the meeting a communiqué was drawn up and initialed, as one reporter described it, by the President and the General "as if they were heads of different governments."<sup>16</sup> Much speculation occurred later about why the conference was held. When the President was questioned about the meeting, he told reporters that the disagreement over Formosa had been settled before the meeting. "The General, in other words, was obeying orders."<sup>17</sup> He also said later: "The general assured me that the victory was won in Korea. He also informed me that the Chinese Communists would not attack and that Japan was ready for a peace treaty."<sup>18</sup> After the meeting the President awarded the General the Distinguished Service Medal (his fifth) and delivered a speech praising the General. Four years later, however, the President made the statement in Chicago that the only thing he repented was that he did not fire the General two years sooner.<sup>19</sup> Major General Whitney, MacArthur's adviser, also questions the validity of the Wake Island conference and what was gained by it. As he states:

It was only later, when Mr. Truman made his amazing charge that MacArthur had misled him on the possibility of Red Chinese intervention and when the scandalous method of preparing the "record" of the proceedings was exposed, that MacArthur realized that Wake Island was no longer an enigma—it was a sly political ambush.<sup>20</sup>

And further:

But what Truman personally—and the Democratic Party—gained by that trip in terms of plain political advantage was inestimable. By this one stroke the President was able to establish a connection between his administration and the military strategy against which most of his military advisers had argued but which had won the great victory at Inchon.<sup>21</sup>

After the Wake Island conference, there were no more policy statements from Tokyo and no more apologies from Washington. After Inchon everything seemed well, and after the fall of Pyongyang it was generally believed that the North Koreans would not be eager for a winter war. On the contrary, the resistance stiffened until the first hints of Chinese intervention came in October, 1950.<sup>22</sup> The military mission of MacArthur was almost completed

<sup>16</sup> Gunther, pp. 199-200.

<sup>17</sup> Gunther, p. 201.

<sup>18</sup> Truman, p. 365.

<sup>19</sup> Whitney, pp. 389-390.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 395. Also, Major General Charles A. Willoughby has the following statement about the conference and the notes produced by General Bradley: The episode at Wake Island was later completely misinterpreted to the public and an effort made through an alleged eavesdropping report of a concealed State Department stenographer to pervert the position taken by General MacArthur. Major General Charles A. Willoughby and John Chamberlain, *MacArthur—1941-1951* (New York, 1954), p. 383.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 390-391.

<sup>22</sup> Rovere, pp. 133-135.

after the fall of Pyongyang. The enemy had been decisively beaten on the battlefield. General MacArthur waited for the diplomatic action that would exploit the situation, but nothing was done by the State Department. He then decided to summon the North Korean commander to surrender. The summons was ignored. It was possible that the leaders of Red China were determining the possibilities of the United States entering Manchuria in case of Chinese intervention. General MacArthur was still puzzled over the inability—or refusal—of the State Department to strike a diplomatic blow, when he was denied the right to bomb the hydroelectric power plants along the Yalu. He was also denied the right to bomb an important supply center at Racin.<sup>23</sup> On October 26, 1950, the 8th Cavalry regiment encountered the first Chinese “volunteers.” The General realized that a possible trap was laid by the Chinese and ordered the Air Force to destroy the bridges across the Yalu.<sup>24</sup> The President immediately countermanded the General's orders. “He was informed that there was a commitment not to take action affecting Manchuria without consultation with the British, and that until further orders all bombing of targets within five miles of the Manchurian border should be postponed.”<sup>25</sup> After vigorous protests from MacArthur the bombing of the Yalu bridges was permitted at the Korean end only. Thus Washington admitted openly that only half-measures were going to be used against the Chinese Communists, and the overwhelming disadvantages enforced upon the airmen caused many to ask: “On which side are Washington and Lake Success?” Because of the restrictions placed on the Air Force, the bridges could not be destroyed, and they still stand. When the Chinese intervened, the bridges played an important role.

As we know now, there followed twenty days during which the massive concentrations of Red Chinese did indeed tramp across these bridges—twenty days during which the near-disaster that followed could have been averted, twenty days in which, by a single decision in Washington, United States prestige in Asia was dragged from an all-time high to an all-time low . . . Indeed, the blood of many American and other Allied soldiers, sacrificed upon the altar of that infamous decision, gives evidence of the prophetic nature of MacArthur's solemn warning in his reply of November 6: “. . . a calamity of major proportions for which I could not accept the responsibility.”<sup>26</sup>

That the General sounded the alarm on November 6, 1950, came, according to the President, as a surprise. Only two days before, the Joint Chiefs had received a message from the General on the subject of Chinese intervention: “I recommend against hasty conclusions which might be premature

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<sup>23</sup> Whitney, pp. 400-402.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 402-406.

<sup>25</sup> Truman, p. 375.

<sup>26</sup> Whitney, pp. 406-408.

and believe that a final appraisal should await a more complete accumulation of military facts.”<sup>27</sup> On the other hand, the President states that already on October 3, 1950, the State Department had received messages that the Chinese Communists were threatening to intervene in the Korean conflict. According to the messages, the action would not be taken if only South Korean troops would cross the 38th parallel.<sup>28</sup> In moving across the 38th parallel, the General was not violating the administration’s policy. The State and Defense Departments both agreed with the occupation of all Korea, the only reservation being that the last few miles below the Chinese and Russian borders be assigned to South Korean troops.<sup>29</sup> MacArthur had a disagreement with the Joint Chiefs about the last order. The General authorized the use of any troops anywhere.<sup>30</sup>

On November 24, 1950, the General went ahead with his plan to mop up the remainder of North Koreans, which included some Chinese “volunteers.” This operation was risky because there were no intelligence reports from Washington, and air reconnaissance of Manchuria was impossible. Furthermore, the General could not safeguard his troops by knocking out the bridges across the Yalu. The drive started for two purposes: “1) if the Chinese were not coming into Korea, the drive would finish the Korean war; 2) if the Chinese were coming in, the U. N. troops were in far better position to cope with the unfathomable uncertainties that would follow . . .”<sup>31</sup> There is a great deal to wonder about in the General’s behavior in late November of 1950. “He seems to have been overcome by an inexplicable euphoria. This was to some extent encouraged by developments at the front. The North Korean and Chinese resistance, which had stiffened in late October and early November, softened once again.”<sup>32</sup> This was mistaken for something like a collapse. On November 26, 1950, MacArthur sent his last warning about the Chinese intervention to Washington. On the following day the Chinese entered the Korean conflict.<sup>33</sup> MacArthur had committed the additional military indiscretion of splitting his command. General Walton Walker, MacArthur’s commander in the field, had no command over the Tenth Corps on the right flank, commanded by General Ned Almond. When the Chinese struck, the divided front came apart, and much of the Tenth Corps had to be evacuated by sea.<sup>34</sup>

The entrance of the Chinese Communists took Washington and Mac-

<sup>27</sup> Truman, p. 373.

<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 361-362.

<sup>29</sup> Rovere, p. 150.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 141-142.

<sup>31</sup> Whitney, pp. 414-416.

<sup>32</sup> Rovere, p. 139.

<sup>33</sup> Whitney, p. 420.

<sup>34</sup> John Dille, *Substitute for Victory* (New York, 1954), p. 22.

Arthur by surprise. SCAP had virtually announced that the war was over. General MacArthur's optimistic views that the war would be over by Christmas were tragically wrong.<sup>35</sup> During the Korean conflict numerous requests for reinforcements were denied. After the Chinese intervened, General MacArthur recommended to the Joint Chiefs of Staff the use of Chinese Nationalist forces to reinforce the hard pressed U. N. troops. The answer was that the recommendation was under consideration but would be delayed because it involved "worldwide consequences."<sup>36</sup> The Pentagon's messages after the Chinese intervention clearly showed confusion and contradiction. The Pentagon seemed to have the point of view that it would be nice if the U. N. forces could put up a successful resistance somewhere in Korea; but on the other hand, Korea was not a place to fight a major war. The General perceived two main thoughts in Washington after the retreat from the Yalu: "1) The administration had lost the 'will to win' in Korea. Washington was issuing directives to run, not for a counterattack. 2) The seeming intention of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was not only to give up without a hard fight but to attempt to evade the responsibility for this shameful decision."<sup>37</sup> President Truman, however, said later: ". . . I do blame General MacArthur for the manner in which he tried to excuse his failure. . . . Even before he started his ill-fated offensive of November 24, he still talked as if he had the answer to all the questions. But when it turned out that it was not so, he let all the world know that he would have won except for the fact that we would not let him have his way."<sup>38</sup> After the retreat from the Yalu, General Ridgway became MacArthur's ground commander in Korea. He rallied the U. N. forces, and the Chinese offensive came to a stop. The new deadlock policies of the United States did not appeal to the General and on March 7, 1951, he dictated to reporters another challenge to American and U. N. diplomacy.<sup>39</sup> "The real case against MacArthur in October and November was not that he provoked Chinese aggression but that he failed to prepare for it. That case was overwhelming." More than two weeks after his warnings that he faced a new army, he challenged that army with an inferior number of troops.<sup>40</sup>

The final dissensions between the President and MacArthur came in rapid succession. Another explosion came when MacArthur made a statement about Formosa to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Apparently the White House had not been informed and the President asked the General to withdraw the statement. It appeared in the newspapers, however.<sup>41</sup>

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<sup>35</sup> Gunther, p. 219.

<sup>36</sup> Whitney, pp. 422-423.

<sup>37</sup> Whitney, pp. 430-431.

<sup>38</sup> Truman, pp. 382-384.

<sup>39</sup> Rovere, pp. 157-166.

<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 152.

<sup>41</sup> Gunther, pp. 197-198.

"Truman had explained his Formosa decision by saying: 'The occupation of Formosa by Communist forces would be a direct threat to the security of the Pacific area and to the United States forces performing their lawful and necessary functions in that area.'" MacArthur decided that with the message to the VFW he could place himself squarely behind the President, and he had composed a message that supported the President's statement.<sup>42</sup> Major General Whitney explains the difficulties that arose with the publication of MacArthur's message to the VFW:

But in retrospect he [MacArthur] has always felt, and the conclusion certainly seems logical, that his statement innocently ran afoul of plans being hatched in the State Department to succumb to British pressure and desert the Nationalist government on Formosa. Under ordinary circumstances MacArthur's statement would cause no international difficulties because it echoed and explained an already announced U. S. policy. But in the event that the State Department was conspiring with the British to hand over Formosa to the Communists, it is easy to see how the statement to the VFW would cause consternation.<sup>43</sup>

The final dissension came when Rep. Joseph W. Martin Jr., of Massachusetts, the minority leader of the House of Representatives, communicated to the General his belief that it was madness not to use Chinese Nationalist troops in Korea. The General replied, and his letter was read on the floor of the House. The letter did not agree with the views of the administration.<sup>44</sup> President Truman was outraged. He said later: "The time had come to draw the line. MacArthur's letter to Congressman Martin showed that the General was not only in disagreement with the policy of the government but was challenging this policy in open insubordination to his Commander in Chief."<sup>45</sup>

At 1 a.m. on April 11, 1951, the President of the United States summoned reporters for a special announcement. The reporters were handed three announcements. The first read:

With deep regret I have concluded that General of the Army Douglas MacArthur is unable to give his wholehearted support to the policies of the United States Government and of the United Nations in matters pertaining to his official duties. In view of the specific responsibilities imposed upon me by the Constitution of the United States and the added responsibility which has been entrusted to me by the United Nations, I have decided that I must make a change of command in the Far East. I have, therefore, relieved General MacArthur of his commands and have designated Lieutenant General Matthew B. Ridgway as his successor.

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<sup>42</sup> Whitney, p. 377.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 381.

<sup>44</sup> Rovere, p. 17.

<sup>45</sup> Truman, p. 447.

Full and vigorous debate on matters of national policy is a vital element in the constitutional system of our free democracy. It is fundamental, however, that military commanders must be governed by the policies and directives issued to them in the manner provided by our laws and Constitution. In time of crisis, the consideration is particularly compelling.

General MacArthur's place in history as one of our greatest commanders is fully established. The Nation offers him a debt of gratitude for the distinguished and exceptional service which he has rendered his country in posts of great responsibility. For that reason I repeat my regret at the necessity for the action I feel compelled to take in this case.<sup>46</sup>

The second statement was addressed to the General and ordered him to turn his commands over to General Ridgway. The third was a formal notification to General Ridgway of his increased responsibilities. The exchange of views by the President, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Secretaries of State and Defense, and Mr. Harriman, the President's special adviser, are unrevealed. They all felt, however, that the action had to be taken. The midnight announcement was not originally planned, but it was decided, according to General Marshall, since indications were present that the action had become publicly known, to accelerate the transmission of the notification of dismissal by twenty hours. The procedure of dismissal did not leave MacArthur time for a farewell address to his troops nor for the customary ceremonies of turning his command over to General Ridgway. As of the moment he received the notice of dismissal, he was a general without a command.<sup>47</sup>

The public was much aroused by the dismissal of the General. The White House received 27,363 letters and telegrams in the twelve days after the dismissal. It did not matter to the public that by law the President of the United States is entitled to the loyal service of his commanders and that the American citizen was sympathetic with the President's policy. The citizen was undoubtedly on General MacArthur's side.<sup>48</sup>

The political parties were active also. The fact that a Democratic President had fired a Republican General put more fuel into the fire. The Republicans planned to have General MacArthur speak in the Capitol. The Democrats did not resist the plan. In fact, they joined with the Republicans in sponsoring the invitation. The Democrats, however, voiced the wish the world would "regard the occasion as less a function of state than a voluntary gathering—a kind of lecture, as it were, at which attendance was purely a matter of individual choice."<sup>49</sup>

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<sup>46</sup> Truman, p. 449.

<sup>47</sup> Rovere, pp. 171-175.

<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 5-8.

<sup>49</sup> Rovere, pp. 177-178.

On April 19, 1951, General MacArthur addressed the Joint Meeting of Congress in the Capitol. He again criticized the government's policy in Korea:

While I was not consulted prior to the President's decision to intervene in support of the Republic of Korea, that decision, from a military standpoint, proved a sound one. As I say, it proved a sound one, as we hurled back the invader and decimated his forces. Our victory was complete and our objectives within easy reach when Red China intervened with numerically superior ground forces.

This created a new war and an entirely new situation, a situation not contemplated when our forces were committed against North Korean invaders, a situation which called for new decisions in the diplomatic sphere to permit the realistic adjustment of military strategy.

Such decisions have not been forthcoming.

While no man in his right mind would advocate sending our ground forces into continental China, and such was never given a thought, the new situation did urgently demand a drastic revision of strategic planning if our political aim was to defeat this new enemy as we had defeated the old.

Apart from the military need, as I saw it, to neutralize the sanctuary protection given the enemy north of the Yalu, I felt that military necessity in the conduct of the war made necessary, first, the intensification of our economic blockade against China; second, the imposition of a naval blockade against the China coast; third, removal of restrictions on air reconnaissance of China's coastal areas and of Manchuria; fourth, removal of restrictions on the forces of the Republic of China on Formosa with logistical support to contribute to their effective operations against the Chinese mainland.

For entertaining these views, all professionally designed to support our forces committed to Korea and bring hostilities to an end with the least possible delay at a saving of countless American and Allied lives, I have been severely criticized in lay circles, principally abroad, despite my understanding that from a military standpoint the above views have been fully shared in the past by practically every military leader concerned with the Korean campaign, including our own Joint Chiefs of Staff.

I called for reinforcements, but was informed that reinforcements were not available. I made clear that, if not permitted to destroy the enemy-built-up bases north of the Yalu, if not permitted to utilize the friendly Chinese force of some 600,000 men on Formosa, if not permitted to blockade the China coast to prevent the Chinese Reds from getting succor from without, and if there were to be no hope of major reinforcements, the position of the command from the military standpoint forbade victory.<sup>50</sup>

With these words the General made clear his stand on the Korea issue and that he felt that the responsibility for the conduct of the war was entirely the government's.

The Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations committees' hearings were again a cause for hot dispute between the Democrats and the Republicans. The Republicans were for a special committee with equal representa-

<sup>50</sup> MacArthur's speech to Congress on April 19, 1951, as cited in Rovere, pp. 273-274.

tion, the Democrats were for using the standing committee on Military Affairs and Foreign Relations. The Republicans also wanted the hearings open, broadcast, newsreel and televised; the Democrats wished them closed. Finally a compromise was reached. The hearings could be attended by all the members of the Senate but questioning was to be limited to committee members. No correspondents were allowed, and the hearings were not broadcast or televised. The Defense Department gave out press releases of the proceedings and, contrary to popular belief, the reporting was very accurate and thorough.<sup>51</sup> The hearings began on Thursday morning May 3, 1951. The first matter to be explored was the differences between the Joint Chiefs and the General. The Joint Chiefs agreed that the differences ran deep. The General did not agree. He agreed, however, that he and the President and Secretary Acheson were in profound disagreement. The General pointed out that the differences between the President and himself were not differences of policy. The differences were between a man with a policy and a man without one. As MacArthur said about the policy of the administration: "There is no policy! There is nothing, I tell you, no plan, no anything." The General also stated that for these reasons his recall was invalid. He mentioned that no man can fail to support a policy that does not exist.<sup>52</sup> The public was generally struck by MacArthur's assertion that he and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were in complete agreement on Korea, so a great deal of testimony was taken on that matter. The result was that MacArthur was in error, on the record anyway. The argument between the General and the Joint Chiefs was not really fundamental, although it was important. The case of the President against the General would have been the same even if the General had been in agreement with the Joint Chiefs.<sup>53</sup>

At the hearings the American generals debated much on the matter of public policy as well as political matters. The hearings, no doubt, gave valuable information to the Politburo and the Red Army General Staff. For five cents a day the Russians were able to buy information, like the text of the Wake Island conference, for which they would have paid large sums a few weeks before. The Russians learned what they wanted about us and what we did and did not know about them. "Before God," Senator Tobey of New Hampshire was heard to say, "the picture makes me stand aghast."<sup>54</sup>

General MacArthur again questioned the reasons for his relief in a speech in Boston on July 25, 1951:

I hesitate to refer to my own relief from the Far Eastern Commands as I have never questioned the legal authority underlying such action. But the three sole reasons publicly stated by the highest

<sup>51</sup> Rovere, pp. 178-179.

<sup>52</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 187-188.

<sup>53</sup> Rovere, p. 190.

<sup>54</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 181-182.

authority clearly demonstrates the arbitrary nature of the decision.

The first reason given was that, contrary to existing policy, I warned of the strategic relationship of Formosa to American security and the dangers inherent in this area's falling under Communist control. Yet this viewpoint has since been declared by the Secretary of State, under oath before Congressional committees, to have been and to be the invincible and long standing policy of the United States.

The second reason given was that I communicated my readiness to meet the enemy commander at any time to discuss acceptable terms of a cease-fire agreement. Yet, for this proposal, I was relieved of my command by the same authorities who since have received so enthusiastically the identical proposal when made by the Soviet Government.

The third and final reason advanced was my replying to a Congressman's request for information on a public subject then under open consideration by the Congress. Yet both Houses of Congress promptly passed a law confirming my action, which indeed had been entirely in accordance with a long existing and well recognized though unwritten policy.

This law states that no member of the Armed Forces shall be restricted or prevented from communicating directly or indirectly with any member or members of Congress concerning any subject unless such communication is in violation of law or the security and safety of the United States. And this formal enactment of basic public policy was approved without the slightest dissent by the President.<sup>55</sup>

In conclusion we find that the dissensions between the General and the State Department go back before the Korean conflict. In 1945, Dean Acheson, then acting Secretary of State, said that the Japanese occupation authorities, including General MacArthur, were not the architects, but merely "the instruments" of policy. The General probably never forgave Acheson for the attempt to control him.<sup>56</sup> There were other personal misunderstandings between the General and the persons close to the President. The General has always had the tendency to be overoptimistic and subject to wishful thinking. Although he has many positive characteristics, his dominating characteristic no doubt, next to his courage, is his ego. "MacArthur is a Caesar, and not, let us say, a man overwhelmingly beloved like Gandhi."<sup>57</sup>

It is quite clear that MacArthur believed that he was backed by a strong American policy when the United States entered the Korean conflict. He found out that his views were not shared by the administration.

It seems clear that when President Truman, Secretaries Acheson and Johnson, and General Bradley met in the White House office and decided to go into the war, their intention at the outset was not to use American lives as pawns in lengthy bargaining sessions with

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<sup>55</sup> Address by General MacArthur before the Massachusetts Legislature in Boston, as cited in Rovere, pp. 315-316.

<sup>56</sup> Rovere, p. 120.

<sup>57</sup> Gunther, pp. 23-25.

the leaders of Asian Communism. I cannot believe—and neither can MacArthur—that these men plotted among themselves to kill 31,000 United States soldiers and spend 22 billion dollars only to ruin American prestige all over Asia. But this was the actual result of the policies they adopted. Somehow their aims got twisted.<sup>58</sup>

We can understand some of the differences between the Joint Chiefs and the General. For the Joint Chiefs Korea was “just one engagement, just one phase” of a continuing battle; for General MacArthur it was the pay-off.<sup>59</sup> We cannot understand, however, why MacArthur walked into the Communist trap at the Yalu. Maybe he was emboldened by his belief that “it is the pattern of Oriental psychology to respect and follow aggressive, resolute, and dynamic leadership.” He may have thought that the danger of defeat increased if he hesitated.<sup>60</sup>

In general, the war in Korea resembled the war in Greece from 1946 to 1949. The terrorists in Greece also had a privileged sanctuary, in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. General VanFleet fought in Greece, as he later did in Korea, with one hand tied behind his back. If MacArthur had fought in Greece, he probably would have protested about the limitations. The strategy of the Berlin airlift was successful, as was the fighting in Greece, for the theory of a limited war.<sup>61</sup> This was the administration's biggest argument. As President Truman said: “The kind of victory MacArthur had in mind—victory by the bombing of Chinese cities, victory by expanding the conflict to all of China—would have been the wrong kind of victory.”<sup>62</sup> It is, therefore, quite clear that the General's Korean policy seemed fatal to the purposes of American policy. The President, therefore, was naturally justified in relieving the General. However, one does wonder if the American policy in Korea was the right one. My personal views about the administration's policies in Asia would be tinted, no doubt, by prejudice. Having served in Korea with the 1st Marine Division, although not under the command of General MacArthur, I would have been in favor of a clear-cut decision in Korea. Since the Korean conflict was also “my war,” I was not aware of other happenings in the world.

The President raised many questions about MacArthur's judgment on the possibilities of Chinese intervention, and he said that the General had misled him with his Wake Island statement. I wonder why General Bradley, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, did not repudiate MacArthur's statement? It is also a fact that the possibility of Chinese intervention was pointed out to the administration many times. It was also said that the Chinese intervened because they knew that MacArthur had orders not to retaliate. “Someone must have told them that even if the Red Chinese swarmed across the Yalu

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<sup>58</sup> Whitney, p. 368.

<sup>59</sup> Rovere, p. 244.

<sup>60</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 140.

<sup>61</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 240.

<sup>62</sup> Truman, p. 446.

into North Korea in overwhelming hordes . . . the U. S. government would meekly submit to maintaining the same sanctuary in Manchuria, long after any possible reason for it existed.”<sup>63</sup> This statement was substantiated by General VanFleet and General Almond at the Senate Internal Subcommittee hearings in 1954.<sup>64</sup>

“One of the things the Indo-Chinese crises is doing is to vindicate the judgment of General Douglas MacArthur,” the Alsops wrote in their syndicated column of June 13, 1954. “The free world would not now be menaced with a catastrophe in Asia if MacArthur had won his fight against the artificial limits of the Korean War.”<sup>65</sup>

Charles J. V. Murphy, the noted military analyst, has just summed up in *Fortune* the current strategic thinking within the Pentagon. “Long reflection,” he says, “has persuaded the Joint Chiefs of Radford’s regime that the Korean War should have been fought to a real decision, that the war which General Omar Bradley described as ‘the wrong war, at the wrong place, at the wrong time, and with the wrong enemy’ was in fact the best possible place to challenge communist power without the risk of a general war. China is still, and for some time will remain, critically dependent upon the Soviet Union for its major weapons.”<sup>66</sup>

The dismissal of General MacArthur by the President was the result of many dissensions. Many of these were personal, between the General and the President’s advisers. The dissensions concerning the policy were the only publicized reasons for the dismissal. The real reasons for the General’s dismissal may very well be hidden behind the dark cloak of secrecy that surrounds the papers and the actions of the former President of the United States, Harry S. Truman. In his memoirs, the former President gives the reason for the dismissal as “insubordination.” It is strange indeed that the term “insubordination” was not used as the reason for the dismissal in the original text of the dismissal or at the Senate hearings. There is no doubt that the General’s explosive character played an important part in starting the dissensions with the administration. The classic last verse of the Marine poem about General MacArthur clearly shows the characteristics of the General:

And while possibly a rumor now,  
Some day it will be fact  
That the Lord will hear a deep voice say,  
Move over God, it’s Mac.<sup>67</sup>

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# Rhet as Writ

While R.O.T.C. is compulsory at the University down here because it is a grant-in-aid school, male students at Navy Pier have their choice because the school isn't built on land.

---

I shall be looking for a wife so that I might raise a family and enjoy the fruit of my efforts.

---

At the age of thirteen months, his sister was born.

---

If the world wasn't fighting as much as it has, I do not believe that this atomic energy would have been discovered.

---

I have been asked many times what my opinion of the sex life on this campus is. In most cases the person receives the answer that there is not enough. What relationship there is, is not very good.

---

The football player may be maimed for life—he may receive an injury that will cut off his scholarship.

---

We sat there at the edge of the lake in the moonlight; she in her loveliness, and I in my curiosity.

---

Watching the girl in the stands out of the corner of my eye, I threw my pass.

---

...do something different like fighting, robbing, taking dope and even gambling.

---

There is currently a lack of classrooms and teachers large enough to educate this nation.

---

I try to enjoy life, not just to have fun, but to appreciate life in its fullness. In attempting to capture this fullness, I must be sedulous, calculating, and insidious.

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*Alice W. Thurou*—E. C. Glass, Virginia

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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# Technocracy in Action

ANONYMOUS  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS met last evening in an unprecedented and unannounced midnight session in the main office of the Electrical Engineering Building. Although the meeting was held in great secrecy, with the press, radio, and television excluded, a usually reliable source is credited with the statement that a sweeping overhaul of the campus as we now know it is contemplated. Due to severe crowding in both housing and classrooms, caused by the tremendous influx of hundreds of aspiring young engineers and other students, it has been decided that henceforth the main college campus will be run exclusively as a highly efficient technical school. All of the functions of the colleges of Commerce, Education, Law, and related fields will be drastically reduced in size and scope and relegated to new locations.

Main headquarters for the non-technical schools will be located in the PGU Canteen, and their lesser offices in the adjoining mail shack. The numerous buildings now housing the many independent students in the PGU will be renovated and used for classrooms. From the maintenance staff comes the assurance that the units can be ready by next fall and that little discomfort will be experienced, since most of the holes in the tarpaper sheathing have been covered with masking tape. A new color scheme is in the planning stage, with beautiful pastels predominant; the decorating is to be done as a credit course for the advanced students in the College of Fine and Applied Arts.

As for housing, always a problem, it is known that a new section of permanently temporary housing will be located in the area behind Memorial Stadium. This housing will be constructed as rapidly as possible, with most of it scheduled for completion by the middle of the second semester of 1958. Until then, large numbers of students will be housed on temporary cots in the Armory, Ice Rink, and, during the early fall, in the Stadium itself.

Cuts in the staffs necessitated by reduction of the lesser schools of the University will be handled in the following fashion: A strict seniority rule will apply except in cases where the employee can demonstrate a definite need for the money. The remaining instructors will be absorbed into the engineering school if they show enough aptitude and can be adapted to the vigorous pace set by the demand of industry for more and more engineers. It is felt that nearly fifty per cent of the non-technical teachers will respond favorably to re-training. It is envisioned that the most trouble will be encountered in the ranks of the rhetoric teachers. However, many of these people show great talent and ability for writing and composition, and they

will doubtless be put to the task of editing and revising the ever-changing technical manuals and publications.

Since the re-trained teachers will not completely fill the needs of the engineering colleges, many instructors will be recruited from the faculty ranks of the leading universities of the nation. Raiding is not to be tolerated, but many lucrative offers will be made to sway large numbers of top-notch educators to come to Illinois. As one wag put it, "If football players can be paid to play, teachers can be paid to teach."

The reshuffle, with the entire campus dedicated to the engineering curriculum in general and to the Electrical Engineering curriculum in particular, will be a technician's dream. All of the latest electronic equipment is to be purchased, or manufactured right here in the engineering labs. It is felt that this will spur enrollments even more and make this institution a mecca for technological learning.

Many rapid advancements are expected in all fields when this school is well under way. A top-secret mock-up has already been built of a revolutionary, automatic slide rule. The consensus on the north side of Green Street is that this development alone will save countless man-hours for both students and staff. It is even hoped that some of the students and staff may be formally introduced to each other before the end of a given semester. Top priority is also given to the designing of a collapsible T-square that will fit into those little green tackle boxes so prevalent on the campus.

Plans are also under way to turn the Illini Union Building into a sort of super-lounge equipped with all of the latest time-savers and conveniences in vogue. Intravenous feeding will be available in the Commons for the slower students who do not have the time to eat a more leisurely meal. This will enable the poorer student to assimilate both knowledge and sustenance at the same time. Television sets monitoring all of the educational channels will be provided to give relaxation and learning in a dual dose. Revolving doors will be installed in such a manner as to provide a more direct short-cut for the run between the engineering buildings and Lincoln Hall and points beyond. The nominal seven-dollar service charge may have to be raised, but it is felt that the increased efficiency will more than compensate the student.

With all of these changes in effect, the engineering student at the University of Illinois will be a match for any in the nation. The signs point to a birth of real learning at our University, with practical technical courses the order of the day. It will be an engineering democracy in action, a technocracy of the first water. The motto will be "The U of I for EE." We wish them well.

# Mass-Produced Mental Midgets

SANDERS R. DOLCE  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

AT A TIME WHEN SHE NEEDS WELL-DEVELOPED MINDS as never before, the United States finds that she is being presented with a host of mentally bankrupt citizens. That the mental quality of today's younger citizens is not as high as it could or should be, is something I will not try to prove. This fact has been amply proven in many places and in many ways. If you desire proof, however, consult the Director of Admissions of any American university. I am sure that you will find this proof. In this paper, I shall try to give reasons for this sad state of affairs, and I shall try to recommend a cure for our national educational ailments.

First of all, what has caused this depression of national intelligence? I believe that the cause is a warped view of democracy. "The powers that be" in education are trying to give all Americans an equal opportunity to be educated. This is a commendable attitude. At least, it is commendable up to a certain point, but that point has been passed. It has not only been passed, but I believe it has been forgotten. At any rate, it has been forgotten by those who are in a position to do something to correct an already intolerable situation. The current fad in education is to educate all students equally regardless of their capability to learn. This fad teaches that it is a social wrong to give special educational opportunities to students with special capabilities because it is undemocratic to do so. Thus we find that students with poor mentalities are mechanically passed from grade to grade along with those who are of above-average intelligence. This practice is putting mental shackles on the intelligent students for the sake of maintaining the sham of educational democracy. The educators responsible for the mental inadequacy of today's students further believe that if an incapable student is failed in a course, he will develop neuroses and psychoses from being placed with a younger age group. This may be true, but what is the sense of promoting a student because he has physically grown a year older when he has not matched that year's physical growth with a year's mental growth?

The aforesaid educational practices do to scholastic incentive what socialism does to business incentive. These practices are obliterating scholastic incentive. First of all, students who hunger for knowledge are held back because the class mental activity level is brought down by the poor students. This low-level education all too often causes the bright students to twiddle their mental thumbs for lack of mental stimulation. I believe that in this manner we are allowing a great many good brains to become stagnated. The average students see that, since they will pass anyway, there is no sense in extending themselves. In time they forget how to extend themselves—how to think. The poor students who don't know what is going on in the third grade

certainly will not know any more in fourth grade, and sitting in a class with mental superiors can prove a good deal more frustrating than sitting in a class with younger classmates.

A by-product of the current trend in education is the all-too-prevalent student attitude that it is smart to be dumb. It is not at all uncommon to hear a student brag that he hasn't studied for an exam, or that he doesn't know a thing about a course he's taking. It has actually come to the point where a student can become a social outcast by getting good grades. He is labeled "brain" and isolated. This attitude is both discouraging and disgusting.

What can be done about all this? That is a good question, and it deserves a good answer. I believe that I have that answer. The right of a teacher to fail a student without fear of parental reprisal must be reinstated. Furthermore, teachers must have the right to double-promote a student whose intelligence warrants such a promotion. Once students find out that they can be failed and double-promoted, certain changes will become manifest. For one thing, the poor student will no longer slow down the rest of his class. He will find himself in a sink-or-swim situation, and I am sure that educators will be surprised at how many poor students will learn to swim. Secondly, the average student will realize that it is no longer smart to be lazy. When faced with the possibility of failure, I am sure that many average students will suddenly become above-average students. As for those students who will be our nation's future mental wealth, they will no longer be bound to the mediocrity of a class level. Incentive will no longer be a forgotten thing among students, once they discover that promotion does not come automatically. Students will become what the name implies: they will study.

These suggestions are not complete solutions to the complex problem of education, but I believe that no other pair of educational reforms could do as much to raise the intelligence level of our youth as the two I have suggested. I hope that someone who feels as I do can make his voice heard, and that this someone can turn the tide back to sane education and away from low-quality, mass mentality.

*EA*

## The Average Teacher

LAWRENCE MARTLING

*Rhetoric 100, Theme 4*

YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, BUT MOST TEACHERS ARE human. You say you never knew that? You are very misinformed. One of the things that gets me about the average teacher is the fact that while he always expects you to be on time and ready for work, seldom is he there on time and usually it takes him a while to forget that "38-25-38" blonde

he had lunch with and get down to work. Most people look up to the teacher as the model of dignity, grace, and learning. On the contrary, I find teachers very undignified, certainly not graceful, and generally stupid. Of course, there are exceptions, but they are few and far between.

The average teacher talks when you are trying to work, butts in on the conversation, and may be a general pest. He is late for engagements by at least fifteen minutes, always talks in a loud voice except when you are trying to hear him, hates Saturday classes, and never can find anything in that desk drawer. They always say that the inside of a woman's purse is like the city dump; well, the same applies to teachers' desk drawers.

Most people mellow as they get older, but not a teacher. Instead, he gets irritable and fussy. He generally wears glasses and always plays with them when you are trying to concentrate on what he might be saying. He complains loud and long about your writing, but you can never read his when he marks that beautiful paper of yours. He loves conversation only when he does all the talking, never obeys the rules, and always forgets to bring some important item to class.

In spite of all this, he manages to hold a fairly well-paid job while loudly complaining about the wages. Generally he fits into the "nice guy" class, but not always. Now after all this, I wonder why we sometimes actually get to like him.



## Why I Chose Teaching

MARTHA ANN GRAVES

*Placement Test Theme*

THERE ARE MANY REASONS WHY I HAVE CHOSEN KINDERGARTEN teaching as my career. Each reason has a special significance to both me and my country.

Today, more elementary education teachers are needed in this country than at any other time during the history of our nation. Many persons tend to overlook the importance of elementary education to their children. They are content to place their youngsters in overcrowded schools under the guidance of overworked teachers. To some, elementary education means only a playschool for youngsters. Other parents take a more penetrating look. They see the true importance of primary education. They realize the need their children have for a good beginning in education. This need is one of the first reasons why I have chosen teaching as my career.

A child's first contact with school is usually his most important one. In kindergarten he forms his first attitudes toward school. These attitudes, whether good or bad, vitally affect his educational career. When I become a

teacher, I want to be certain that my pupils' first contact with schooling is a pleasant, interesting one. I want them to have a good attitude toward the teaching profession in general. I hope to bring about this good attitude by gaining their respect, confidence, and sincere affection. I feel that kindergarten teaching will give me an opportunity to teach good attitudes and principles to pupils whose minds are flexible and easily trained.

Some of the reasons for my choice of primary education as my occupation are thoroughly practical. A career in this field is usually fairly rewarding for women, financially and otherwise. The salary paid most women teachers is usually adequate for a good standard of living. Also to be considered are the short hours and long summer vacations. However, practical reasons were not the main ones which helped me make my career decision.

My own contacts with good teachers have helped me to make my choice. A fine teacher is respected and admired by her community. She has the true admiration and respect of the students, as well as of their parents. To her, educating children is a satisfying and rewarding experience. I would like to be that kind of teacher.

The culmination of my desire to be a teacher came last fall when I began to assist the teacher in our church kindergarten. In only a short time, I began to feel a sincere affection for the members of the class. Still more important, they seemed to like me, too. I found this work was varied and thoroughly to my liking. Pulling a loose baby tooth was only one of my important duties.

The church kindergarten teacher gained my immediate respect. She has a master's degree in elementary education and is one of the finest teachers I have met. She urged me to make elementary education my career. She was a vital factor in determining my decision.

These are the reasons for my educational choice. Through diligence in my studies, I hope to attain my goal.

*et al*

## Why Should One Read?

QUENDRED WUTZKE CARPENTER

*Rhetoric 102, Final Theme*

IN ORDER FOR ANY SOCIETY TO SURVIVE BEYOND THE adult generation which controls it, that generation must transmit to its children the desire and the ability to maintain such a society. This process of socialization takes many forms, including some as subtle as the teasing of neighborhood children and some as obvious as our Constitution. In fact, every experience a person has can be considered a mold, helping to shape one's character and to influence one's actions—and a society *is* what its members *do* or don't do.

The essay, "Aimlessness in Education," by Arthur Bestor, describes the American society as one in which, ideally, each individual member or citizen exercises sufficient intellectual power to insure individual well-being, security, and *freedom*. He quotes Thomas Jefferson to stress the point that individual and therefore national freedom is not possible without this individual intellectual power—that is, education. He goes further to say that this American society is growing more and more advanced scientifically, so that the individual finds himself with the power to decide, and the duty to decide intelligently, matters of increasing complexity about which he cannot have been specifically educated. What is important, then, is good judgment, and according to Bestor our schools must, in educating the younger generation, develop this trait.

In the eyes of the younger generation, though, what sort of picture does our society present? Jobs are plentiful. For the high school student, the temptation is great to follow the example of many colleagues and forego college, even high school graduation, to take advantage of the opportunity to earn wages. The attitude is manifested in such remarks as "Well, even if I had gone to college, I couldn't have made more money than I am now making." And as for individual power, a student begins to scorn the idea as naïve, after seeing his neighbors, or even his own parents, continually neglect to vote and show no concern about it, explaining that their vote "doesn't count anyway." Such a highly specialized society as ours, with technical problems increasing every day, depends, more than has any other since history began, upon books to keep the civilization alive. In school, youngsters are supposed to be taught to read, to *want* to read, and to understand these valuable books. Yet, in actuality, society gives one an ever-decreasing incentive to read. Students who prefer an occasional non-fictional, informative book to a novel are all too often considered "odd" by their classmates; indeed, for a youngster to pick up any reading material of his own volition, when the television set is on in the next room, or a baseball game is starting, is to run the risk of wearing the brand of "bookworm." Something in our society has conditioned children to react in this way. Something has conditioned our society to make empty the words, "our citizens must be intellectually strong," by the widespread indifference and neglect of the very things which build intellectual strength.

If our society is to slip into one in which knowledge is centrally held by the aristocracy of an educated few, we have only to stop reading. Then, perhaps, either George Orwell's or Aldous Huxley's future society will actually take its place.

Why should one read? Not necessarily to make more money, and not necessarily to learn a new and trivial, but interesting fact. One should read, and read widely, with an open mind, to strengthen individual well-being, security, and freedom before, through selfish indifference, they are lost.

# Concerning Crime and Punishment

STEPHEN P. THOMAS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

. . . there are certain persons who can . . . that is, not precisely are able to, but have a perfect right to commit breaches of morality and crimes, and that the law is not for them.<sup>1</sup>

And with an axe, the destitute student, Raskolnikov, bludgeoned and robbed Alyona Ivanovna, an affluent, aged usurers whose money seemed destined never to be of any use to society. Raskolnikov murdered to test a theory. In his own words:

I maintain that if the discoveries of Kepler and Newton could not have been made known except by sacrificing the lives of one, a dozen, a hundred or more men, Newton would have had the right, would indeed have been in duty bound . . . to eliminate the dozen or the hundred men for the sake of making his discoveries known to the whole of humanity. I maintain that all great men . . . must from their very nature be criminals—more or less, of course. I believe . . . that men are in general divided by a law of nature into two categories, inferior (ordinary), that is, so to say, material that serves only to reproduce its kind, and men who have the gift or the talent to utter a new word.<sup>2</sup>

Raskolnikov did not know into which category he fitted. He murdered the pawnbroker to find the answer. From the second that the axe split Alyona Ivanovna's skull, the reader knows what Raskolnikov is, but not until much later does the answer become apparent to Raskolnikov himself. Immediately following the murder, Raskolnikov became extremely ill. Half recovered, he took what little money he had stolen and hid it under a stone, never to lay eyes on it again. Summoned to the police station because he was several months delinquent with his rent, Raskolnikov fainted when the murder was only casually mentioned. Is this the manner in which a Napoleon would have acted?

Later Raskolnikov comes to realize that he murdered, not, as it appeared, because he wanted to further his education with the stolen money, but for a much more subtle reason. In a discourse with Sonia, his lover, Raskolnikov states:

If I'd simply killed because I was hungry, I should be happy now. I wanted to become a Napoleon, that is why I killed her. I wanted to have the daring . . . and I killed her. I wanted to find out then and quickly whether I was a louse like everybody else or a man.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *Crime and Punishment*, trans. by Constance Garnett (New York: Random House, 1950), p. 254.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 254-55.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 402-407.

And then Raskolnikov reveals to Sonia that the mental torture he went through after the murder proved that he was not a superior being.

If I were not a louse, should I have come to you? I murdered myself, not her! <sup>4</sup>

Raskolnikov realized that his theory was wrong. That no man has the right to judge who shall live and who shall not live. And that one human, alive now, is more important than a million good deeds planned for the future. Raskolnikov accepted the Christian conception that each human life is something created in the image of God, and that to destroy a life is to destroy one's own humanity. Finally having seen his wrong, then, Raskolnikov walked into the police office, summoned the chief officer, and confessed, "It was I killed the old pawnbroker woman and her sister Lizaveta with an axe and robbed them." <sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 407.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 515.

*et al*

# Lady Sings the Blues

—by Billie Holiday with William Dufty

JOANNE RUCK

*Rhetoric 101, Book Report*

*"I've been told that nobody sings the word 'hunger' like I do. Or the word 'love.' Maybe I remember what those words are all about. Maybe I'm proud enough to want to remember Baltimore and Welfare Island, the Catholic institution, and the Jefferson Market Court, the sheriff in front of our place in Harlem and the towns from coast to coast where I got my lumps and scars . . . all the Cadillacs and minks in the world—and I've had a few—can't make it up or make me forget it."*

"Sure I can sing," she told the owner of a small bistro in Harlem. The threat of eviction from the tiny apartment she called home had forced the fifteen-year-old girl to look for any kind of job that would keep her and her mother off the street. Desperate, she auditioned as a dancer in one of the dozens of small clubs that flourished in New York City during the 1920's. She was not a dancer, and the owner nearly laughed out loud at her endeavors to trip the light fantastic. But something about the strikingly beautiful girl must have touched him, and he asked her if she could sing.

"Sure I can sing. What good is that?" She had been singing all her life, but she enjoyed it too much to think she could make any real money at it. Billie Holiday sang, and when she was through, the little club was

completely quiet. She got the job, and one of the greatest careers in jazz history was launched.

Lady Day is a nickname; it is short for Billie Holiday, which is the professional name of one Eleanora Fagan. Even hardened critics agree that Lady Day is someone with more than just a good voice; she has the rare ability to inject sincere feeling into a lyric and turn a lifeless sheet of music into something warm, and human, and real. *Lady Sings the Blues* is the autobiography of Billie Holiday; in many ways it is more than a historical account of the rise of a great jazz personality. It stands also as shocking evidence of the cruelty of a well-known force in America. The name of the force is Jim Crow.

Written in collaboration with William Dufty, her book has many sections that appear to be taken from tape-recorded interviews with Miss Holiday. Perhaps this is the explanation for the frank and often profane narration. Lady Day has left nothing to the reader's imagination; she lashes out freely and with no inhibitions, against the people and places and conditions that contributed to her battle against poverty, racial prejudice, and finally, narcotics. She tells boldly of her tragic childhood: "Mom and Pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was eighteen, she was sixteen, and I was three."

Shifted from relative to relative while her mother labored to earn enough money to set up a home for herself and her daughter (Clarence Holiday had long since become the proverbial errant musician), Billie worked twelve hours a day scrubbing the white people's steps from one end of Baltimore to the other when she was only six. At ten, following a brutal attack by a forty-year-old man, she was taken into custody and placed in a Catholic institution where, among other punishments, she was locked up for the night with the body of a dead girl. A rebellious spirit coupled with an iron constitution pulled her through that experience, which has haunted her during most of her adult life. By the time she was fifteen, Eleanora Fagan was earning her room and board by means of the oldest profession in the world. It was shortly after this last experiment that the world got a sampling of what was to become one of the greatest voices jazz has ever known.

Billie Holiday's story might well be the story of Jim Crow itself and what that kind of thing does to the human being on the receiving end. Billie tells of the time she toured the country with Count Basie and his band at the time Detroit was suffering from an epidemic of race riots. The management took one look at Billie and ordered her to wear black makeup while she appeared in Detroit. Her complexion was not dark enough, they said, and the sight of a white girl singing with a Negro band could easily set off another Jim Crow exhibition.

Getting three meals a day, and sometimes even a place to sleep, became a regular production when Billie toured with the Artie Shaw organization a few years later. She became so accustomed to the insults hurled at her by

white "crackers" (Negro term for racist) that she often remained perfectly calm while Shaw and his band fought valiantly but in vain for her rights as a human being and an American.

Exactly when Billie Holiday became addicted to narcotics is not made clear, for after her initiation as a night-club performer when she was fifteen, the book forsakes chronological order and becomes a series of incidents arranged in no particular order. The story of her arrest and subsequent imprisonment are vividly dealt with, and she does not hesitate to attack America's treatment of the dope problem. She takes full advantage of her own notoriety as an addict to put across a number of sound ideas, which alert legislators might do well to study.

*Lady Sings the Blues* is not well written; it is full of language which would cause English instructors to shudder, but the book is by no means cheap. It is a sincere effort to present the life of a great talent and an outstanding personality as it was lived. No names have been changed to protect anybody, and many chapters are peppered with incidents involving well-known personages who influenced Lady Day in one way or another.

People to whom the name Billie Holiday means little more than a vaguely-remembered headline of some years ago now have an opportunity to discover why she has been called the greatest jazz singer of the era and why grown men and women are often moved to tears when *Lady Sings the Blues*.



# On The Grass Harp

## — by Truman Capote

REGINALD KOOISTRA  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PHILOSOPHY TO LIVE BY INVOLVES the consideration of all people and all ideas. If it is a good philosophy, it will include all of the segments of life and will supply a frame of reference to judge them by. If the philosophy is not quite so good, its application may require the rejection of certain elements of life which, in reality, have always existed and will probably continue to exist.

I consider my own philosophy of life to be a good one, since it supplies an extremely accurate map of a large portion of the geography of humanity. There is, however, an area which I have purposely left unexplored. This region is inhabited by the artists, the musicians, and the writers.

By subjecting them to my "scientific analysis" of life, I would destroy a great deal of life's meaning. Judging art by the use of science is as stupid and

crass as judging science by the use of art. In a multitude of ways, the two are incompatible.

An admission of this fact, however, results in a philosophical bisection of the universe. The world is reduced to physical or spiritual things, tangible or intangible, man or God. By setting the artist apart from the scientist, we imply that we are setting them against one another. While I am certain that I will never question the artist, I have always questioned my own right to shelter him from the cold, mechanical attack of a new type of thought.

To a certain degree, *The Grass Harp* clarified the problem for me. It was not because the book itself contained the answer, but because it revealed to me in a negative manner the correct definition of love and beauty.

In *The Grass Harp*, love is retrospective: all of the things it could have been and all of the things it should have been. The book illustrates clearly how ridiculous it is to try to live on memories, but it shows even more clearly the futility of trying to escape the "surface qualities" of life in favor of something "higher" or "more pure." Love, in its truest sense, must be directed toward what *is*, not toward what *should be*, and the artist who lives on dreams instead of the hard texture of reality is disillusioned. He never accomplishes anything, simply because he is never in contact with the materials which he needs to fabricate something of value. Life must be lived, not just observed; it should be regarded as an exploration, not an obstacle course.

It is to be admitted that life is nothing but problems to solve. Life's pleasure, however, should come from the act of solving these problems, not from knowing that we have them solved.

The incompatibility between the scientific attitude and the artistic temperament no longer exists in my own mind. The artist is in search of life; the scientist is in search of life. The artist asks why; the scientist simply asks how. The artist is a scientist, an imaginative scientist who is not hemmed in by the walls of facts and statistics. He is free to explore the unknown. The reason that there are truths in art which defy the analysis of science is that the artist has catapulted farther ahead in his exploration of life. He is the advance scout of science.

Truman Capote's novel fails because its characters succeed. Love is life. In their search for love, however, the characters of *The Grass Harp* seem to disregard life altogether and proceed to search for something "higher" and "more pure." The book puts the very idea of love on a pedestal and seems to say that, although we must live on the contemptible level of life, we may look up for hope at the shining ideal. The main trouble with Capote's book is that it yearns for the past and hopes for tomorrow, without a shred of consideration for today.

*The Grass Harp* seems to be nothing more than a convenient formula for converting love to tragedy. We are asked to accept the two, not as reciprocals but as equivalents, and this, along with the fantastic plot, gives the book a fairy tale quality. Fairy tales are never taken seriously.

# "Now Kiddies, Tell Mommy to Buy . . ."

SUSAN MITCHELL  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

IT IS A KNOWN FACT THAT THE KIDDIES OF TODAY SPEND the majority of their time in front of the television set. Unlike their skeptical elders, these cherubs absorb all of the commercials as well as the program. Naturally, this very young generation are influenced by the commercials or advertisements they see. As everyone knows, the youngsters subtly "rule the roost"; therefore, as is expected, the whole family feels the strength of the TV commercial and is compelled to obey the advertiser's every command.

In my family, this situation is serious—and all our trouble may be traced to my two young sisters and a TV set. To illustrate, I'd like to give you an idea of a typical breakfast with the Mitchell family.

Orange juice has become extinct at our house ever since a fast-talking salesman named Howdy Doody sold his small subjects on Welch's Grape Juice. Needless to say, we drink to Howdy's health every morning and hope he'll soon get an orange juice sponsor. After downing Howdy's favorite grape juice, we start on the main course, which is Wild Bill Hickok's favorite cereal. This we eat enthusiastically in the hope that we too will soon be strong, and fast on the draw (unless we develop diabetes first from this overly sugar-coated cereal). The toast is next. It is made from Bunny Bread—the bread recommended by Crusader Rabbit. Crusader would be proud to know that we all have the "rabbit habit," and, what is more important, that my sisters have completed their first collection of Crusader's pictures which are found in every loaf of Bunny Bread. Then after finishing the prescribed breakfast, there is another treat in store for us—Winkie Dink's favorite toothpaste. We brush our teeth in resigned silence, ignoring Daddy's comments about that "blasted toothpaste" which is nothing but "flavored putty!"

It is useless to rebel, for my sisters calmly announce that they will use the products they want or none at all. Their TV friends' words are final!

In addition to forcing Mommy to buy the favored products, the American TV-minded youngster spends a great deal of time singing the merits of advertised products. I feel very sad when I hear beloved old nursery rhymes such as "Little Bo Peep" replaced by "You'll wonder where the yellow went when you brush your teeth with Pepsodent" or "Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall" replaced by "Light up a Lucky, it's light-up time."

I became strongly aware of this situation last week when I visited with a

friend who is the mother of a four-year-old named Cindy. I hadn't been there ten minutes when the proud mother announced that Cindy had learned a new verse to "To Look Sharp." I soon discovered that she knew the verses to not only that commercial but almost every commercial that appeared on television. This talented child sang out with gusto on everything from "Halo everybody, Halo" to "Falstaff beer is the right beer, yessirrec." Advertisers should appreciate all the free "plugs" they get from the kiddies.

Whether or not the television commercial's influence on kiddies is good or bad, it is obviously effective. This is shown by the fact that the kiddies urge Mommy to buy the products their TV idols recommend, and the fact that they learn and sing the advertisements. It is startling to us as potential parents to realize that someday the products we buy will be determined by the heroes and heroines of the channels.

etX

## Public Enemy

BARBARA ENGLISH

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

J. EDGAR HOOVER AND THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION deserve and receive congratulations for capturing and bringing to trial many of the country's Number One Public Enemies. The greatest enemy of our nation, however, cannot be handcuffed, tried, and put behind prison bars. Our greatest enemy is not a gun-crazed criminal, but the abstract quality of nearsightedness.

Our nearsightedness makes us indifferent to events and ideas that are really most important. We are driven to keep busy whether we accomplish anything or not, and we emphasize the superficial. Meetings, daily duties, immediate assignments blot out a broad, searching view of our surroundings, and our depth of perception is blocked by selfish interests.

Nearsightedness prohibits our being interested in current events and world problems. It abets our misunderstanding the Britisher, the Nigerian, the Korean, the Southerner. It leads to an attitude of apathy toward conditions we should be combatting and ideas we should be considering.

Because of nearsightedness we have enthroned "the newest," and "the latest model," and "the biggest." Our nearsightedness has let us permit the good to get in the way of the best, and the relatively unimportant immediate duties to come before the long-range essentials.

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# Preparation for Adventure

DONALD R. EDWARDS  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

THE LAST FRONTIER ON THIS WIDE EARTH FOR THE explorer at heart is the underwater world. To be witness to this strange new world, a person must first learn to adapt himself to the physical differences in the underwater atmosphere. Some people jump headlong into the sport; it is safer to go feet first.

The ignorant enthusiast straps on a SCUBA (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) and jumps in. Often his epitaph shows that his last words were, "Hey, look at me: man from Mars!" If he doesn't drown, he may rupture his lungs, or get the "bends" (bubbles of carbon dioxide in the blood), or he may just come struggling back to the boat completely exhausted after being underwater for only five minutes. The fool never bothered to find out that the SCUBA is a highly complicated, and sometimes temperamental, piece of equipment. It is the drowned man that makes the next of kin cry the loudest and give the sport a bad name, calling it dangerous. If the kin only knew that their loved one committed suicide because he did not bother to learn decompression tables, rates of ascent, emergency measures, and a host of other things before he took his first "lung dive"! But now let us look at the preparation which the wise man makes, for it is he who will tell stories of the wonderful experiences in this new dimension.

The wise man spends a winter or spring at the local YMCA pool with a face mask, flippers, and a snorkel tube, before he even looks at an aqua-lung. Let us watch this person as he instructs himself in the use of this simple equipment, and we will see that the sport demands certain basic experience. We shall call the novice George Grunt.

Now, George realizes that he must become proficient in four things: controlled breathing, the emptying of the face mask of water while underwater, the use of the flippers (webbed feet), and the equalization of pressure in the middle ear. So, he takes his mask, flippers, and snorkel tube into the pool, and for a few weeks he places his entire concentration on learning how to breathe correctly. George places himself on his stomach and paddles the flippers just enough to keep him afloat. He begins by taking a quick, deep breath and holding it as long as possible with his face down in the water. Then he forcibly exhales through the snorkel to blow out any water that may have seeped into it and takes another quick, deep breath of air, repeating the cycle. Often, while he is taking a breath, he is choked by water that enters the tube. But George is wise, and he knows that he must not panic and spit the tube out, for it is his life-line. Exerting his will over his instinct, he calms himself; he gives a hard blow with the air still left in his lungs, and then he attempts to breathe again. Soon this type of breathing becomes second nature to George. Now he is ready to learn how to clear his face mask.

The face mask is of the type that does not have built-in snorkel tubes, and it covers only his eyes and nose. George begins by standing in the shallow water. He fills the mask with water and applies it to his face. Of course, he has already overcome the fear of getting a little water in his nose. He then falls backward into the water, and, while holding the mask to his head, he exhales through his nose. The bubbles rise to the top of the mask and force the water out.

George finds mastery of the flippers very easy. He soon learns that a half-hearted kick and a long glide are the least tiring. The method of getting propulsion is something like that of a leisurely bicycle ride.

George has left the hardest task for last. He finds that when he dives to the bottom of the pool, there is a terrific pain from the pressure on his ears. While down there, he takes his face mask off, holds his nose tightly with his fingers, and attempts to exhale forcefully through his nose. This equalizes the pressure in the middle ear with the pressure of the water, and George finds that he can hear every splash on the surface. Soon he learns that he can perform this equalization without taking his face mask off.

George has become proficient in the use of his accessory equipment, and he continues his preparation for adventure by plunging into the more technical aspects of the sport: the physiology and mechanics of SCUBA diving. He purchases a recommended handbook such as *Underwater Safety*, by E. R. Cross, and he studies the decompression tables, depth charts, rates of ascent, and other important items, until he has them mastered.

When the summer comes, George's preparations will be complete, and he will be ready to safely experience a new feeling: a feeling of exaltation in being free from the bonds of gravity. J. Y. Costeau, world-famous diver and oceanographer, in his article "Menfish" (an account of his first experience with an aqua-lung), describes it:

To halt and hang attached to nothing, no lines or air pipe to the surface, was a dream . . . From this day forward we would swim across miles of country no man had known, free and level, with our flesh feeling what the fish scales know.



## Escape from Reality

ROBERT SMOOT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS IN THE WORLD IS the reflection of light in a subterranean cavern. The crystalline minerals are prismatic and reflect ordinary light rays as a myriad of colors—tints and shades of red, white, blue, yellow, and all their tones. The awesome play of light in a cave is accompanied by the rhythmic sound of dripping water as it sculpts and creates weird mineral formations. The echoes of this endless sound create an eerie harmony that, despite its weirdness, pervades the

soul with an inexplicable peacefulness. One frequently finds, after visiting a cave, that he asks himself, "Just what is a cave? What has caused such strange beauty and harmony?"

The tremendous force exerted by such natural agencies as air, water, and volcanic action has carved interesting chambers in the earth's crust. These chambers are called caves; they can be divided into several groups according to their method of formation—those formed by the action of air, those formed by the action of water, and those formed by the action of volcanoes or similar subterranean forces.

The solvent action of water has created the greatest number of caves. The continual friction of water in underground streams has resulted in the formation of huge, subterranean grottos in the solid rock. Caves often occur in limestone, since, of the more common rocks, limestone is most easily dissolved in ground water containing carbon dioxide. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the Luray Cavern of Virginia, and the Matlock Grotto of Derbyshire are famous examples of this type of cave. Lining the walls of these caverns is a calcareous incrustation which reflects light in such a manner as to give the caves a strange, lustrous beauty. Apparently supporting the vaulted ceiling are pillars of stone called stalactites and stalagnites, peculiar growths of minerals which are deposited by water as it seeps through the top of the cave.

Oceans play a great part in the erosion of stone and the formation of caves. One can find numerous sea caves on almost any rocky coastline. These tunnels into the earth slant upward and are the result of the undermining of the cliffs by the grinding action of ocean water with its load of grit and sand. As huge ocean waves smash into the mouths of sea caves, air is compressed and driven into every fissure and crack in the cavern. Upon the sudden withdrawal of the pressure as the water runs out, the air expands, aiding the growth of the cave by ripping loose showers of fragments. Many sea caves continue to increase in depth until they emerge at the surface, forming "blow-holes" or "spouting horns" which send up white puffs of spray with every incoming wave during a storm.

In inland cliffs which are composed of alternate layers of hard and soft stone, the softer layers of stone are more easily eroded by the wind and by changes in temperature than are the harder layers. Eventually the wearing down of the softer layers results in the formation of shallow caves.

Large lava caves are to be found in Iceland and in the Hawaiian Islands. These caves, characteristic of volcanic regions, are formed as a result of the escape of molten stone from the lava flows, after the formation of a hard crust. Huge vacant areas beneath the earth's surface are formed when the upheaval caused by a volcano disrupts the strata there.

In the dawn of civilization, primitive man found shelter from the inclement world by inhabiting caves. He must have been awed by the strange beauty which the light of his fires enabled him to see. With the aid of a good light, man can still escape the trials and frustrations of life (if only briefly) by stepping into a cave and letting his natural curiosity and appreciation of beauty inspire his thoughts.

# The Runaway Nose

FIELDER G. DOWDING

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

**D**RIP, DRIP, DRIP! I FEEL LIKE A LEAKY FAUCET. DAY and night, summer and winter, I am troubled by a nose gone wild. The doctor described my case as asthma provoked by an allergy.

In the spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love. In this respect, I am no different from other men my age, but the springtime is the time of pollination for the grasses and trees. I am quite allergic to the pollen of grasses and trees. During the other months I have only yeasts, molds, house dusts, and cat's fur to breathe. When the springtime arrives though, my nose really goes all out to make me miserable.

Many times I wish I could trade my nose in on a new model, but the resale value of asthmatic noses is so low that I would never be able to get a satisfactory bargain. I could live inside an oxygen tent or wear a gas mask all the time, but I would miss so much of life that it would not be worthwhile. It has been suggested that I stop breathing. The fellow who suggested such a measure has never been a great friend of mine, and I suspect an ulterior motive.

Many people have seen me blow my nose with a large red handkerchief. To these healthy, clear-headed people it may seem funny, but to me it is a necessity. I could carry two or three normal-sized white handkerchiefs, but I would also need an extra pocket to put the used ones in. I have been called an alcoholic because of my bulbous red nose and my bloodshot eyes. The symptoms may be the same, but the cause is different. Lack of sleep and a running nose give the impression that I am an alcoholic in the last stages. The running nose keeps me awake and lack of sleep keeps my nose running. This is an eternal circle which has me in a dither from day to day.

A short while ago I had one highly embarrassing experience because of my allergy shots. These shots build up an immunity to the different things which set off the asthma reaction. One night I was in the process of taking my weekly shots while playing a game with a friend of mine. Just as I lost several points and mentioned the fact, another fellow in the house walked in. He stared at the syringe in my hand; then he glanced at the score card. The poor chap was under the false impression that I had lost the game and was paying off by injecting air into my veins. He leaped across the room and snatched the syringe out of my hand. "This can't go on!" he cried. "Don't you know gambling is not allowed in the house?"

Taking pills is another little action which sometimes causes laughter. I can never find the bottle when I need a pill, and the bottle is always popping up when I do not need a pill. There seems to be no solution to the problem of where to put the pill bottle where it will be handy and yet out of the way.

No matter what time of year, the pollen season or not, I am bothered by face powder and perfume. My nose is naturally sensitive, and all the more so when it is not clogged up and running. I have had to ask several young ladies to remove their face powder so that I would not sneeze when I danced with them. Situations which were less embarrassing than this have interfered with courtships.

I think that I have all my problems solved now. I met a young lady of my age who is also troubled by asthma. I have found that her companionship is quite enjoyable to me. She understands my misery, and she has yet to wear face powder. Although I may have once been destined to be a bachelor for life, there is a strong chance that I may become one of the many pinned men on campus, even though I carry a big red handkerchief, take pills and shots, and sneeze when I come in contact with face powder.



## What to Look for in Buying an Electric Organ

ALFRED W. BLATTER  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

SINCE A PATENT WAS ISSUED TO LAURENS HAMMOND IN 1933 for his electronic musical instrument, there has been much interest shown in devices known as electronic organs, which reproduce the tones of a pipe organ synthetically. Although these electrical substitutes are not exact imitations, their popularity has grown because they take up less space and cost but a fraction of the price of a pipe organ. The fact is that many people today own electronic organs who never dreamed of owning an organ ten years ago. Indeed, these electrical instruments have made quite an impression upon the musical public, and because of this I feel that it may be useful to describe the basic types of electronic organs and their advantages and disadvantages.

The simplest type is known as the electro-reed organ. This instrument is very similar to the old parlor reed organ which was popular at the beginning of the century, but the modern version picks up the reed tones through a sensitive vibrator and amplifies them through a speaker system. This method is employed in the Wurlitzer and Minshall organs.

These organs are mechanically very simple and are easily repaired, but they lack variety in tone colors. An organ of this type is excellent for a small home, Sunday-school room, chapel, or funeral parlor, where organ quality is desired.

The second major electronic organ is actually more mechanical than electronic. However, since it is the design patented by Mr. Hammond and possibly the most popular of all types, I shall discuss it along with the truly electronic types. The Hammond organ uses rotating gears which run at a constant speed. Each of the gears is fixed between two electro-magnets which set up a field. The gears are each of a particular size, so as to cut through its magnetic field at a rate which produces a tone of particular pitch. This tone is then mixed with other tones of different pitches to produce a complex harmonic pattern which is then amplified and played through a speaker. The structure of the harmonic pattern determines the tone color, and it can be controlled by the player to give many different colors, from a rich, church-like diapason to a thin, reedy oboe. However, the design of this organ is such that the harmonic pattern remains constant throughout the compass of the instrument, whereas in pipe organs the structure varies for each note. Consequently, the Hammond does not exactly reproduce organ tones.

The Hammond organ has qualities that prevent it from ever getting out of tune, and it will also take extremes in weather and humidity. For auditoriums, outdoor concerts, and traveling groups, the Hammond is the ideal instrument because of its rugged construction.

The final type of organ is the purely electronic instrument. The basic components of this organ are a number of oscillators, one for each note of the scale, and a filter network. The tones produced by the oscillators are not at all musical, but after being fed through the filters, all undesirable harmonics are removed, and the tone colors are very much like true organ tones. In fact, since the filter resonances are very much like the physical resonances in organ pipes, the tone quality is as close to the true tones as possible. This method of tone production is used in the Baldwin, Allen, Connsonata, and Organ Arts instruments.

The electronic organ is very realistic and is handled exactly like a pipe organ. However, it requires tuning more often than the other electro-organ designs. The electronic organ is best suited for concert halls, large churches, for connoisseurs of fine music.

Since the development of the electronic organ in the mid-nineteen-thirties, its popularity has greatly increased. It has made the ownership of a realistically toned organ, once a luxury for only the very rich, a real possibility for the average man. Designs have developed to suit every taste and pocketbook. I have presented a brief description of three of the major designs, along with my own comments concerning them. However, the final decision as to what type to purchase depends upon individual needs and tastes.

# Problems in the Design of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile

HARRY SAUERWEIN  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 9*

## I. INTRODUCTION

PERHAPS YOU HAVE RUN ACROSS THE FOUR LETTERS, ICBM, in your morning paper and have wondered what they stood for.

You have seen these letters referred to as "the ultimate weapon . . . a deterrent to another war," or even "the destroyer of the world," and your curiosity has been aroused. Well, ICBM stands for Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. It is one of the new breed of weapons, called guided missiles, being brought out by the armed forces. It is meant eventually to take the place of piloted, long-range atomic bombers.<sup>1</sup>

The ICBM differs from an artillery shell only slightly. It will be wingless, but will have its own propulsion system. Only the first stages of its flight will be guided. The ICBM follows the same elliptical trajectory that an artillery shell does, but the missile will loop into outer space, covering many miles rather than yards.<sup>2</sup>

The ICBM will be approximately 100 to 135 feet in height and will weigh between 100 and 120 tons.<sup>3</sup> Its engines will have to develop the enormous thrust of 500,000 pounds.<sup>4</sup> It will have to be in the form of a staged rocket with one fuel and engine section placed on top of another.<sup>5</sup> The multiple-staged ICBM will actually be in the form of two missiles, one mounted on top of the other. The first unit or stage will fire until it has burned all its fuel and then drop away. The second stage will continue on under its own power, minus the dead weight of the first stage.<sup>6</sup> The first stage will be about eighty feet tall and will house the largest engines and the most fuel. The second stage, which will not need to fire as long as the first stage, should be approximately twenty feet tall. The warhead, which will probably be thermonuclear, is thought to be thirty feet long. The entire missile will be four feet in diameter.<sup>7</sup>

The ICBM will be launched vertically in the manner introduced by the

<sup>1</sup> D. Francis, "How Strong Are Our Missiles?" *Popular Science*, CLXVII (August, 1955), 127.

<sup>2</sup> H. W. Baldwin, "ICBM," *Collier's*, CXXXVII (March 16, 1956), 75.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 76.

<sup>4</sup> D. A. Anderton, "Engineers Probe Barriers to IBM Flight," *Aviation Week*, LXII (February 28, 1955), 28.

<sup>5</sup> Baldwin, p. 76.

<sup>6</sup> Gordon J. Vaeth, *200 Miles Up* (New York: The Ronald Press Company, 1955), p. 147.

<sup>7</sup> Baldwin, p. 76.

German V-2 rockets.<sup>8</sup> The missile's engines will probably be rockets. Total firing time of the rockets will be only twelve minutes, taking the second stage about 300 miles up.<sup>9</sup> The missile will have reached a speed of 15,000 miles per hour, and in the last portion of its powered flight it would have tilted automatically to an angle of twenty-six degrees from the horizontal.<sup>10</sup> The ICBM then continues on a ballistic trajectory, reaching a maximum speed of approximately 16,000 miles per hour and an altitude of 500 to 800 miles.

As it plunges down toward the earth again it will re-enter the atmosphere at an altitude of sixty to eighty miles.<sup>11</sup> The skin of the missile will begin to heat and glow red because of air friction, as it plunges on to detonate its war-head over an unsuspecting city 5,000 miles from its launching site. The entire trip from launching site to target took only thirty minutes. It can be readily seen that a weapon of this type would be a threat to any nation.

The intercontinental ballistic missile has many other advantages besides its performance. Contrary to what many people may think, the ICBM will cost less than the present strategic bombing system. After initial development costs, an ICBM will cost about one million dollars, as compared to eight million dollars for one of the Air Forces' largest bombers, the B-52.<sup>12</sup> Launching sites will also be much cheaper than the huge air bases required by present-day bombers.

Launching sites could possibly be made mobile and scattered about the country. An ICBM could also be easily hidden.<sup>13</sup> Because of its mobility and ease of being hidden, an enemy would find it difficult to wipe out all possible launching points. The enemy could never be sure of an ICBM's location.

The missile would need few spare parts and little maintenance. After a perfected ICBM was put into production, no test flights would need to be made.<sup>14</sup> An ICBM could be launched in any weather, at any time, and its accuracy would not be affected by weather conditions at the target.<sup>15</sup>

But the ICBM still has to be developed. Though it is in the realm of possibility, the intercontinental ballistic missile is not yet a fact. One expert has said, "The missile (an ICBM) can be built with the scientific knowledge now available, but basic research will enable us to do the job better. The work ahead is chiefly engineering."<sup>16</sup>

Three primary problems face the ICBM engineer. The problem of propulsion—finding the right fuels and engines to obtain enough thrust to send the giant missile off into space—is the first. The second problem, finding and developing an accurate guidance system, is perhaps the most difficult. The

<sup>8</sup> Anderton, "Engineers Probe Barriers to IBM Rlight," p. 26.

<sup>9</sup> Baldwin, p. 24.

<sup>10</sup> R. Hotz, "Operation Missiles Now Arming U. S. A. F." *Aviation Week*, LXII (May 21, 1955), 14.

<sup>11</sup> E. Rees, "Missiles Away," *Time*, LXVII (January 30, 1956), 56.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> G. J. Vaeth, "Guided Missiles," *Flying*, LIII (August, 1953), 61

<sup>14</sup> Rees, p. 56.

<sup>15</sup> R. J. Davis, "Missiles of the Future," *Newsweek*, XXXXI (June 15, 1953), 28.

<sup>16</sup> Baldwin, p. 76.

third troublesome problem is getting rid of the tremendous heat generated by air friction upon re-entry into the atmosphere.<sup>17</sup>

## II. PROPULSION

The ICBM's rockets will have to develop huge amounts of thrust to hurtle the large missile out into space. Some people wonder how a rocket engine will operate in space, where there is no atmosphere "for the rocket to push against." Actually a rocket does not obtain its power by "pushing" on the atmosphere. The rocket engine works on an action-equals-reaction principle. Newton's third law of motion states that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. A rocket expels hot gases rearward (the action) and thus moves forward (the reaction). Therefore, the ICBM will not need the atmosphere for its rocket to "push against."<sup>18</sup>

There are two main types of rocket fuels, solid and liquid. Solid fuels, which are usually mixtures of gunpowder and a suitable base, have short endurance but very high thrust. They are usually used in missile-launching boosters. Solid-fuel rockets also have steady thrusts, which makes them very suitable for the initial stages of missile flight, when a slight fluctuation in thrust might mean the difference between a hit and a miss. A solid-fuel booster might be used to launch an ICBM.<sup>19</sup>

The main stages of the ICBM will utilize liquid-fuel rockets. The liquid-fuel rocket is much more complicated than the solid-fuel variety, because it requires large amounts of tubing and numerous pumps. Most liquid-fuel rockets are bipropellant, carrying an oxidizer and a fuel in separate fuel tanks. The oxidizer and the fuel are pumped under pressure by a high-speed turbine pump into the combustion chamber where they are ignited and expelled through the nozzle of the rocket.<sup>20</sup> Another disadvantage is that liquid rocket fuels are very hard to handle. They are volatile, explosive, corrosive, and must be handled with care.<sup>21</sup>

Another fuel which holds great promise is fissionable material. A small nuclear pile could be used to heat and expand a gas to be used in the rocket. This system is unlikely to be used on the first ICBM, but it might ultimately prove to be the most efficient system.<sup>22</sup>

The ICBM will require at least 500,000 pounds of thrust in the initial stages of its flight. But the largest rocket engines built today develop only 120,000 pounds of thrust, so the system of having a number of engines mounted in a group, like the configuration in which the bullet chambers are arranged in

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<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>18</sup> Vaeth, *200 Miles Up*, p. 137.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 138.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 40.

<sup>21</sup> Baldwin, p. 76.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*

a revolver, has been planned. By grouping the engines, sufficient thrust can be obtained for efficient ICBM operation.<sup>23</sup>

### III. GUIDANCE

The ICBM will be guided only when its rockets are firing, during the first 300 miles of its flight.<sup>24</sup> Because the missile is guided for only this short time, its speed and direction at the time when its rockets burn out must be precise if the missile is to hit the target. Guidance on the downward leg of its flight would be useful but would add too much weight to the missile to be practical.<sup>25</sup> Guidance, therefore, is one of the most important and difficult problems to be solved.

Several systems have been proposed to guide the ICBM. One type would have all data precalculated and fed into the ICBM's computer. At the proper time the computer would activate the missile's servomechanisms to guide it through its flight path. This is called the pre-set programmed method.<sup>26</sup> Another system, similar to the programmed method, would have the computer located on the ground at the launching site, and the missile would be kept in radio contact with the ground. This system would save the weight of the computer but would be subject to radio interference which might cause the missile to stray off course.

Much more elaborate systems of guidance are also being planned. One such system, called the terrestrial method, would have the ICBM locating its own position by means of magnetic, electrical, or gravitational fields. Under this system the ICBM would "sense" its own position and make corrections in its course.<sup>27</sup> About the most ingenious system is the inertial method. Gyroscopes and accelerometers would "feel" all forces acting on the missile and locate its position. Corrections in flight path would be made automatically.<sup>28</sup>

The last system seems almost unbelievable. It is called the celestial method. Small telescopes would be located in the ICBM and set to track on a pair or series of stars. By this method the missile would actually navigate all the way to the target. This would be the system least susceptible to enemy jamming.<sup>29</sup>

The complications and errors involved in the guidance of an ICBM are innumerable. For example, if the missile were a fraction of an inch off center on its launching stand, and if this error were not corrected during its flight, the ICBM would miss its target by many miles.<sup>30</sup>

Errors come from three main sources: nature, instruments and maps.

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<sup>23</sup> Anderton, "Engineers Probe Barriers to IBM Flight," p. 28.

<sup>24</sup> Baldwin, p. 76.

<sup>25</sup> Anderton, "Engineers Probe Barriers to IBM Flight," p. 26.

<sup>26</sup> Baldwin, p. 76.

<sup>27</sup> Davis, p. 28.

<sup>28</sup> Rees, p. 56.

<sup>29</sup> Davis, p. 28.

<sup>30</sup> M. Caidin, "Missile Report," *Flying*, LVII (November, 1955), 67.

Nature is not as steady and unchanging as it may seem. Gravity varies non-uniformly, and the Earth does not rotate evenly. The ionosphere varies, causing fluctuations in radio signals which are bounced off of it.<sup>31</sup> All these factors would combine to make position-locating for the missile very difficult. The long, unguided range of the missile would also multiply any instrument errors at launching. An error in speed of one foot per second at launching would cause the missile to miss by one mile. Another factor which would cause difficulty is the inaccuracy of our present world maps. Some maps were found to be as much as fifty miles off during World War II. Obviously, an ICBM would miss its target if the exact location of its target was not known.<sup>32</sup>

After the guidance system has determined when and where to execute the maneuvers of the missile, the control system will have to do the actual work of turning the ICBM. In the initial rise through the atmosphere the missile could be controlled by external vanes, much as an airplane is controlled. But above 120,000 feet these vanes would have little effect.<sup>33</sup> The ICBM could also be controlled by vanes in the exhaust, or by moving the entire engine to direct the exhaust in different directions.<sup>34</sup> As the missile travels through space it will not need to be controlled, but will hurtle like an artillery shell. Just before the ICBM is about to re-enter the atmosphere, it will have to be turned so that it enters nose first, or else it will tumble and may be thrown off course. Three methods for turning the missile before it re-enters the atmosphere have been suggested. The first two are similar in that they employ either a gyroscope, or a flywheel rotating at a very high speed. Gyroscopes and flywheels rotating at high speeds tend to stay aligned in the same direction in space; thus, when the ICBM needs to be turned it could be rotated automatically about these devices.<sup>35</sup> The third system would use gas jets to turn the missile. Small tanks of compressed gas could be carried in the missile, and the gas could be expelled through small jets in its side to maneuver the ICBM.<sup>36</sup> Another suggestion which has been put forward would have the missile put into a spin about its longitudinal axis to stabilize it during its entire flight. This could be done by use of any of the above systems.<sup>37</sup>

#### IV. RE-ENTRY HEAT

The tremendous heat generated by skin friction as the missile re-enters the atmosphere is another of the major problems faced by the ICBM engineer. A meteor burns because of heat which is generated when it plunges into the

<sup>31</sup> Francis, p. 218.

<sup>32</sup> Baldwin, p. 76.

<sup>33</sup> Willy Ley, *Rockets, Missiles, and Space Travel* (New York: The Viking Press, 1951), p. 245.

<sup>34</sup> Vaeth, *200 Miles Up*, p. 145.

<sup>35</sup> Rees, p. 56.

<sup>36</sup> "U. S. Races for a Supermissile," *Life*, XXXX (February 27, 1956), 29.

<sup>37</sup> Alfred R. Weyl, *Guided Missiles* (London: Temple Press, 1949), p. 20.

atmosphere with great speed. The National Advisory Council on Aeronautics has stated that the skin temperature of the missile when it re-enters the atmosphere would be "sufficient to vaporize diamonds."<sup>38</sup>

One method to overcome this problem is to slow down the ICBM sufficiently so that it will not overheat. The missile could be slowed down by using dive brakes such as those used on a jet plane. This method seems feasible but it may not prove effective enough to slow the missile sufficiently. Reversing the rocket engines has been suggested, but this does not seem practical because of the extra weight of fuel which would have to be carried. The missile might be made to lose one of its aerodynamic characteristics, such as making the nose blunt so that it would slow down, but this does not insure sufficient slowing.<sup>39</sup>

Another method to defeat the heat problem is to make the skin of the missile thicker and just let it burn away as it plunges into the atmosphere. But this has its drawbacks. First, the thicker skin means more weight, and more weight means more fuel and larger engines, and further complications. Also, the skin may not burn away evenly, and therefore the missile may tumble off course.<sup>40</sup>

Some scientists think that thermonuclear warheads will eliminate the need for even entering the atmosphere. They believe that the ICBM could be exploded above the atmosphere and still do sufficient damage to its target. But this is only a matter of opinion and will need further investigation.<sup>41</sup>

The last method would use a cooling process to keep the skin of the ICBM cool. A system much the same as the one the human body uses would be employed. A skin, probably ceramic, with many pores through which a liquid could be passed, would cover the missile. When the temperature rose above a safe level, liquid would pass through the pores in the skin and be evaporated. The evaporation of the liquid would keep the skin of the ICBM cool.<sup>42</sup>

## V. CONCLUSION

The destructive power of a thermonuclear warhead attached to an ICBM may help to solve some of the problems in its design. If the warhead could destroy a great area, the guidance system would not have to be as accurate, and the heat problem would be partially solved.<sup>43</sup> A thermonuclear blast at present would have a lethal radius of ten miles.<sup>44</sup> The recent realization that thermonuclear explosives would be light and handy is the reason that the

<sup>38</sup> R. V. Drake, "Guided Missiles: Key to Peace?" *Reader's Digest*, LXVIII (March, 1956), 22.

<sup>39</sup> "U. S. Races for a Supermissile," p. 26.

<sup>40</sup> Baldwin, p. 80.

<sup>41</sup> Hotz, p. 15.

<sup>42</sup> Lloyd Mallan, *Secrets of Space Flight* (Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett Pub. Co., 1956), p. 110.

<sup>43</sup> Baldwin, p. 80.

<sup>44</sup> "U. S. Races for a Supermissile," p. 29.

ICBM has been given new emphasis.<sup>45</sup> The warhead of one ICBM "can carry more destructive power than was dropped by all the air forces in World War II combined."<sup>46</sup>

With all this power and performance potential, is the ICBM as unstoppable as it is claimed to be? The answer at present is "yes." Ground fire and aircraft pursuit would be ineffective against an ICBM. The only defense seems to lie in the use of other guided missiles to intercept the ICBM.<sup>47</sup> For a successful interception, the ICBM would have to be detected at least 300 miles from the target and exploded at least fifty miles away. With our present rockets, this leaves only thirty seconds to fire the interceptor missiles after the detection of the ICBM.<sup>48</sup> But electronic counter-measures might make the ICBM very difficult to detect or intercept.<sup>49</sup> A defense is theoretically possible, but would take many years of development before it could be put into operation.

Perhaps the ICBM is not the ultimate weapon, but it is destined to be one of the most important and world-influencing weapons of the next few years. With the intercontinental ballistic missile, man will be able to unite the world or destroy it. Which it is to be, unification or destruction, is entirely up to mankind.

<sup>45</sup> Rees, p. 54.

<sup>46</sup> Drake, p. 17.

<sup>47</sup> Vaeth, "Guided Missiles," p. 61.

<sup>48</sup> D. A. Anderton, "Is Effective ICBM Defense Possible?" *Aviation Week*, LXIV (April 9, 1956), 46.

<sup>49</sup> Drake, p. 21.

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# Rhet as Writ

The final thrill comes in eating the fish he caught with fried potatoes, sliced tomatoes, and a can of beer.

---

Everybody should be a detective in the family, that is a house detective.

---

Some of these buildings are being built. One, which is not, and which I am being taught in, is . . .

---

Fairy tails have happy endings.

---

Man has come a long way since Edison's kite and key had been struck by lightning.

---

Aside from the above factors, the college graduate is a competent lover, a sympathetic soul, and a handsome beau; thus, making him the idle of all women married and unmarried.

---

The average woman works until she has her first baby. This way both can reach an agreement.

---

I will be without a conscious for some time, as I will not be constantly reminded of an exam or quiz that is tomorrow or today.

---

If a person wants to have four years of great fun and doesn't plan on going to college, I advice him to attend any high school.

---

I felt as if I had been transplanted by some supernatural force to a new and different world.

---

The food is so bad here that I dumped it right into the garbage can that I had on my tray.

---

The danger of tornadoes is very great, as the hundreds of people killed by them every year will testify.

---

Money is the route to all evil.

## **We Would Like to Thank**

all of the students who have submitted themes, many of which were worthy of publication in *The Green Caldron* but could not be included because of the physical and editorial limitations of the magazine.

—The Editors

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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

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Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Phyllis Rice, Edward Levy, James MacIntyre, George Estey, and Carl Moon, Editor.

# Mothers March on Television

ROBERTA SONES

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

DOES TV REALLY AFFECT THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA? Susan Mitchell, in "Now Kiddies, Tell Mommy to Buy . . .,"<sup>1</sup> seems to think that television rules the lives of pre-school children, but I don't think so. Maybe children don't know Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes backwards and forwards, but it has been stated by psychologists that the content of many of the nursery rhymes is detrimental to the mental hygiene of pre-school children. Yes, it is true that children spend a great deal of time before the television set, but this is due mainly to the fact that some modern mothers shuttle their children off to "get out from under my feet." However, I do not believe that intelligent mothers do this nearly as much as it is supposed.

I can testify to this by showing an example in my own family. I have a younger brother, three years old, who does watch television. But his TV time is regulated by my mother. Her rules are strict and must be observed. My brother Joel can only watch "Mickey Mouse" and "Captain Kangaroo" regularly, which takes up a total of three hours of the day. He spends at least three hours daily playing outdoors with other neighborhood children whose mothers follow the same general rules. And he spends time playing indoors, both by himself and with other boys and girls. No, he doesn't watch television during this time. He plays with his trains, builds with his blocks, listens to music from our phonograph, and "reads" his books. Joel doesn't miss television during the day; he doesn't have time to. His time is too occupied by his constructive playing, and often, when mother comes in to tell him that "Mickey Mouse" is on, his reply is, "Don't bother me, I'm having too much fun."

The majority of the other children in our neighborhood behave the same way. "Over-the-fence" conversation got this system to working when, a few years ago, many mothers were plagued by the continuous banter of their children: "Brusha, brusha, brusha, new Ipana Toothpaste" and "Hamms', the beer refreshing" were heard constantly. A psychological battle was prepared, and the mothers made war on too much TV. They got busy and readied their arms: sandboxes, swings, large splash pools, and other enticements. And the children succumbed, without too much fight.

Children of today do not watch too much television—not in our neighborhood anyway.

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<sup>1</sup> Mitchell, Susan, "Now Children, Tell Mommy to Buy . . ." *The Green Caldron*, March, 1957, p. 13.

# Kinney and the Silent Soldier

VERNALIE A. MOBERG

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

PEOPLE WONDERED ABOUT KINNLEY MARIE FOSTER that late afternoon in October; they must have. Indeed, no one in Potterton could have passed Sherlock Square without noticing Kinney, as she was nicknamed, and the contrast that her slight nine-year-old figure made with the memorial statue of the World War I soldier as she sat at its foot. On any other sunshiny autumn afternoon, surely, they would have expected to see her romping in the leaves with the other children, but now she sat somberly, head in hands, looking at the sidewalk and pondering. Towering above her grimly, the soldier clutched his bayonet in steadfast vigilance against his long-gone German enemies. Kinney brushed the wisps of hair from her smooth, high forehead, peered up at the statue, and frowned.

In Sunday school that morning the teacher had talked about war. None of the other children had seemed to pay any attention, but Kinney had, for she had become more serious lately. She didn't know about a lot of things any more—why her legs grew so long, why she didn't enjoy playing rope or hide-and-seek as much as she once had, and why Patti's papa died after he went off to join the army—a lot of things. Most of all Kinney wondered about what Miss Sergeants had been talking about in Sunday school during the morning. In the Bible, she'd said, God told his people that they shouldn't fight each other and that, if they did, the world would come to an end, and all would be burned, and total darkness would come. Kinney had gotten a queasy feeling in her stomach when Miss Sergeants talked about the world coming to an end. It wasn't so much that her teacher had scared Kinney when she waved her hands and made faces and puffed while she was telling the story; Miss Sergeants almost always did that and sometimes succeeded in scaring the other children into being "good girls and boys" for a short while. Still, the morning's talk dealt with some of the things Kinney had thought a lot about—war, for instance.

If the world were going to come to an end by burning or becoming eternally dark because men fought each other, why didn't it happen now? Men had done a lot of fighting with each other; the soldier above Kinney was a symbol of conflict, and her best friend, Patti, had lost her father in a war. Besides, if the end might come through darkness, how did anybody know whether it had arrived or whether it was just night out? What if no one was awake when it came, and everybody died in his sleep?

Her thought was disconcerting, but an even more profound problem arose in Kinney's mind. Before long, night would come and with it the dark. Would this night be the end of the world? Had the sins of men finally caught up with them? What if the end came tonight and nobody should see it? Perhaps she ought to be the one to keep watch. Certainly Mother would forgive her if she stayed out after dark just this once.

As these ideas weighed upon Kinney's mind, the late autumn sun had begun to lower on the horizon, and the dusky shadows of twilight had approached. She had been sitting there a long time, but, deep in contemplation, she had not noticed the time pass. Again considering her problem, she lifted her inquisitive face to the soldier as if to ask him what would happen. No answer came from his cold, bronze lips, however, and now his grim determination was veiled with an early evening shadow. Kinney still watched, and slowly, very slowly, the gray mist slipped onto her furrowed brow.

The few people who passed through the square that evening must have wondered what Kinney Marie Foster was thinking about, sitting there so quietly.

✍

## The Wax Museum

JOANNE RUCK

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 6*

*Press notice from Hollywood: "Teenager Lipstick soon will be marketed, aimed right at Elvis Presley fans. The shades will be 'Heartbreak Pink,' 'Hound Dog Orange,' 'Tutti Frutti Red.'"*

What, no "Legal Tender Green"?

If you are laughing right now, I suggest you stop. Hollywood press notices can generally be regarded as somewhat accurate, and, unless this one is an exception, Teenager Lipstick may very well put Revlon and its beautifying cohorts out of business in less time than you can say "Don't Step on My Blue Suede Shoes."

Right this minute a team of worried-looking social scientists is probably having a field day trying to apply the Scientific Method to the newest American Social Complex (or temporary siege of insanity, whichever you prefer to call it) known as "Rock and Roll." A number of other citizens are undoubtedly poring over the juvenile delinquency statistics for 1955-56, shaking their heads, and predicting that before long the youth of America will resolve itself into one homogeneous mass of gyrating, bop-talking disturbers-of-the-peace.

The most important outcome of this newest craze has been lost somewhere in the shuffle of dire predictions and hysterical warnings. Rock and Roll stands very little chance of corrupting the youth of this country; it stands a very good chance of doing a great deal of damage to the hard-won reputation of real jazz.

It was not very long ago that the term "jazz" was synonymous with that singularly immoral type of music whose performance was restricted to dark, dingy little rooms where hard liquor flowed from the water tap and dealers in heroin peddled their deadly wares.

Although much of today's good jazz still emanates from tiny rooms hidden away in the far corners of Chicago's South Side and New York's Harlem, a great deal of the stigma attached to this type of music has disappeared. Jazz is now being recognized as the only truly American contribution to the field of music; it is in the process of establishing itself as a legitimate art form.

The thought of jam sessions no longer sends shivers up and down the spines of righteous citizens. Carnegie Hall in New York is probably still counting the receipts from Benny Goodman's 1938 concert. Jazz musicians are becoming used to three meals a day.

*Time* magazine's cover story on Dave Brubeck last year marked a milestone in the journey of jazz from Hernando's Hideaway to Hernando's living room. Record sellers will no longer stare at you dumbfounded when you ask for the jazz labels; no dealer in his right mind will overlook Clef and Storyville when he makes up his orders. All of the major record companies have organized subsidiary jazz labels, and some of these bring in more money than their "standard" labels.

Jazz music as a whole is now widely accepted and enjoyed. Unfortunately, the time is not yet ripe for jazz lovers to rest on their laurels. They are being confronted with a serious problem. Rock and Roll is in a position to deal jazz a lethal blow. Guilt by association may prove fatal to the recently established art form, jazz.

For some reason or other, a great many people are beginning to confuse the two-beat banging of Presley's guitar with real jazz. The sharp criticisms directed toward Elvis and Friends are somehow being directed also at jazz artists, with frightening regularity.

At the risk of sounding dogmatic, I would like to emphasize the fact that there is no similarity between Rock and Roll and real jazz. They are about as much alike as the Gillette theme and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Admittedly, Rock and Roll is a distortion of a type of music known in jazz circles as "Rhythm and Blues," but, since distortions soon completely obliterate their ancestors, family resemblance disappeared a long time ago. If you find a similarity between a Count Basie record and one by Bill Haley's Comets, I suggest you check to see if your phonograph is playing at the correct speed. Try comparing Gale Storm's musical attempts with any one by Billie Holiday. The difference between these two examples, both unfortunately classified as jazz, should shock you.

There is one hope, despite all of this unfortunate association: Americans have a healthy habit of getting over most of their more obnoxious fads. After all, we outlived the "Black Bottom" and knee-length skirts. There is a possibility that we may be around to observe the demise of "Heartbreak Hotel." Let's hope this happens before Teenager Lipstick succeeds in establishing a monopoly in the cosmetic business.

# David Dodds Moberly

JENIFER MOBERLY

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 1*

IF I WERE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS I would, carefully and thoroughly, screen the so-called guidance counselors. I had a problem. I found myself a counselor: "Pardon me, I'd like some help. You see, I took four years of French in high school. Last semester I took 201, which was too advanced for me. Is there another course I can take—I don't want to lose my French." The expressionless face remained expressionless, but the lips began to move: "Four years in high school—you don't need any more language." The fish-eyes closed and our interview was at an end. I decided to find another counselor, a good one this time.

A sign in the Armory said "LAS Counselors." I stepped up to the table and explained my problem. He sat behind his little table and squinted up at me. "What d'ya want more French for?" I explained that I didn't want to lose the language. "Ya don't lose credits unless ya take somethin' less advanced." I explained, very patiently, that I didn't really care about the credits; I just didn't want to forget the language. "Ya majorin' in French?" No. "Ya don't need any more, then." I told him I was aware of that, but I WANTED TO TAKE IT. "Yeah. Well, the thing to do is to take an easier course. Ya hafta drop some credits, though." Was there an in-between course? "Now, that I couldn't tell ya—I'm just here to help, I don't know all the answers."

Swearing under my breath, I went home and gave my roommate a loud, angry account of my day. I did not care any more whether these counselors could give me a course. I was good and mad at their asinine attitude. Education is sequences and requirements, and, above all, marks. Any course that does not have a concrete, practical purpose is a waste of time, and anyone who takes courses that merely interest him is a fool.

Boy! If I were president of the University of Illinois, I'd change that!

*edA*

## The Decision

LISA GOLDENBERG

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CAMPUS, EVEN IN THE RAIN. AND it was raining hard. The trees which made an arch over the two broadwalks hung lower with the weight of the water, and their leaves glistened. The young girl huddled under her umbrella and quickened her pace.

The wonder of it all still had not left her. She had arrived at school expecting to find a lot of tall buildings on a busy street, but instead a beautiful, well-kept campus greeted her. The dark brick buildings were arranged in a large quadrangle with the Student Union at one end and the Auditorium at the other. It was the typical college campus that one reads about in "typical teenage" stories, and she was sure that she was living in a dream. In a word, it was a promise, and she was anxiously looking forward to its fulfillment.

She was, in fact, so blinded by the effect that she almost forgot her main reason for coming down to school in the first place: sorority rush. This was the last day, and she was on her way to sign a preference card that would determine which sorority, if any, that she would pledge in the fall. Visions of the past week ran through her mind: the reserved friendliness of the other rushees, the cordiality of the parties, her roommate who was dropped completely from rush by the second day. This last image marred her illusion. Somehow, unhappiness did not fit. The picture that she had mentally painted of 17,000 students all blissfully living together in perfect harmony just didn't include sorrow for anyone.

She stopped at a nearby bench and sat down. This was a matter that deserved careful thought. Perhaps something was wrong with the Greek system. Girls should not be hurt by sororities. It had always seemed as if some people were in sororities and others were not; it was as simple as that. But obviously the situation was different. This getting-into-a-sorority business was a cold, calculating affair. Animosity toward the Greek houses grew in her mind. Did she want to be a part of such an unfair system?

The other rushees were hurrying past her. She got up and began walking with them toward the building in which she would sign her preference card. Or would she sign it? She realized how unrealistic her idea of campus life had been. Sororities were not the sweet, friendly groups of girls which they had appeared to be. The girls in sororities were the same as other girls except for being a little more popular and perhaps having a little more money. Then the appeal of sororities lay in their reputation.

She reached the building and walked in. The crowd of girls was entering a large room at the top of a staircase. She followed them into the room and sat down in one of the many lecture chairs that filled the room. The number of girls in the room had considerably diminished since the first rush meeting at the beginning of the week. The room was only about one-quarter filled. A representative of Panhellenic began to speak to the rushees. She explained that no one had to name a sorority, and that each girl had the right to leave her card blank if she wished to. The young girl looked around the room at the other rushees. They were busily writing down the names of the houses that they would like to pledge. These were the "top" girls in the freshman class. It would be wonderful to be one of them. After all, there could be no denying the advantages of sororities. The buildings were much nicer than independent houses or residence halls,

and they had decided social advantages. And if all girls were the same, why not be with the "better" girls on campus? The members of Panhellenic were collecting the cards. She looked around again at the other girls in the room. She thought of her roommate and the sorority houses in the same thought. The room was emptying. Sorority pins are so pretty, she thought. She removed the cover of her fountain pen and wrote the name of a sorority on the little white card.

etX

## Caste

CARL STEHMAN  
*Rhetoric 102, Theme 2*

*You may suppress his soul, but never his emotions.*

INDIA: THE HOT SUN POURS ITS RAYS ONTO THE BLACK bodies scurrying through the square. Bodies, that is about all they are, bones with dirty skin drawn over them. Never will that skin be bathed every day, and never will there be flesh beneath it to make it round and firm. These bodies are born into a lowly, monotonous life and destined by the caste system to live in it always. They labor to live. They live to labor.

At one side of the square several of the bodies have stopped their scurrying to join a small crowd. The crowd is watching two animals fight for survival. There is a cobra, its head poised, tongue flickering, hood spread. Facing it is a small brownish-gray creature, a mongoose. The hair on its neck is bristling as it always does when this creature meets a dangerous foe. The mongoose versus the cobra is an age-old rivalry. This time they meet, not by chance, but by the will of these black bodies that watch and wait for the battle's outcome.

For hundreds of years the lower castes have pitted these foes against each other. For hundreds of years the lower castes have stood about in groups similar to this one and awaited the death of one of these animals. They have watched the cobra weave from side to side and the mongoose jerk in and out at its kingly foe.

The cobra is sacred. It moves in the streets of the town unharmed by the god-fearing people. It is the purity, the sanctity, that these people are denied.

The mongoose is lowly. He is the scavenger who toils all day that he may live. He will never be the king that his foe is. He is like these black bodies that watch him.

And that is why they watch him. The mongoose always wins.

etX

# Phonies and Phoniness

DAVID M. KLINGEL

*Rhetoric 102, Final (impromptu)*

PSYCHOLOGISTS USE A VERY INTERESTING TYPE OF test in studying the human mind. I believe they call it a "word association" test. As the psychologist reads a certain word, the patient answers with whatever word he first thinks of. This immediate response indicates to the psychologist the feeling or meaning which the first word evokes in the patient's mind. After many tests of this type, psychologists have learned that many people respond with exactly the same word to the first mention of a given word; whenever "Civil War" is mentioned, the majority of patients respond with "Gettysburg" or "Gettysburg Address."

Selecting a word to cover and explain so varied and controversial a book as J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* is a very difficult task, if not an impossible one. But if *The Catcher in the Rye* were given as the first word in a word association test, I feel that the majority of the people who had read the book would respond with either "phony" or "phoniness." By "phoniness" is meant a conscious or unconscious attempt to make the observed appearance seem different from the actual reality. A simple, concrete example would be the wearing of old, ragged underwear beneath a good-looking, new suit of clothes. A "phony" then would be any person who attempts to perpetrate "phoniness"—anything which is insincere, hypocritical, or counterfeit. In the light of these definitions, I think that *The Catcher in the Rye* is primarily a study of "phonies" and "phoniness." I think that Mr. Salinger's main purpose in writing this book was to expose the shocking "phoniness" that exists in our society and to demonstrate the disastrous effect that such "phoniness" can wreak in the delicate, formative years of adolescence.

Mr. Salinger attempts to accomplish his difficult, yet extremely worthwhile purpose by presenting a succession of "phonies" for us to consider, and by showing their continued effect upon a single person, Holden Caulfield. The adjective which best describes Holden is "confused." He is confused and puzzled about life and its essential purposes, about morals, religion, education, and—not least of all—about "phoniness." It is the concern about "phoniness" which aggravates Holden's confusion and eventually causes him to become self-destructive. As Holden comes in contact with more and more "phonies," each exhibiting subtler and subtler types of "phoniness," the trend becomes unmistakable. Holden becomes more suspicious and distrustful of people, and he becomes "phony" himself in his confusion. Eventually he becomes completely unbalanced and cannot be sure whether "phoniness" really does exist, or whether his distorted mind is producing "phoniness" where none really does exist. This end is, indeed not "pretty," but I think it does accomplish the purpose which Mr. Salinger intended.

Such a conclusion may seem to be devoid of hope, but I think a possible solution is implied. Holden became unbalanced because he was too concerned with the "phoniness" exhibited by the people with whom he came in contact. He never came to the realization that he was just as phony as many of the "phonies" he detested. If he had realized that he himself was phony, he would not have been so shocked and disgusted with the "phoniness" of others. If he had been more concerned with his own phoniness, I think he would have tried to improve himself. This positive effort would have given Holden something tangible to cling to, and with it as support he might not have become unbalanced.

On the front of *The Catcher in the Rye*, the publishers make several assertions about the book: "This unusual book may shock you, will make you laugh, and may break your heart—but you will never forget it." I found this book to be very unusual; its implications are shocking enough to warrant grave consideration. Occasionally it did make me laugh, but afterwards I always felt disgusted with myself that I could laugh at anything so essentially tragic. *The Catcher in the Rye* did not "break my heart," but I do think that I am more awake after reading it. I do know, though, that I will never forget it; a reader does not forget a book in which he re-lives some of the actions and experiences of his own life.



## Types of Learning

JOHN C. REYNOLDS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

EACH UNIVERSITY-OFFERED COURSE HAS ITS OWN CENTRAL idea and purpose. In order for the student to get the most from these courses, he must know the basic idea of each course. This sounds amazingly simple, but many students do not have any notion of what they can expect from each course. Let us examine some college courses.

The easiest courses to analyze are the ones which are strictly mechanical. These are courses which teach a student how to do something. By taking a mechanical course, a student learns, or should learn, a skill. Some courses in this category are drafting, typing, and Rhetoric 100. These courses require very little from the student except practice. He learns by using his growing skill over and over again, until his drawings all have sharp, clear lines, or his fingers automatically hit the right key, or he writes the correct verb tense, or noun case, without half thinking about it. Many of these skills are essential to more advanced courses. However, by themselves they merely give the student a skill, not an education.

Perhaps the best-defined courses are those called scientific. Subjects in this group are physics, chemistry, and most engineering courses. These are courses in the nature of things. A student in these courses learns what things are made of, how they act, and the best ways to make use of them. All these subjects are courses in understanding. They differ from mechanical courses in that respect. A student does not need understanding in most mechanical courses.

A third type of course is in the social studies. These courses teach a student to understand other people and their ideas. They teach him to get the most from what he reads, sees, and hears. Courses in literature are subjects of this type. They are also courses in understanding; however, instead of inanimate objects, people, their ideals, and their methods of conveying ideals are studied. A student learns how other people think. He learns to pick the main idea from a book.

The artistic course is the complement of social studies. In an artistic course a student learns to put his own ideas into a medium that other people can understand. This communication may be in the form of an essay, a picture, or anything which can be understood by another person. Artistic courses, then, are mainly courses in creation. An artist takes his own personal ideas and creates something from them.

Few courses fit into any one group. They cut across boundaries to take material from several or all of these categories. Rhetoric 102 will make a good example. This is a course in composition. A student must form his ideas and write them down on paper. The work thus written must be comprehensible to other people. Since this is creation of something which never existed before, we must label Rhetoric 102 as mainly artistic. It has other characteristics, however. In order to write, the student must use mechanics learned as far back as grammar school. He is also expected to read and understand several essays during the semester. This, then, is also a course in social studies. We come to the conclusion, then, that Rhetoric 102 is mainly artistic, with smaller emphasis on social studies and mechanics.

*et al*

## What I Am versus What I Want to Be

CARROL HINKLE

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 12*

**N**OW I AM A COLLEGE COED. NOW I GO TO WINTER formals and Coke exchanges. Now I go TGIF'ing on Fridays. Now I cheer George Bonsalle, Ted Caiazza and the Fighting Illini on to victory. Now I study for hourlies and pray for "Aces."

I remember the hectic fun of freshman week. I remember the first date I had with a senior. I remember the thrilling excitement of the Michigan upset. I remember the carnival appearance of Homecoming. I remember that anxiously awaited Thanksgiving vacation and the first snowfall on campus.

All this I remember; all this I'm doing; all this I am.

To say that I've had fun is very true indeed. I've enjoyed being part of this campus. However, there's a voice within the soul of every man that keeps repeating, "What do I want to be?" Every man must answer it according to his conscience. Until a few short months ago I thought I had stifled the voice and answered the question. I had plans for a journalistic career. It seemed to be what I wanted more than anything else. But the voice didn't cease; the question wasn't answered.

A few short weeks ago amid the silent atmosphere of a church, I found the answer. At the end of the semester, I shall leave the bustle of campus life to enter the quietness of a convent. I shall leave the Illinois pennants and the dance bids; I shall leave the gold formal I bought especially for our house dance; I shall leave the Saturday night dates.

And what will I get in return? I will find the rarest thing on earth today—peace. I will find the opportunity to love and help. I will find a faith that is strengthened and a knowledge that is broadened. I will find new concepts and different ideals. But most of all I will find the answer to the question, the reply to the voice.

Do not assume, however, that I will forget the ways of college. I don't want to forget. College has been a part of my life, a part of my fondest memories. Who wishes to destroy a treasured memory? College has given me the ability to live among the people of this world, and I must understand if I am to help.

This is what I want to do.

*et al*

## A Closer Look at Dating

CAROLE J. SCHAMBERG

*Rhetoric 101, Final*

*In the third booth from the door sit two people. Let's move in a little closer. The two people are engaged in an absorbing topic of conversation. A close-up reveals that one of the people is a boy of approximately twenty, and the other person is a girl of eighteen. Inset: they are holding hands so that no one else can see them. . . .*

*. . . The phone on the first floor rings; a few seconds later the buzzer in the room croaks three times. That's the magic signal*

*that you have a call. Before you answer, you ask, "Is it a boy or a girl?" If it is a male, your voice is dropped one octave and after a long pause the conversation finally gets under full steam. The result is a date for six weeks from the following Saturday. . . .*

Dating is a word which has no definition. To some people it is a way of getting anything from a free meal on Sunday night to a boy's fraternity pin. To some others it is a way of meeting and learning to understand other people. And to the naive souls it is an American tradition which helps young people find their soul-mates.

I have my ideas as to what dating is, too. It is an amusing game which is best played if both parties who are involved are complete hedonists. This does not mean that one should toss all ethics aside in order to enjoy himself; after all, one must keep a vestige of moral law in mind even if he is a hedonist.

There are several kinds of dates: boy-across-the-street dates, big dates, he-has-a-blue-convertible dates, and lastly the we-enjoy-each-other dates. Each variety has its place, but most of them are ridiculous because the people who are dating won't let themselves really play the game to its fullest possibilities. The "big" or "important" dates, which usually should be the most fun, often drag along until it is late enough to go home. It is true, I have seen it happen time after time.

To me, dating can be a happy and pleasurable experience. First of all the partner for the game must be hunted. Here is where most of the trouble lies. When a person is looking for someone to date, he will almost invariably choose an individual who is very much like himself. Not me. The more unusual the person is, the more interesting the date will be. After all, if you go out with someone who likes everything you like, who does everything you do, and who has the identical background that you have, why even bother to go out at all? You could stay home and talk to yourself all evening with exactly the same results.

After the date is arranged, then what? Will you go to dinner and then to a show? Well, that is all right occasionally, but try something different. Whenever I say this, people always ask, "What is there to do that's different?" There are literally hundreds of marvelous things that are fun, and quite often one even learns something by trying new activities.

Many people, however, are inhibited by an odd sense of social pressures. When they date they never think of going hunting, for example. I did, and I became a fairly good shot. I have also learned, in just the past year, a great deal about Sweden and the Lutheran religion from a Swedish friend, how to make some delicious salads from a boy whose hobby is cooking, and how to read the stock exchange page of the newspaper. Of course, there have been the normal number of shows and dances, but they were fun because they had not been overdone.

Dating is a chance to learn, to learn about people and what they are

like in Bermuda shorts and a tennis sweater, not what they are like in a tuxedo. Be selfish about it, and date someone who is not only pleasant to be with, but who also knows something you want to know. By learning, you will yourself become a person who is relaxed, interesting company. Remember those people in the third booth? What do you think that absorbing conversation was about?

*They were discussing the processes involved in the manufacture of the linen cloth on their table.*

etX

# How to Install an Electrical Receptacle

RONALD W. SADEWATER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

THE INSTALLATION OF AN ORDINARY ELECTRICAL REceptacle seems like a rather uninspiring task that would be extremely wearisome if engaged in day after day. This could easily be the case except for the human element involved in any line of endeavor. If we form a living equation from the elements, X (a job to be done), Y (someone to do the job), and Z (someone to supervise the job), I'm sure we would find that X plus Y plus Z equals infinity. The X in our equation will be the installation of an average electrical receptacle, Y will be the electrician, Mr. Sparks, and Z will be Mrs. Homebody. Now we will combine the values and see what the result will be.

When Mrs. Homebody decides that she needs some more convenience outlets in her home, her first difficulty will be to convince Mr. Homebody that he wants more outlets, too. We will not dwell on the miscellaneous nefarious schemes that she will employ to such an end. It is sufficient to say that the electrician will soon be called.

The arrival of the journeyman electrician means that the two principal antagonists will meet face to face. Item number one to be discussed will concern the whereabouts of the electrical outlet. After a short discourse, the most practical location for the receptacle will be perfectly apparent to Mr. Sparks. He will suggest that the outlet be situated on a rolling tripod with a variation in height of from floor level to forty-eight inches, to which will be attached one hundred and fifty feet of heavy-duty drop cord. This will not only enable Mrs. Homebody to wheel it to the numerous locations she has mentioned, but it will also enable her to wheel it back from whence it came. Normally Mrs. Homebody will fail to see the humor in this arrangement, and

she will decide on a more precise location, just out of spite. Nevertheless, Mr. Sparks can now get on with the work at hand.

In the average installation where a definite location has been designated, the next step will be to locate an appropriate source of power. This power will come from a junction box in the attic or basement of the ordinary home. When the power must be taken from the attic wiring, the electrician is in for a hot, dirty time. Attic installations are almost invariably summertime occurrences, and this allows the wireman to really warm up to his work. At a time like this, the electrician might well wonder if it isn't against union rules to install an attic-powered receptacle in cooler weather. Nevertheless, the initial step will be to locate the attic scuttle hole and rig up a drop cord to light the attic. This accomplished, the electrician must determine a point on the partition that is just above the desired location. He can accomplish this easily by measuring from various check points at hand, such as water pipes, chimneys, or soil pipes. When he has determined the proper spot, he will then drill a hole through the plate of the partition and into the wall space. As the drill is withdrawn, there will be a look of apprehension on the electrician's face as he awaits the appearance of light through the drilled opening. In this instance, the light of day is not desired, for its presence would mean that the wall had been missed. Of course, a man is not an electrician unless he has missed a wall once, but once is normally enough. Assuming a properly drilled hole, a chain or string and weight is dropped into the wall space to determine if the opening extends all the way down to receptacle height. If the way is clear, the electrician can leave the attic for awhile as he cuts in for the outlet box below.

Before opening the wall, a newspaper is spread out to catch the lath and plaster that will fall during this operation. With the wall open, the wireman reaches in and grasps his pull wire (anyway that's what a manual on the subject would probably say), and he is then ready to pull in the electric conductor. The conductor in this case will be a non-metallic sheathed cable called Romex or a metallic sheathed cable called B/X, either of which may be attached to the pull wire. Returning to the attic, the wireman will pull the cable up into the attic and will fasten it to the junction box by means of a connector and a locknut. When the wire is secured, the electrician returns to the receptacle location and cuts off the cable to the right length. The cable is then fastened to the outlet box with clamps, and the outlet box is fastened to the wall with wood screws or box supports, depending on the construction of the wall. Now the receptacle is attached to the wires, and it and the plate are secured to the outlet box. This done, the electrician returns to the attic and skins and cleans the proper wires in the junction box. The incoming cable wires are spliced to these, and the splice is soldered or fastened with a wire nut and taped. After putting the junction box cover back in place, the wireman can gather up his tools and light, and descend through the scuttle hole for the last time—if his ensuing test of the receptacle shows that it is

functioning properly. If the outlet is in order, he can put the scuttle-hole cover back in place and carry out his gear.

We can now focus our attention on a receptacle with the other source of power. The basement-fed receptacle is simpler to install than one in an attic, unless it is located on an outside wall in an older dwelling. An older building has, in most cases, a solid limestone foundation, and the electrician may well find that the partition he has to reach is about one or two feet out over this rock barrier. Such a location will necessitate knocking out a large chunk of stone to get drilling room, and this is not usually done unless the owner is adamant in his choice of location. Other troublesome spots in a basement are walls situated directly over furnaces or coal piles. Assuming the location is accessible, the procedure, then, is much the same as an attic installation. The point for drilling is located, and a hole is drilled up into the partition. As before, the drill is slowly withdrawn while the electrician checks for light. Then a fish wire is probed into the opening to see if the path is clear of obstructions, and the outlet hole is cut. The rest of the work merely duplicates that of the attic job. When the last connection is made and tested, the materials and tools are returned to the truck, and our little human equation is about to be solved.

At this point, Mr. Sparks calls Mrs. Homebody into the room, ostensibly to inspect his handiwork. This is just a subterfuge introducing a little drama that could be called, "Who Gets Stuck With The Clean-Up Job?" Gazing nonchalantly at the pile of lath and plaster on the floor, Mr. Sparks inquires, "Do you have a broom, Mrs. Homebody?" If she says, "Oh, never mind that. I'll clean it up," Mr. Sparks has won the last round. Should the answer be, "Yes, I'll get it for you," then Mrs. Homebody has won. The outcome is in doubt to the end, and still can be an indeterminable variable.



## Effective Advertising

RAYMOND J. LATCHFORD

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

TELEVISION, NO DOUBT, HAS BEEN THE BIGGEST BOOST to advertising since the invention of the roadside billboard. The methods used by a sponsor are many. Since I am not an expert, I am unable to delve into the intricacies of the advertising business, but as an observer I am able to perceive some of these methods.

Some adults probably consider the method of appealing to children to encourage and browbeat their parents into a purchase as contemptible. Although it is apparently disliked, I find it no more contemptible than other

methods of advertising. The sponsor is merely appealing to one of the human traits. In this case he is appealing to parental love. He knows that a loving parent will not deny his child a certain product if it is possibly attainable. The advertiser also knows that the percentage of non-loving parents is small, and even in this minority there is a chance of a sale because the parent may buy the product just to keep peace and quiet in the household.

Another method that I believe is far more successful, and one which the public highly approves of, is that method which appeals to our sense of humor. Almost everyone enjoys a laugh. Those who do not probably haven't the mental faculties to make a purchase anyway. Through observation and personal experience I have seen the effects of the method of humorous appeal.

About a year ago, a new commercial appeared on the New York metropolitan television screens. It was an animated cartoon which depicted two men who supposedly represented Harry and Bert Piel, the owners of Piel Brothers Brewery. Harry was bald, tall, soft-spoken, mild and pleading. Bert was balder, short, outspoken, forceful, demanding and in some instances actually offensive. Their voices were those of Bob and Ray, the radio-TV team. The film was not used on any of the scheduled shows, but was used between shows, between news and weather announcements, during station breaks and during movie intermissions. The films ranged in time length from thirty to sixty seconds. They were always entertaining. Although it was impossible to have different skits every time, new situations appeared regularly and many people found the repeats were still enjoyable.

I have yet to meet the person who had a bad word for either Harry or Bert. I saw my father laugh for a full minute at one of their skits. Even Jack Benny never affected him as Harry and Bert did. Very soon thereafter, two cases of Piel's beer, which had never previously entered the Litchford residence, appeared in the refrigerator. I would suffer through a dull horse opera in order to see the Piel commercial. Many people, including our family, would actually come into the living room to watch the commercial and then leave when the program resumed.

At the time that Harry and Bert invaded the television screens of New York I was employed as a truck driver for a rival brewery. Since I always delivered to New York stores, I was able to observe the sales and activity of Piel's. I do not have any statistics but I understand that their production almost doubled. The number of Piel trucks on the road increased steadily throughout the summer. Tavern and store owners informed me that they were enjoying a substantial increase in sales of Piel's in comparison to the sales of previous summers.

Harry and Bert, by an appeal to the public's humor, created many things: a definite increase of their sales, a better approach to the advertising of a product, more jobs due to their increased output. Perhaps the only group who may have possibly disliked Harry and Bert was the Piel drivers who were razed constantly by drivers of other breweries. They became very

indignant upon being dubbed with the names of their employers. More than once I was threatened with bodily harm when I referred to one of the Piel drivers as Harry or Bert. But I believe that they were insincere in their resentment because they realized that Harry and Bert were fattening their pay checks.

etA

## The U. N. is Worth Our While

KLAUS E. BIALLOWONS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

IF ONE IS TO ACCEPT THE SWEEPING DENUNCIATION OF the U. N. by Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* and the hearty concurrence of the *Chicago Tribune* as a growing popular movement—and there is evidence for such a trend in American public opinion—it would seem that our troubled world is again headed for the general fiasco that followed the dissolution of the League of Nations in the twenties. On one hand, a certain smugness making itself felt asserts that we do not need anybody's help to make our decisions. There is also the reaction from a feeling of frustration caused by the inability of the United Nations to cope decisively with the problems at hand.

When World War I ended with a crushing blow to the Kaiser's empire, the world reflected on war's horrors and the extent of its destruction, and decided, once and for all, to put an end to all this waste of young blood and the destruction of man's efforts. With hopes set high, the nations banded together and formulated a charter that would secure eternal peace among the peoples of the world.

The fact that the United States did not join the League of Nations may have decisively contributed to the ultimate failure of the organization. Whatever the reason, the fate of the League is now history.

In 1945 the most destructive and costly war mankind had ever known came to an end. The Axis powers lay crushed; the atomic age had been ushered in; the British empire had started to crumble; the United States had assumed the number one position among world powers; jet planes had replaced propeller-driven antiques; Russia had made her astounding comeback; the West had been sold down the river at Yalta; Germany would never, never, never be rearmed; good had won over evil.

And once again the people of the world rallied to the vision of a future without bloodshed, with "justice for all, and malice towards none." The year 1945 saw the birth of the United Nations Organization; the year 1957 promises to be that organization's most crucial test. The world will cast its

vote of confidence; and thus the world may decide—one way or the other—its own fate.

Who has ever heard of two people getting along without ever disagreeing; who knows of any business that, at one time or another, has not had to face a crisis? Ask, and most people will probably cite psychological research material and financial bulletins to prove that such cases are purely utopian. Yet, these same people become frustrated and impatient when the U. N., a conglomeration of sovereign states having conflicting economic and political theories, is unable to reach speedy and conclusive settlements. In its eleven years of existence, the U. N., to be sure, has not been successful in eliminating world tension. Its few victories were gained the hard way, after considering the interests of all countries concerned. But, the U. N. has been able to do one thing—namely, maintain the delicate balance that has so far averted World War III. In 1945 we readily said that it was far better to talk for a year to achieve settlement of a problem than to do it in a day at the expense of bloodshed. Today many of us have forgotten this pledge, and the horrors that evoked it. There are many who are ready to take a chance, because they are tired of waiting; because they feel that the results could not really be quite as bad as once pictured.

“Get out of the U. N. O. Have no more truck with a fraudulent body which disrupts the structure of civilization, gives comfort to the evil-doer, and pursues immoral aims with sanctimonious words.” These are the words of Britain’s *Daily Express*. Just how long is the world going to continue believing in old fairy tales? The time has long come to face up to the facts: perhaps then we will be able to understand ourselves better. We know the truth about communism, and we loathe communism. Do we know the truth about ourselves? If we wish to set ourselves up as judges of good and evil, we would do well to appraise our own actions first.

When the United States entered World War II to side with Britain and the Soviet Union to smash the Axis, the Allies ostensibly proposed to carry the torch of liberty and democracy to the enslaved nations of Europe. Today we know that half of Europe is controlled by a political system infinitely worse than the one we originally set out to destroy. The events in Hungary today bear strong testimony to this. It would be infantile to believe that any of the Allies, at the time that they were supplying Russia with arms and food, were so naive as to presume that they were dealing with a democracy. This is called political expediency. It was for political expediency that the U. S. S. R. and her satellites were permitted to become members of the United Nations. Was there any doubt then that the communist political systems made mockery of the U. N. charter? It was for political expediency that Franco of Spain was put back into good grace—after he had first been stamped a ruthless dictator and ostracized by the society of free nations—when it became evident that he might be of service to western defense efforts. Yugoslavia became worthy of over a billion dollars in American aid upon turning her back to Soviet political control, without a change in her ruthless one-man system of govern-

ment. Britain and France forcibly suppressed anti-colonialist uprisings in Kenya and Algeria. Hypocritically, representation in the U. N. is denied to Communist China in favor of a pro-western dictatorship which represents but a tiny fraction of China's population.

In view of the invasion of Egypt by Britain, France, and Israel, the *Daily Express* does an excellent job of obvious self-incrimination. Britain was first in line at the U. N. to launch a vigorous protest against Nasser's ouster of British nationals from Egypt. Admittedly, Nasser's action is not in accord with the charter of the U. N. or the provisions of the Geneva Convention. Yet, Britain herself blithely ignored the U. N. charter's stipulations against armed aggression. "Sanctimonious words"; the world is being showered with them these days from all directions!

After we have been honest with ourselves, where does it put us? We have gained much if we realize that we are human, and that when we deal with problems, their solution is not a choice between black and white, but rather between various shades of gray. The United Nations was not set up to deal with lofty utopian ideals. Its purpose is to weigh evidence in a world of solid realities. The effectiveness of the organization is but a mirror of the cooperation given it by its member nations. By leaving it, we are not deserting a lost cause; instead, we are losing the cause by deserting it. There is much to be found lacking in the U. N., to be sure. Let us, however, give it our full support as long as no better solution has been found. Resourceful people make the most of what they have because they are confident that something positive, however little, will ultimately be achieved.

GA

### The College Athlete

A most lamentable product of college athletics is the athlete.

His college career prepares the athlete for nothing in particular, or at least nothing adequately; thus equipped, he can do nothing after graduation but go into professional athletics or get some dull, moderate-level job. Then he will marry some female worthy of him, and they will further dilute the intellectual standards of the world by some kind of small-scale mass propagation.

If athletes' minds were as well-developed and manipulated as their bodies, then perhaps there would be no athletes. This I would find a most delightful situation.

—KATHRYN DIETRICH, Rhetoric 102

# The Fight Against Canon 35

WILLIAM D. HANSEN  
*Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper*

THE BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT OF PUBLIC TRIAL HAS been a long and stormy conflict, one that has not yet witnessed a complete and enduring victory. The first blow in its behalf fell almost 750 years ago when the English barons forced King John to affix his seal to the great English guarantee of human rights—the Magna Charta.

The king's courts of justice shall be stationary and shall no longer follow his person: *They shall be open to everyone*; and justice shall no longer be sold, refused, or delayed by them.

Since that June day at Runnymede, the battle has witnessed many blows. In recent centuries, the Spanish Inquisition, the English Court of Star Chamber, and the French Monarchy's abuse of the *lettre de cachet*, as well as the practices of the tyrannical governments of the past fifty years, have caused a profound distrust of secret trials to develop in Western civilization.<sup>1</sup>

American courts, with few exceptions, have always allowed free public trial, with the free press represented as a means of allowing a far greater number of persons than those who could attend the sessions to "witness" the court's actions. No objections were voiced to the right of the press to use illustrations of court proceedings as a means of further reporting the happenings—no objections until the mid-1930's.

The first noteworthy use of illustrations of court action in an American publication of current events came almost a hundred years ago. *Harper's Weekly* covered the Washington, D. C., trial of the Honorable Daniel Sickles, who was acquitted of the slaying of his wife's lover. They published, not only the usual written copy, but also sketches of the principals of the case, made by one of their reporters in the courtroom. In the years that followed, publications continued to use in-court sketches until the development of the halftone engraving made possible the use of photographs—a much more accurate and vivid medium.<sup>2</sup>

Photographs of trials continued to be taken with no universal objections until 1936 when the American Bar Association adopted its thirty-fifth Canon of Judicial Ethics, which bans press photography in the courtroom.<sup>3</sup> As a result, publications wishing to continue to give the most complete possible coverage of court actions to their readers are forced to revert to the use of

<sup>1</sup> J. R. Wiggins, *Access to Judicial Proceedings*, p. 1. Italics in Mr. Wiggins' paraphrase of the Magna Carta are mine.

<sup>2</sup> "A Venerable Art and a Courtroom Drama," *Life*, 33:14 (November 24, 1952).

<sup>3</sup> Gustave A. Weber, "An Untitled Series of Four Articles on Courtroom Photography," 1:2 (unpublished, U. of Illinois, 1956).

an artist—a device which does not seem to call down the wrath of the ABA as readily as does the use of a press photographer.

At the outset of the 1936 Lindbergh kidnapping trial of Bruno Hauptmann, later convicted, the presiding judge, Justice Thomas W. Trenchard, concluded a "gentlemen's agreement" with the press photographers present, to the effect that picture taking would be permitted only during court recesses. A group of five ambitious motion picture companies formed a "pool" and set up an ingenious device to photograph the trial. They placed a bulky movie camera in the courtroom gallery; it was silenced and used existing light. They also placed a microphone part of the way back in the room and arranged it so that it would pick up the action in the front of the court. The microphone and the wires leading to it were not concealed. No objections to the filming were heard from the bench, the accused, the witnesses, or the attorneys. The only objection came several days later when the films were released to the movie-houses. Justice Trenchard then protested that the "gentlemen's agreement" had been broken, and he ordered the showing of the movies to be stopped. It wasn't. As a result, a special American Bar Association committee was formed, and it drew up Canon 35.<sup>4</sup>

The ABA's Canons of Judicial Ethics are statements of recommended behavior of the legal profession. As they are only recommendations, they do not have the force of a regulation but they do carry a tremendous amount of weight with a judge who is forced to decide if he should obey them or be a "renegade." There are very few renegades in the legal profession. The Canon states, in part:

The taking of photographs in the court room, during sessions of the court or recesses, between sessions, and the broadcasting of court proceedings are calculated to detract from the essential dignity of the proceedings, degrade the court, and create misconceptions with respect thereto in the mind of the public and should not be permitted.<sup>5</sup>

By its very wording, the canon has created disagreement as to what is objectionable. The National Press Photographers Association, an organization of more than 2,000<sup>6</sup> working lensmen of all media—newspapers, magazines, wire services, and news-reel organizations—has concentrated its attention first upon the question of whether or not a press photographer can cover court proceedings unobtrusively, and second upon whether or not the press has the right to publish photos taken in court.

In answering the first question, the photographers have demonstrated, time and time again, the new tools of the trade—small cameras, fast lenses, and high-speed films—which have made possible almost unnoticed picture taking under any lighting conditions. In the past year, photographers have

<sup>4</sup> John Detweiler, "The Press Photographer and the Courts," p. 10.

<sup>5</sup> *Canons of Professional and Judicial Ethics*, p. 56.

<sup>6</sup> "1955 Was a Fine Year for NPPA," *National Press Photographer*, 11:6 (February, 1956).

taken every opportunity to prove that they can take pictures without distracting—in fact, even without being noticed.

During a debate of the ABA's 1956 Conference of Personal Finance Law in Dallas, Texas, two NPPA photographers took the opportunity to demonstrate the latest advancements in natural light photography. After the debate Judge J. E. Hickman, Chief Justice of the Texas Supreme Court, told a photographer that he had been warned that photos were to be taken and he wondered why none were. Shown prints of those taken, he remarked, "If I didn't know you were taking pictures, it couldn't have bothered me any, could it?"<sup>7</sup>

James L. Kilgallen, veteran International News Service crime reporter for the past 30 years, commented on the work of the photographers admitted to the recent Colorado trial of John Graham, later convicted for the murder of his mother by dynamiting an airliner and killing 43 others: "Cameramen operated so unobtrusively at the Graham trial that few spectators realized the photographers were in the courtroom. They 'shot' countless pictures without the individuals photographed being aware of it."<sup>8</sup>

Joe Costa, NPPA board chairman, sat on the witness chair at the recent Colorado Supreme Court hearing on Canon 35 and explained the operation of his small 35 mm. camera to presiding Justice O. Otto Moore and NPPA Attorney Fred Mazzulla. Mazzulla asked him why he didn't take a few pictures of them. Costa replied that he had already taken six. Gordon Yoder of Telenews later sat in the same chair holding a sound movie camera in his lap. Judge Moore asked him if it was operating. Yoder replied that it was; in fact, he had recorded his conversation with Moore on the film, as well as the judge's surprise when he realized that he had been staring into the lens of an operating movie camera.<sup>9</sup>

These four demonstrations are only a small number of those that have been conducted across the country in the past few years before judges, hearings, bar association meetings, and law students at moot courts. One example, however, should be ample proof to any person who doubts the ability of a cameraman to take pictures unobtrusively. If a photographer with a bulky movie camera in his lap can carry on a conversation with a judge over the merits of courtroom photography and, at the same time, take movies of the judge without his knowledge, then it is rather evident that nobody will notice a photographer when attention is focused on an important trial that is in progress and in which there is no reason to think of a cameraman.

It is also important and interesting to note that in the incident which caused the creation of Canon 35, Justice Trenchard, as he later admitted, had

<sup>7</sup> "ABA Wavers In Its Stand Against Courtroom Photos," *NPP*, 11:6 (October, 1956).

<sup>8</sup> James L. Kilgallen, "Here's a Word-Picture of Cameramen in Court," *NPP*, 11:6 (October, 1956).

<sup>9</sup> Jack Darr, "Colorado's High Court Explodes Canon 35," *NPP*, 11:21 (March, 1956).

not even been aware that photos were being taken.<sup>10</sup> He objected only to the showing or publication of the pictures. The objections to photographers practicing their profession in court on the grounds that it "detracted from the essential dignity of the proceedings" came as an aftermath of Canon 35, rather than being a causative factor; previous to the canon, the photographer was considered unobtrusive! Only since its adoption has he had to prove a fact that was generally accepted previously.

Considering the original reason for the existence of the canon as also being the present reason makes it much easier for one to understand the ABA's objection to courtroom photography. The general feeling in legal groups is that to permit photography at public trials would be to violate the "right of privacy" of participants or spectators.<sup>11</sup>

The "right of privacy" is defined as "the natural right of every person to demand that his private affairs shall not be exhibited to the public without his consent." The general concept of a "right of privacy" was designed to give an individual a remedy against a person who, without his consent, publishes his private affairs, uses his photograph for commercial purposes, or comments upon his domestic relations.<sup>12</sup> None of the three reasons, with the possible exception of the first, can be considered as pertinent to press photography in the court. The only question which then arises is whether a person who is involved in legal proceedings in a public court has a "right of privacy." An often quoted opinion regarding this matter says no.

. . . There are times . . . when one, whether willing or not, becomes an actor in an occurrence of public and general interest. When this takes place, he emerges from his seclusion, and it is not an invasion of his rights of privacy to publish his photograph with an account of such occurrence. *Brents v. Morgan*, 211 Ky. 765, 299 S.W. 967, 55 A.L.R. 964.<sup>13</sup>

An interesting extension of this opinion was made by a long-time friend of the cameraman, Judge Saul I. Rabb, Criminal Court, Division 2, Indianapolis, Indiana, in his talk before the 1955 Press Photographer's Short Course at Allerton Park, Illinois. He said that he believed, "since the taxpayers pay the load for all courts, civil as well as criminal . . .," the photographer should also be allowed to photograph civil cases for publication. Perhaps the "individual" will even be pulled from beneath his "right of privacy" shield in his "domestic relations."

The news-photo profession has received few opportunities to present its case in its entirety. In most instances, photographers have been restricted, for one reason or another, to giving demonstrations or arguing one point

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<sup>10</sup> Detweiler, p. 11.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 6.

<sup>12</sup> William G. Hale, *The Law and the Press*, p. 299.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 323.

before a court in answer to a particular case. Their first chance to present the entire case came early in 1956.

On December 12, 1955, the Colorado State Supreme Court issued a double-edged order. It placed a statewide ban on all courtroom press and TV photography, as a result of announced plans to televise the arraignment of John Graham for murder. It also made a provision, in an attempt at fairness, for an inquiry to start January 30, 1956, into the "sustaining or amending" of Canon 35. Associate Supreme Court Justice O. Otto Moore was named referee.

Moore commented that he believed the hearing would be without precedent.<sup>14</sup> Under normal circumstances, a cameraman wanting to test the validity of a court's ban on photography would have to violate the ban and be held in contempt of court to get the hearing. By so doing, he would place himself in jeopardy of punishment.<sup>15</sup>

Shortly after the announcement of the hearing, NPPA President Art Witman wrote Justice Moore stating that the NPPA wanted to present testimony at the hearing and suggested that selected cameramen be permitted to photograph the hearing to show that it could be done in a manner that would not disturb the dignity of the proceedings, "since . . . the newscamera itself will be on trial as an instrument of communication . . ." <sup>16</sup> Shortly thereafter, Justice Moore agreed to permit such photographs to be taken.<sup>17</sup>

Early in the six-day hearing, Moore announced that he would consider only "whether the press photographer in his operation inside the courtroom as a matter of fact does disturb the decorum of the court or destroy the dignity essential to the administration of justice in the trial of cases." <sup>18</sup>

Eight newsmen started out the first day to reaffirm the fact that photos can be taken in court without being obtrusive by making more than 500 photos of the proceedings. They operated in two phases. In the first phase, they took 40 shots with cameras hidden under jackets, ties, and hats, without being noticed. After entering the prints in the record, Joseph Costa, NPPA Board Chairman, said: "If we can operate in a courtroom without in any way interfering with a trial, it is hard for us to understand why the opponents of courtroom photography persist in saying that picture taking degrades and distracts." <sup>19</sup>

At the conclusion of the hearing, Justice Moore stated that it had been

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<sup>14</sup> "Colorado's Supreme Court Paves Way For Full Inquiry of Canon 35 Issues," *NPP*, 11:1 (January, 1956).

<sup>15</sup> Such a case of criminal contempt is discussed in a later reference to a Pennsylvania Supreme Court decision, now being appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 10.

<sup>17</sup> "Proof Positive," *NPP*, 11:10 (January, 1956).

<sup>18</sup> Darr, p. 1.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 20.

demonstrated to his satisfaction that "pictures can be taken—even moving pictures—without attracting attention."<sup>20</sup>

In the second phase of their picture taking, the lensmen brought their cameras into the open and "shot" the remainder of the trial. There were still no lights flashing, cameras clicking, or photographers standing up.<sup>21</sup>

The photographers entered quite an impressive array of opinions from different judges in answer to the second question of Canon 35, whether the press has the right to publish a courtroom photograph. Former District Judge R. L. Sauter stated that those in court "have no more right to object to photos than they would have to publications of their names." Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno stated in a letter to Costa: "The most striking and most vital characteristic of a trial in America is the fact that it is public. . . . To black out the courthouse is to enshroud justice." District Judge James M. Noland said: "If we can't bring these people [our citizens] to the courtroom, I want to bring the courtroom to them."<sup>22</sup>

In his report to the Supreme Court, issued after six days of testimony, Justice Moore stated that "the canon is wholly without support in reality."

I am . . . certain that the vast majority of those supporting continuance of Canon 35 have failed, neglected, or refused to expose themselves to the information, evidence, and demonstrations of progress which are available in this field. I am also satisfied that they are unfamiliar with the actual experiences and recommendations of those who have permitted supervised coverage by photographers, radio and television of various stages of court proceedings.

In answer to the argument of the "right of privacy," Justice Moore stated that "the law does not recognize a right of privacy in connection with that which is inherently public matter." Thus he concluded, "to uphold Canon 35 on the ground that it prevents a violation of the individual's 'right to privacy' would be to . . . make effective the prior restraint upon freedom to publish . . ."

He concluded with the statement that he felt the matter should be left to the individual trial judges. He offered a substitute rule which he recommended be adopted in place of Canon 35:

Until further order of this court, if the trial judge in any court shall believe from the particular circumstances of a given case, or any portion thereof, that the taking of photographs in court proceedings would detract from the dignity thereof, distract the witness in giving his testimony, degrade the court, or otherwise materially interfere with the achievement of a fair trial, it should not be permitted; *provided, however, that no witness or juror in attendance under subpoena or order of the*

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 1.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 20.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 23.

court shall be photographed or have his testimony broadcast over his expressed objection; and provided further that under no circumstances shall any court proceedings be photographed or broadcast by any person without first having obtained permission from the trial judge to do so, and then only under such regulations as shall be prescribed by him.<sup>23</sup>

The Colorado hearing and Justice Moore's opinion, which was subsequently approved and adopted by the Court sitting *en banc*, is a milestone in the fight against Canon 35. It marked the first time that this obstacle to public trial was given a substantial setback.<sup>24</sup>

Moore's opinion did contain one serious and rather obvious contradiction, however. After first stating that the law *does not* recognize a right of privacy with a public occurrence, he then recommended that photographs should not be allowed if a person in a public court under court order or subpoena should object, on grounds of his "*right of privacy!*" By so contradicting himself, Justice Moore has left the old question of "right of privacy" in about the same place he found it.

At best, the decision of the Colorado Supreme Court is law only in Colorado courts; however, it will undoubtedly be used as a precedent in future hearings and court rulings on the matter. Two alternatives would affect all courts in the nation. One is a change in Canon 35 by the ABA itself, and the other is a decision on the matter by the U. S. Supreme Court. The first could conceivably come about, although it is doubtful. Even if it did, after twenty years of abiding under such a set rule, many judges would probably find it difficult to make a complete reversal overnight and allow courtroom photography.

The other possible solution may be on its way, thanks to seven Pennsylvania newsmen who took the hard way of getting a hearing on the validity of the canon. They deliberately violated a court order, were cited for contempt of court, and convicted. Their conviction was upheld by the State Supreme Court, so they have decided to appeal their case to the nation's highest tribunal.<sup>25</sup>

Judge Edward G. Bauer, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, issued an order which went into effect February 25, 1954. It prohibited the taking of photos of any prisoners in the county jail, or on their way to or from court. It also banned photos within 40 feet of any court in session or in recess.<sup>26</sup>

After the conviction of John Wesley Wable, "Phantom Killer of the Penn-

<sup>23</sup> "Report of Referee," *NPP*, 11:3 (April, 1956).

<sup>24</sup> Darr, Jack, "Colorado Decision Makes History, Kills Canon 35," *NPP*, 11:3 (April, 1956).

<sup>25</sup> Darr, Jack, "Penn. Camera Case Will Go to U. S. Supreme Court," *NPP*, 11:1 (November, 1956).

<sup>26</sup> "Defy Lens Ban to Test Court Right to Rule Press Cameras," *NPP*, 10:1 (February, 1955).

sylvania Turnpike," the newsmen presented a formal challenge of the ban on corridor photos to Judge Bauer.<sup>27</sup> Having received no satisfaction on their request, they decided to make a test case of the matter by taking photos of Wable as he was being taken to and from court for sentencing.

William Block, one of the defendants in the ensuing contempt case and co-publisher of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, said that they did not question the judge's right to ban photos in his court, "but when judges bar the taking of pictures outside the courtroom and almost anywhere in the courthouse, then we feel they are exceeding their authority."<sup>28</sup>

The photos were taken by two photographers with silent, concealed cameras using natural light. Nobody, not even the deputies accompanying Wable, who had been warned to guard against photographers, was aware that any had been taken until they appeared in the afternoon papers and on the Associated Press wire.<sup>29</sup>

The newsmen were subsequently convicted of criminal contempt of court. They appealed their case to the State Supreme Court, which upheld the Westmoreland decision, but did reduce the sentences to fines. They recently announced their decision to appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The NPPA acted as *amicus curiae* during the State Court's hearing and is negotiating for the right to act in the same capacity before the Supreme Court.<sup>30</sup>

About the matter of the "right of privacy," it is interesting to note a decision handed down by the Westmoreland County Court, perhaps in an effort to explain their ban on photos. They extended the right of privacy to "persons who are present in court by virtue of judicial process, and not of their own volition. . . ." <sup>31</sup> In other words, a person who commits a crime, in this case murder, has a right to prevent the public from being acquainted with his trial, as it is a private matter.

### CONCLUSION

Press photographers have suffered under an unfair restriction for two decades, a restriction which has done little to improve the "dignity of court proceedings" as it was intended to do. With the two recent developments, the Colorado Supreme Court hearing and the pending United States Supreme Court case, the profession has moved closer to gaining its ultimate objective, repeal or at least modification of the 35th Canon of Judicial Ethics.

It remains doubtful that the American Bar Association will ever completely repeal their canon or that the Supreme Court will ever give photographers the complete run of the courtroom under the guise of freedom

<sup>27</sup> "Judges Call Criminal's 'Privacy' an Issue in Westmoreland Case," *NPP*, 10:3 (August, 1955).

<sup>28</sup> "Defy Lens Ban . . .," p. 1.

<sup>29</sup> Slantis, Paul, "Eye -Witness Story of How Press Photogs Broke Westmoreland Ban," *NPP*, 10:6 (February, 1955).

<sup>30</sup> Darr, "Penn. Camera Case . . .," p. 1.

<sup>31</sup> "Whose Right of Privacy," *NPP*, 10:5 (August, 1955).

of the press, yet it is not unlikely that some modification of the restriction will be soon forthcoming. Justice Moore's suggested revision of Canon 35 contains the one restriction which the news profession considers essential, yet not detrimental, to a free press and public trial—the taking of photographs in a court of justice should be regulated by the trial judge who has the authority to lay down a set of ground-rules. The point to which objection is raised appears both in Justice Moore's report and Judge Bauer's opinion: Should and can the cloak of "right of privacy" be extended, with an aim to the preservation of justice, to a person appearing in a public court of justice? The answer, previous to the aforementioned decisions, has always been no; now it appears different.

After the Supreme Court rules on the Pennsylvania case, the press will have an answer. By all judicial standards of Western civilization, the Court can give only one answer.

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# Rhet as Writ

- I. Types of piety in America
  - A. The piece of mind type

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Electrical engineers are needed for the generation of electric power.

---

A person who goes to school all day and works at night isn't about to come home and give his wife all the affection that is necessary for a happy and harmonious marriage.

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The housewife could simply buy a pre-cooked meal for her family that would need only a little warming in the oven to make it ready for the dinner table.

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The plots of the stories inevitably would have a villain, hero, and heroin.

---

. . . an inferior complexity was beginning to develop in him.

---

Don't be misled by thinking that I'm overbearing; I feel the same way towards my wife.

---

I realized I was going to have to take courses that I was not interested in. That was when I decided that teaching was my field.

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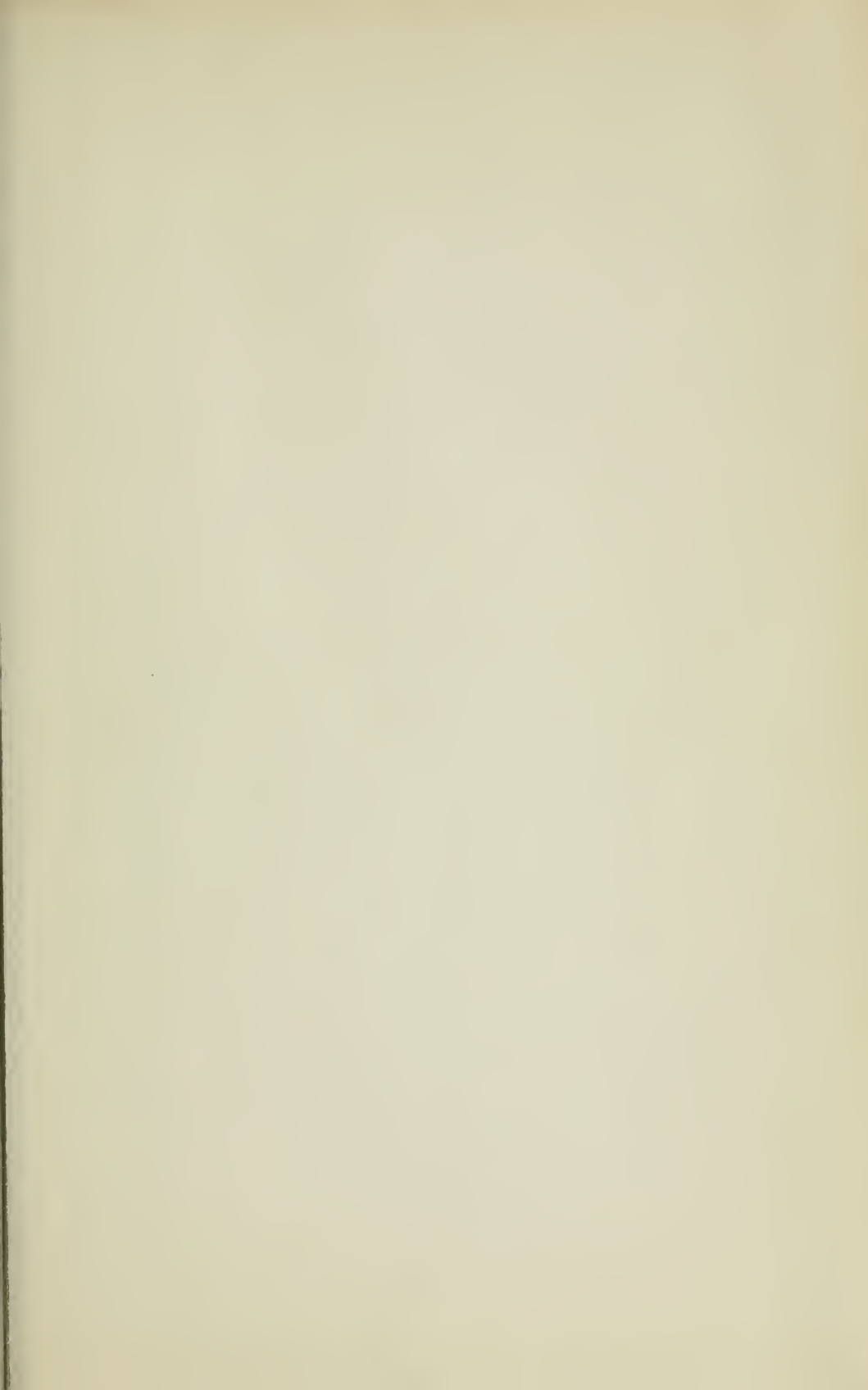
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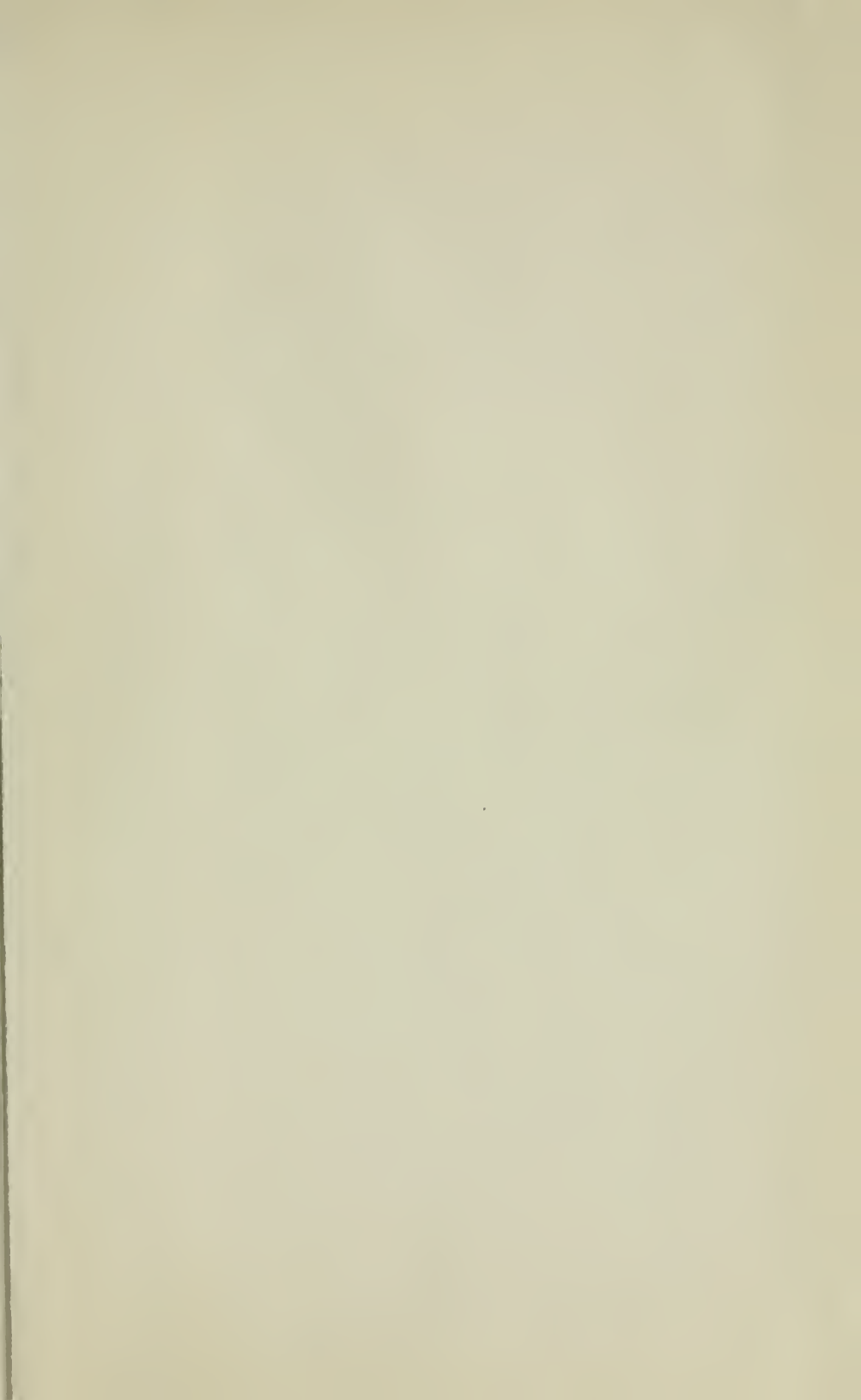
## We Would Like to Thank

all of the students who have submitted themes, many of which were worthy of publication in *The Green Caldron* but could not be included because of the physical and editorial limitations of the magazine.

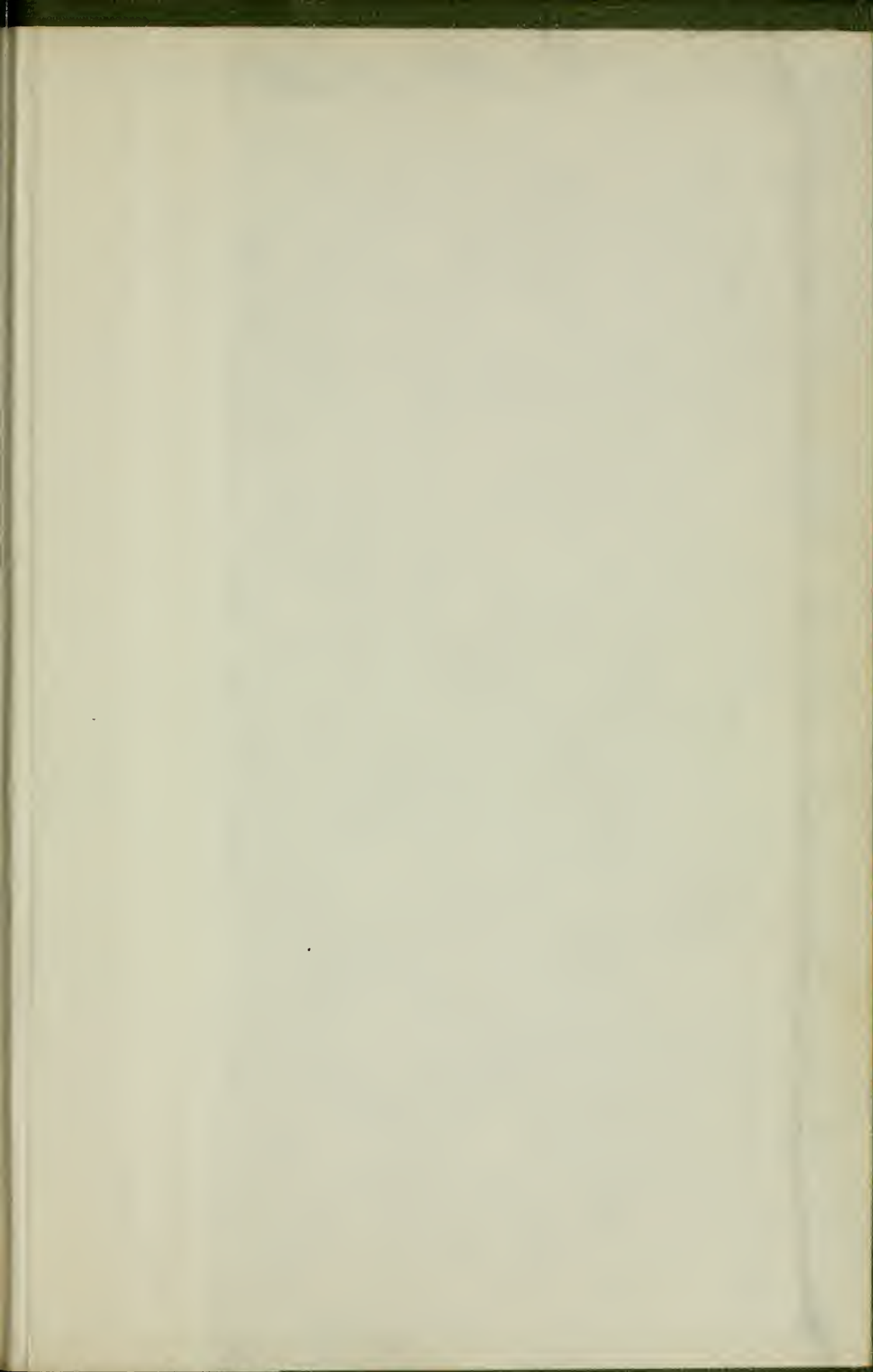
—The Editors











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